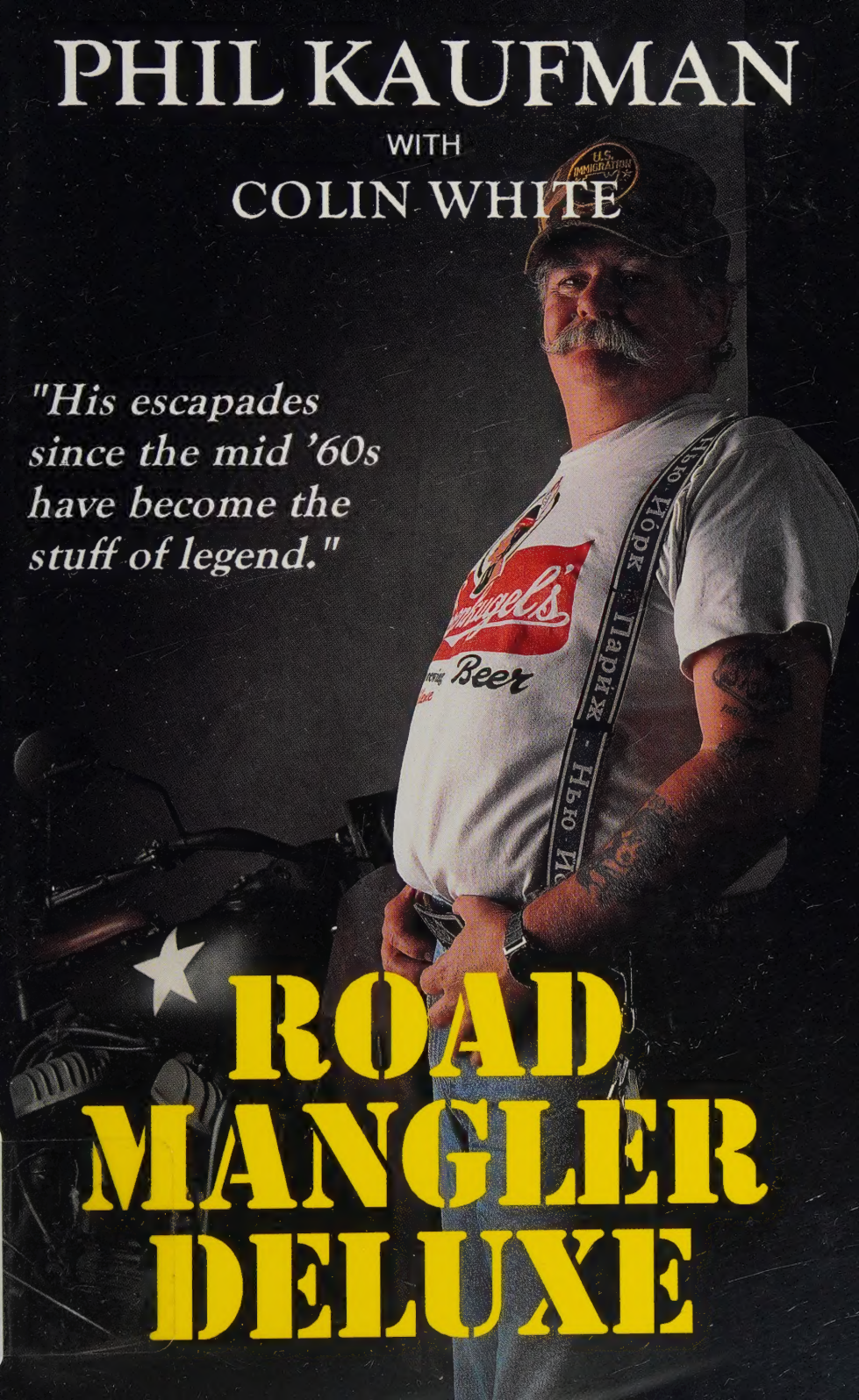
PHIL KAUFMAN

WITH

COLIN WHITE



"His escapades since the mid '60s have become the stuff of legend."

ROAD MANGLER DELUXE

This item was generously donated by:
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PHIL KAUFMAN

with

COLIN WHITE

WHITE
BOUCKE

Glendale, California

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Musical Legends of America
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Thanks to Frank Zappa for permission
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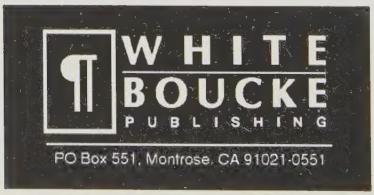
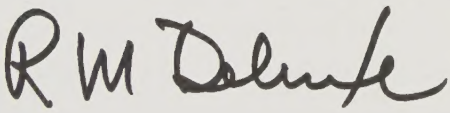


To all the girls I loved B-4 . . .

Angela, Carmen, Chris, Diane, Ellen, Geraldene, Gloria, Heather, Jackie, Janet, Juliet, Kaphy, Kathy, Katie, Laurel, Linda, Lyse, Margaret, Nancy, Paula, Rocky, Sally, Sam, Shannon, Trish, Vitinia.
And to Sweet, Sweet Connie, who made everybody's road a lot sweeter.

Special thanks to Allan Swerdloff for his valuable help, patience and friendship through the years and for turning me on to my publisher.

A personal message to Steve Earle: Get off your ass and make music!



Regarding drugs . . .

Well, we all did it in earlier days, even though some claim not to have inhaled. Some of us carried on with it a little too long, and I count myself in that category. Drugs are strictly past tense. I don't knowingly work with, play with, hang-out with, or generally mosey around with anybody who does drugs. All incidents, events and characters involving the use of controlled substances in this book are in the past, not in the present, and hopefully not in the future.

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Foreword

(by Colin White)

I first came into contact with Phil Kaufman through a mutual friend, Allan Swerdloff. Allan had recommended Phil many times during our lengthy discussions on various facets of the California lifestyle which I was researching for another book — "Califobia," and had even suggested that Phil may be a good subject for a book. As a result of our discussions, I was fairly anxious to make the man's acquaintance. Although it was obvious from the discussions that Phil was the type of person I could learn much from, I was completely unprepared for our first meeting. We drove to Phil's house in North Hollywood one rare, rainy evening in January 1993, with the sole purpose of continuing my "Califobia" research. The meeting lasted about two hours; the research lasted around two minutes. I was treated to a verbal tour of Phil's adventurous life, supported by

the mementos that hung from every wall of his abode.

Phil's North Hollywood home is a museum dedicated to a lifestyle. It is the Kaufman home, full of Kaufman treasures and Kaufman comforts. It is a monument to the "laid back" image which somehow still persists in an area of Southern California plagued with pollution, gang violence, police brutality, murder, mass unemployment and corruption. Phil's house says, *"I don't give a shit about convention,"* yet reflects a certain order and breathes a freshness of mind and attitude that comes with strength of character, and not from the number of commas on a bank statement. Phil's house has a leaking roof. It probably always will.

I came away from that initial encounter with Phil feeling more than good, and immediately recounted the experience to my partner, Laurie Boucke. We decided that if Phil was willing, we'd like to publish something. Exactly what, we had no idea.

Over the next week or so, we formulated a plan to expose Phil's incredible story through an autobiography which would present itself as a book in Phil's own words, lavishly illustrated with the pick of his incredible inventory of memorabilia. He was more than enthusiastic about the idea, especially the way we intended to execute the project. Phil would, over a number of sessions, recount his life's adventures verbally. We would make audio recordings of the saga and commit the speech to the written word using machine-stenography. Once entered into a computer, the various passages could easily be reorganized, rationalized and edited into a coherent, logical account, while still preserving the character of the original narration.

Soon after we started along this road, Phil was called to Tennessee to oversee a forthcoming Emmylou Harris tour. I wondered if this would mean the end of our venture. Eventually, tapes started to trickle through the postal system. We later completed the recordings during a marathon session in Nash-

ville. We reviewed the final draft and made the last few changes in Los Angeles. This book is the result.

The photographs which accompany Phil's text are drawn from various sources. The bulk comes from Phil Kaufman's private collection, some from Allan Swerdloff, and others from sources in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Nashville. Some were shot specifically for this book. The originals range from good-quality, professionally processed negatives to amateur polaroid prints. Many were in poor condition and may well have served for many years as handy drink coasters or communal-garden "beermats." A word of thanks is heartily extended to Larry Brukiewa, Jack Monroe and Michael Smalley for numerous darkroom rescue missions.

As with all biographical material, much time, usually unacknowledged, is absorbed on research. In the case of ROAD MANGLER DELUXE, research mainly involved authentication, verification and substantiation of the events and people described in the ensuing pages. In connection with this, a word of thanks is more than due to Laurie for the many hours spent buried in the depths of the Los Angeles County Library System and numerous other reference sources in California, Nashville and London, and for conducting interviews. Thanks are also due to John Delgatto at Sierra Books and Records for trying to find the unfindable.

The result of these combined endeavors is a comedy of errors reflecting a life which has lightened the hearts of millions through its work and play. Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you PHIL KAUFMAN: ROAD MANGLER DELUXE.

Colin White
September 1993

1

Smart-ass Kid from New York

This is the story of a nobody who has become an unknown somebody. It is the story of a smart-ass kid from New York who was a bartender at the age of 15, served in the Korean War to escape imprisonment for gang offenses, and later organized the lives of some of the most famous celebrities in the field of contemporary music.

Between these starring roles, he has earned a living delivering newspapers from an airplane, driving an ice cream truck, gardening, and spot welding. He has worked as a stunt man, bit player, production manager, studio builder, and studio wrecker. He has done literally

everything in the film business, from camera and make-up to grip and lights, including catering. He has been a short-order cook, bar owner, encyclopedia salesman, international drug smuggler and, consequently, a convict. He was Charles Manson's record producer. The list is endless.

This account recounts a life's ongoing adventures from the subject's memory and in the subject's own words. Each chapter is a natural progression of related topics, rather than a chronological report of events from day one to the present. Footnotes are used to cross reference events in a common timeframe and for explanatory notes.

Mom 'n Me

I was born in Oceanside, New York, in 1935, and I come from a vaudevillian family — my father's family were "vaude-villains." My father's father, Jack Kaufman, was a Jewish vaudevillian. He did black-face comedy (which is not very fashionable right now) with his brother Phil. My father's mother was an English lady, Ollie Clarke, who had a dance act with her sister. My grandfather met her in England in 1909. My father, Jules Kaufman, was a big band leader in the '30s. My mother was Mary Claire Sullivan, a pretty little Irish model. My mother's side of the family are all Micks. My grandmother's name was Catherine (Kitty) Reardon. There is a lot of Irish and a bit of Jewish in me so it was a bit of a confusing childhood, but I did get a lot of holidays.

Dad knocked my mom up in the back of a Chevy (they were going to call me "Impala" or "Coupe," but settled on "Philip," probably after the famous screw). In those days, abortion was out of the question. You had to get married to

Jules Kaufman (San Francisco, 1913)

ward off the shame, and I'm a product of that (the marriage, not the abortion).

It was a very unhappy marriage. They really didn't like each other that much. My father went off to war and my mother took up with my dad's best friend — the story's almost like a country song. My mom fooled around, the war ended, my dad came back and they tried to live together. He tried to kill her, she tried to kill him, he tried to kill himself, and I wanted to kill them both.

I was farmed out to different families while my dad was at war. My mother was working and she had other people looking after me. One of the families looking after me was the Polychron family. They owned a liquor store in Valley Stream, Long Island. It has since been bought by Koreans, probably because they didn't have a 7-Eleven[1] in Valley Stream. Lucille Polychron brought me up with her son John. She did a good job. John went off to university and I went off to war, then prison. He went to Penn State and I went to State Pen. John is one of those fortunate people who's had his childhood dream come true; namely, that he'd grow up to be president of a Popsicle company. He became the CEO of a coffee company, then of Hunt's Foods in South America. He did very well. Now he's the president of Taylor(craft) Aircraft. But I probably learned a lot more about the game of life in State Pen than he did at Penn State.

My father was in a bad plane crash once. He lost all the skin off his face. In fact, when his plane crashed (he had his own private plane), a hearse came by while he was on fire. The driver pulled my father out, took him away to a hospital

---

1 7-Eleven is a mini-market franchise chain. Individual stores are often run by minorities, frequently Asian immigrants.

My first attempt at goin' on the road . . .

. . . and at scuba diving

and by the time anyone else got to the airplane, he had disappeared and we didn't know where he was. To this day, he still bears the scars. My father was a test pilot, or human guinea pig, for cortisone when it first came out.

As a child, I spent a lot of time away from home. In the summertime, they sent me to camp. In the school year, they sent "the kid" off to boarding school. I was sent away to a lot of boarding schools and a lot of camps.

Once my mother caught me talking to myself and slapped me. I said, *"What was that for?"* She said, *"I don't like the company you're keeping."* I was the kind of kid my mother didn't want me to play with. She always said to me, *"Don't ever wear white. You're a slob."* My mother and I didn't get along very well. When the divorce came, I chose to live with my dad. My mom has never forgiven me for that. She didn't want me, but even more, she didn't want me with him. It was my decision and if I had to make it again, I'd choose my father again because my mother never liked me. She got knocked up, and that's why she had me.

After their divorce, my mother went away. I was 15 when they divorced and I didn't see her again until I was about 21. She had remarried into this really ritzy family, the Danahy family, in upstate New York. They were a country club set and I certainly didn't fit in with that. My mother invited me up there and bought me a gray flannel suit so that I could dress up neatly. They took me to the country club to meet the matriarch Madam, Mrs. Danahy, and it was all very hush-hush. My mother taught me how to eat properly with the right fork, how to cut the meat one slice at a time, *"Don't put your elbows on the table, sit up straight,"* and all that stuff. She was really pissing me off. I was 21 and didn't want to hear that crap.

They had a big dinner to meet Philip — the Danahys meeting Mary's bastard child. They were all sitting around chitchatting at the country club. Then the old lady, the matriarch, said, *"Philip, what do you think of Buffalo?"* It became dead silent. Everyone looked down the table at me. My mother glared at me and I put my elbows on the table, put my finger in my nose, picked away and said, *"Well, it ain't bad. . . It ain't bad,"* and farted. Needless to say, the conversation picked up very quickly. The next morning, I was on the first flight out of Buffalo back to New York City. I've seen my mother three times since then, and that's four times too many for her.

My parents are both still alive but my mother, to this day, denies having any children. She still swears she's a virgin. We don't get on at all. She wrote me a letter about five years ago, saying, *"Dear Phillip,"* — she spelled my name wrong, with two L's — *"I need an address for you, a permanent address, not a post box. I've been writing my will and I've discussed with my lawyer your inheritance and my funeral, neither of which will be very large."* That's it. She's going to leave me a dollar just so I can't get anything else. She's done very well. Now she lives in Florida. She never liked me much. She never forgave me for being born. My dad still likes me. He's all right. He's a good guy and a great salesman — he could sell rubbers to the Pope.

When I hear things like *"home-cooked meals, just like mom makes,"* I avoid the place.

Boys will be Boys

I remember one day getting kicked out of Catholic school. (My Irish grandmother insisted I go to Catholic school even though I had a Jewish name.) I was an altar boy, did the mass in Latin. I got kicked out of Holy Name of Mary for decking a nun. They would hit you with rulers and stuff. I thought,

"Fuck this," and I decked her. I got sent home and then ran away. Later I was sent to a boarding school where the Brothers were bigger and you couldn't hit 'em back or they'd beat the shit out of you.

When my grandmother died, it was a great disaster. She was a fantastic old lady. Lovely lady. I remember as a young boy, I got ice skates for Christmas one year. I think I was about seven. I used to sleep with my grandmother and she got in bed with me one night and found that I still had the ice skates on. It scared the hell out of the poor old girl.

In my eight years of grammar school, I went to about 14 schools. My folks kept moving and I kept getting kicked out of school. I was frequently in trouble for stealing, shoplifting, that sort of stuff. My school work was poor. I flunked just about everything. Then when I was in the seventh grade, the year before graduating from grammar school, I was enrolled for summer school. Because of this, they gave me another chance to go into the eighth grade. I got an Irish teacher, Miss Glancy, who got ahold of my head, turned me around and I graduated as an "A" student, honor student, with a 92% grade average. I passed a test to get into Chaminade High School, a private school, and I was admitted. My academic achievements soon reversed again when my folks got divorced — I got drunk and have had a few drinks ever since. I was sent away to yet another school.

I was quite keen on sports and became quite a little jock. I played freshman football for Chaminade High and played baseball in the Gertz Pie League, with a "19 and 0" record as a pitcher. The only game I lost was a no-hitter. I used to cut class and then go to football practice afterwards. I got away with that for a while, too.

After getting kicked out of that school, I was sent to Mount St. Charles boarding school in Woonsocket, Rhode

Island, home of the notorious Brothers of the Sacred Heart (but we called them something else — something that rhymes with "heart"), and that's where I tasted my first marijuana cigarette. I was 15 years old. I smoked it with Mike Ettery. Mike was the first person I knew to die from drugs, although there would be more later. Mike died at the age of 17, back in the '50s.

The Dirty Boys

The gang I belonged to in my high school years was called the Dirty Boys. It was an accumulation of guys from different gangs in New York City. When World War II was over, a lot of people in New York moved out to Long Island. There was an influx of people into the neighborhoods. We became a new neighborhood, and I became the new "neighbor-hood." We were called the Dirty Boys because we wore Levi's, T-shirts and motorcycle boots to school. The kids used to say, *"Oh, look at those dirty boys,"* so we became the Dirty Boys. We liked it, so it stuck with us. Most of the guys who had been in the gang are now cops or retired cops. There is a very fine line between the good guys and the bad guys, especially in New York.

One of the Dirty Boys was Tony Mordente. He played the character Action in "West Side Story," Lonesome Polecat in "Lil Abner," was a choreographer for the "Sonny and Cher Show" and ended up directing some of the "M.A.S.H." units.

Frank Piazza was a Dirty Boy. In the '50s, Frank was the lead guitar player in a group called The Fireflies. The group had a memorable hit, which I can't remember, and they can still do a medley of that hit whenever asked to do so. A strange thing happened between Frank and me. We were very, very tight buddies and used to drink heavily. Frank

loaned me his car one day and I slid it down a hill and wrecked it. He was insured, so it seemed to be all right. Years later, Frank came and visited me in L.A. and stole all my cameras. I didn't know he had stolen them, but my neighbor saw him hiding the cameras outside. Frank acted like his had been stolen as well. I didn't know he was the thief until he had left town. I don't know why he did that. I haven't seen Franky since and don't know what happened to him. (If anyone knows him, please tell him I need the film that's in the first camera — the black one with the strap.)

The trouble really started when I was sent back to live with my father in Great Neck. I was a rough kid, wearing peg-pants and a DA[2] haircut at a school with an Ivy League image. They gave me a real hard time, so my Dirty-Boy buddies came by and we shot up the school. It was the first time they had a shooting at that school and all hell broke loose because of it. Needless to say, I was arrested for it.

The judge was going to send me to jail, but my father and my lawyer pleaded: Wouldn't it be better to send this asshole off to Korea? *"If Mr. Kaufman joins the military, will that be okay?"* The judge agreed and told me, *"If you don't come back from lunch as a military enlistee, you're going to jail, young man."* So my father took me down to join the Navy. He gave me his profound advice, *"Learn a trade so you'll know what kind of work you're out of."* As fate would have it, the Navy was out to lunch (as they still are) and only the Air Force was there. So I joined the Air Force. Thank God the Marines weren't in or I'd be dead now.

---

2 DA, or Duck's Ass, was a characteristic trendy hair style of the '50s, with straight cut sides and back.

Military Strategy

I went in the Air Force in 1952. I was just a smart-ass kid from New York and thought I knew it all. *"You know how many New Yorkers it takes to change a light bulb? NONE OF YOUR FUCKING BUSINESS."* That was the New York attitude.

The Korean War was on. I was 17 and looked about 11. I was sent to Sampson Air Force Base to do my basic training and, of course, immediately got in with the wrong crowd. I had to do an extra two weeks on top of the standard eight-week basic training course for still being a smart-ass. An example of the kinds of things I'd do was to steal an extra hour of sleep in the morning — we had to get up around five in the morning then eat breakfast — and I'd sleep underneath my made-up bed to steal that extra hour.

Dirty Boy no longer

We had to do a lot of marching: marching to this and marching to that. There were always the "jerky" guys at the back who couldn't march, so they'd give them a big gunny sack and make them follow us and pick up cigarette butts and all kinds of trash. We used to laugh at them, but one day I realized they weren't marching; they were just moving along picking up papers, having a great time. So I thought, that's it. The next day I started bobbing up and down, and the sergeant picked me out and gave me a sack. It was the best move I made in the Air Force. While others were marching up and down and sweating profusely, I was just ambling along, smoking a cigarette and picking up a little garbage.

I was often on KP.[3] They would give me these terrible jobs to do. The cooks would say, *"You do this, you do that, you clean the pots, you scrub the sink . . ."* Once they caught me just leaning on a mop and said, *"Well, get on with it, get back to your mop."* So I mopped my way to the door and left, and didn't come back until a couple of hours later. I was a real fuck-up.

After going to various Air Force trade schools, I ended up as a crew chief on B-25s, went to Korea as a crew chief on B-26s and finally worked ferrying B-29s between Japan and the United States. I flew as a left gunner, or scanner, and we'd escort five or six B-26s back and forth. We did all the navigation. That's one of the best jobs I had. I liked flying — didn't like working on the damned things but . . . it was good.

Before I went overseas, I fell in love with a girl, went AWOL, broke my leg running from the police, and was sent back to Rapid City, South Dakota, where I spent 30 days in

3 KP is Kitchen Patrol, the military punishment for misdemeanors whereby the offender is assigned various unsavory duties in the kitchen.

the prison stockade. I got very sick and was sent to an army hospital. As soon as I arrived at the hospital, I was sent off to Korea. I guess that was supposed to make me better.

When I got shipped to Japan, I went by troopship out of Fort Mason, San Francisco, on the USS Buckner — Bucket Buckner. We were queuing up for the boat (ship, I should say) — I was a little guy then, about 135 pounds. My kit was pretty heavy, and I was dragging it along the ground with me. This Army MP pulled up to me in a jeep and told me to put the kit bag on my shoulder. I answered, *"Put it on your own fucking shoulder."* He pulled me out of the line, took me to the head guy there who called a sailor over and told him that I was KAUFMAN, PHILIP C., AF1241995, and to give me the worst job he could find on the boat (sorry, ship). When the boat-ship pulled out, I got a call to go to the hospital where the sailor told me, *"All right, asshole, grab a mop and you can mop up all the puke from here to Japan. By the way, where are you from?" "New York,"* I replied. *"Oh yeah? Me too. What part?"* And so it went on — same area, same district, same school, etc. Instead of getting the worst job, I ended up with the best one — handing out aspirin to the troops and crew. I even got to sleep in the hospital on a 9-inch thick foam mattress.

Korea and Japan allowed me to rekindle my love for jazz. I used to get into a lot of fights with the old redneck, country boys about jazz and black people and rednecks. And here I am today, formulating these words, an honorary redneck myself.

I was with the 37th Bomb Squadron in Korea (K-9) and Miho, Japan. One of the B-26s I looked after was used by a colonel. He'd been passed over for general several times, and the nose art on his aircraft was Pluto, the cartoon dog, pissing on a star with the letters POI ("piss on it").

My last outfit was the 6091st photoreconnaissance squadron in Japan. In the newspapers back home, there would be the occasional story about a U.S. Air Force aircraft being shot at or being shot down on a "routine training mission." Yeah, we were "routinely" flying over China taking pictures, and that's why we were getting our asses shot at. They used to send a B-29 out an hour before us (at about 4 a.m.) to drop ECM[4] to clutter the Chinese radars. We would follow them out and take pictures. The Chinese would try to shoot us down, but we couldn't shoot back because we were in foreign airspace and that would have been an act of war. When we got over the sea, though, we'd lock-and-load, and then it was another matter.

In the Air Force, some of the short-timers are really, really, really fuck-ups who are sent to the air police for temporary duty. That's how I became a cop --- 30 days temporary duty! (In South Dakota they had me standing outside in temperatures of -30°F guarding B-36s, and I want you all to know that to this day, there's not one B-36 missing.)

I was Crew Chief. I had my own B-26 which I was responsible for everywhere I went. I was Assistant Crew Chief on a B-29. I used to fly with it as well, and then we shipped it back here. It was an "Enola Gay"-type, the type that dropped the atom bombs on Japan. The Japanese didn't like to wash them. We'd have Japanese working on the base, but they didn't like to work on the B-29s.

I got quite a lot of attention on the ferry flights. We'd get out of the plane at a base, and all the local ground crew would start saluting me. I was the only airman basic[5] in the

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4 Electronic Countermeasures.

5 Airman Basic is the Air Force rank equivalent to "Private" in the Army.

Far East Air Force who was on flying status --- the ground crew, seeing no stripes on my arm, just assumed I was an officer. It was great.

I remember climbing Mount Fuji at one time. There was a well-worn trail up there that the pilgrims had been using for years and years and years. I had been on beers and beers and beers, and when I got halfway up there, I said to my buddy, *"Go on. I'll wait here till tomorrow. Catch you on the way down."* Just then, a feeble, little old man passed by the window of the shack we were standing in. He was carrying his wife up the mountain . . . we made it up to the top that day. The crater at the top was full of cans --- food cans, beer cans, all kinds of cans.

I got in more trouble in Japan. After all, I was just an 18-year-old kid in Japan, drinking, smuggling cigarettes out and frequenting houses of ill repute. I loved it!

I had a girlfriend back home and was really madly in love with her when I got out of the Air Force. It turned out that she had another boyfriend. If I had known that at the time, I would have reenlisted and stayed in Japan. But actually, they didn't want me to stay in. Miserable sports.

Back in the Apple

Having gotten out of the Air Force in August 1956 and having no experience, training or trade other than fixing B-29s (there weren't many broken B-29s in my neighborhood), I went back to New York and got a job driving an ice cream truck. The truck was preceded by a Good Humor man who would bribe the children with ice cream. The company was called "Judy Ann." Kids would run behind the van, singing, *"Judy Ann the garbage man, Judy Ann the garbage man."* Quaint.

I drank my way out of that job. I used to carry beer in the cooler and would go to bars and trade ice cream for six-packs of beer (which I'd put in the cooler). I got fired from "Judy Ann" for failing to plug in the truck one night; we ended up with sweet soup and warm beer. I don't know which was the biggest sin, melting the ice cream or warming the beer.

I got a job as a gardener. That didn't last too long, either. Things weren't looking very promising in Long Island. I don't know if it was the Air Force that made me feel like moving on, but I was game for a change.

LAzy Daze

I flew to Los Angeles in May of '57 to stay with my dad. He got me a job as a spot welder. That job lasted about as long as it takes to drink a six-pack. I moved on to a few bartending jobs — they were pretty good.

I was a student at Los Angeles Valley College on the GI Bill. I joined a fraternity which was full of ex GI's. We drank too much, if there's any such thing. (I've always said there's no such thing as "too much.")

I moved in with a frat bro' that I worked with. He was a veterinary pharmacist. He used to supply me with Dexedrine,[6] 1,000 in a bottle for $1.78 (so you can imagine what the drug markup is). I supplied pills to some guys who were in the stunt-extra business with me — former UCLA football stars and others who were doing extra work and stunt work in the summertime. They went up and played with the 49ers, the Washington Redskins, the Detroit Lions, and I used to

6 Dexedrine is the trade name for a central nervous system stimulant used to treat mild depression. Also known as "speed."

sell pills to them for $100 a bottle for the summer camp. That's when DRUGS was spelled with a very small D.

Another guy I got to know was Tony Foutz. Tony was a very funny man and a good writer who went to Hollywood High School with all the loonies of the era, people like Lowell George of Little Feat. I had this house in Hollywood way up in the hills. We had some really great parties. Tony Foutz came to paint a mural on my wall and stayed for six months. It was Tony who years later, after I got out of prison, introduced me to the music business. He was always a schmoozer, a strap hanger. He'd hang out. He was always there but never had any money. He was a funny guy, though.

A good buddy of my mine was Anthony Mazola, from the famous Mazola family of "below the line" Hollywood. ("Below the line" refers to art directors, laborers, grips and things like that.) Anthony Mazola went to Santa Barbara City College. He used to entertain the entire philosophy class (he was very heavy into philosophical experimentation). We cooked a spectacular meal for the philosophy department. It included the greatest spaghetti sauce ever, made from Alpo.[7] Anthony was later killed in a plane crash.

Phil the Film Star

I eventually discovered that L.A. had a movie industry and that it needed me to be a part of it. I managed to get into the extras union, the Screen Extras Guild. I became a class extra and later maneuvered my way through the industry. I learned from Jack Beckett whose father (Charlie Beckett) lit "Citizen

7 Alpo is a popular brand of dog food.

Kane." That's how I became very knowledgeable about the various aspects of film making.

My first day in movies gave me my first part. It was a speechless role in "Riot in Juvenile Prison" (1959). Not a memorable performance, but not a memorable film, either. I'm sure everybody has missed it. Right after "Attack of the Killer Tomatoes," I think it's the worst film ever made. On that first day, I was on the set and heard someone yell, *"Kill that hanging baby!"* I said, *"Oh, my God. What is that?"* It turned out that "kill" means to "turn off." A "baby" is a "light," and "hanging" meant "hanging from the rafter." So the guy was, in fact, saying, *"Turn off that light up there,"* but when he yelled, *"Kill that hanging baby,"* I feared I was in a very strange business.

You probably remember "Pork Chop Hill" which starred Gregory Peck and Phil Kaufman. Gregory Peck played the hero, and I played just about everyone else: I was an American GI on a hill, shooting at myself who was a Communist coming up the hill, waiting for myself who was a relief Marine. They doubled us up a lot on that one. I was a slave gladiator in the Kirk Douglas movie "Spartacus." I got killed a lot by gladiators, Romans and fiery logs. My most memorable lines, though, were in "The Honeymoon Machine." I was on the deck of a ship and I walked up to the captain and handed him a message and said, *"For you, sir!"* Great, huh?

I did TV, as well. Don't you remember me on "The Donna Reed Show"? *Knock, knock, knock . . . "Telegram!"* Remember me now?

I worked as a cinematographer at a nudist camp. They were doing the first Miss Nude America contest and all I wore all day were my sandals, a battery belt and a camera. It felt . . . different. My girlfriend was with me. She went topless but not bottomless.

I drove a generator truck on "Son of Blob," Larry "J.R." Hagman's first (and only, to date) directing job. At the wrap-up party, we had a big bash at his house. He had a little pool inside his house. Once again, we got nude and carried on. Now I know who shot J.R. and where it happened.

Back in those days, the union was very tight. They wouldn't let new people in so we were getting paid for doing things called "whammies" which meant getting paid above the basic rate for doing something difficult. A "double whammy" got double pay and a "triple whammy" (believe it or not) got three times the money. It was their way of getting around paying you stunt pay even though you were doing stunts. They didn't have to pay a residual. Then we went up to "silent bit." A silent bit was similar to a "bit," but you didn't say anything. You walked up to somebody, had direct contact with a principal actor, but you didn't say anything. They paid you less because they didn't have to pay residuals. They'd pay the assignment bit for stunts, which was $61 above your check at the time. It was their way of getting around it. If that was happening now, we would have gotten the full labor, the stunt rate for the stunts.

Mayhem and Music

As the '60s moved along, I drifted into the psychedelic era and paid the price of being a failed marijuana smuggler (twice), a successful convict and a failed escapee. I got involved with the Charles Manson "hippie" cult (and only just survived it).

With my smuggling career in pieces, I moved around L.A. and drifted into various activities within and without the music industry. I developed a skill at "minding" groups, singers, stars and assholes --- first as an Executive Nanny and later as Road Mangler Deluxe --- and worked with the best: the

Rolling Stones, Gram Parsons, Etta James, Joe Cocker, Frank Zappa, Emmylou Harris and many, many more.

The House on Chandler Blvd.

I had a house on Chandler Boulevard in Van Nuys, California, in the early '70s. I really went to town on the exterior of the place, making it quite a landmark. It was a fairly large, single-story, wooden home, with a guest house and tool shed at the back.

All three structures were used at one time or another to house visiting dignitaries, friends, acquaintances, friends-of-acquaintances, acquaintances-of-friends, and almost anyone else who came along and had the right feel about them. During my tenure, the house on Chandler Boulevard was home to such interesting casualties as Harold True, Bobby "Boris" Pickett, Gram Parsons, Einstein Eddy and also some of the loves of my life. Although these names may mean little or naught to some readers, their significance in this evolving story will become apparent as we flow through the pages.

I had acquired two 18-foot high, shaped and painted, replica eagles from a gas station.[8] They adorned the ends of the front face of the main house. The area below the roof was decorated with large Harley-Davidson and Coca-Cola signs. Below the signs were the words "Gram Parsons," a tribute in life and death to my good friend and innovator whose tragic tale will soon unfold. Beneath all of this was the building-wide front porch, decorated with various memorabilia, including a 4-foot high illuminated star, street signs, various

8 The eagles were common accoutrements at Richfield gas stations at the time. They were made from pressed, enameled steel and are now a collector's item.

The house on Chandler Boulevard

Colin White

Chandler Boulevard in 1993.
The tree-lined center divider has replaced the trolley car tracks.
The house on the right now occupies the site of my old home.

license plates and a neon sign which read "Joe's Place." "Joe's Place" was the working title for a movie I produced, renamed "Howzer."

The 4-foot high star was the one used for Ringo Starr's first solo album sleeve design. They were producing it in Hollywood and Jack Beckett gave me the star when he thought the project was finished. Later, they came back to do some retakes. When they couldn't find the star, they had to make another one while all the time the original was on my house on Chandler Boulevard, lighting the way. Thanks, Ringo, you're my favorite Rolling Stone!

For a while, Bobby "Boris" Pickett of "Monster Mash" fame was living in the main house with a guy called Richard Mikesell. Bobby had his band there. Brian Englund was in the band. His mother was Cloris Leachman, and that was the first time that we had the experience of a drug overdose. Brian OD'd while visiting Bobby Pickett. We had to put ice cubes up his rectum, which is the junkie way of shocking somebody because heroin makes the body lethargic and ice suppositories wake it up. It saved his life. The same thing happened again three or four years later in the Chelsea Hotel in New York, but nobody was there to take his pants down and administer the cure, so he died.

Before moving to Los Angeles, Bobby Pickett drove a taxi in New York, while trying to get his career back together. Somebody called him one day and said, *"Hey, man, have you heard that 'Monster Mash' is a hit again?"* There was a check for about $30,000 waiting for him at London records. When he heard the news, he pulled up outside the taxi cab office, threw his hat in the cab, went to collect the check, cashed it, hailed a cab, got on a plane and moved out to L.A.

My Chandler house was the house that Arthur Penn used as the hippie-home in his film "Night Moves." We did quite a

few films at the Chandler house — a lot of naughty films and a lot of good films, including "Joe's Place/Howzer."

Sadly, the house is gone now. It was demolished some years ago and replaced by a faceless, characterless, stuccoed monstrosity, a fate common to most of the charming old homes in the area. Ah, well.

Colin White

My last California home

To Nashville and London

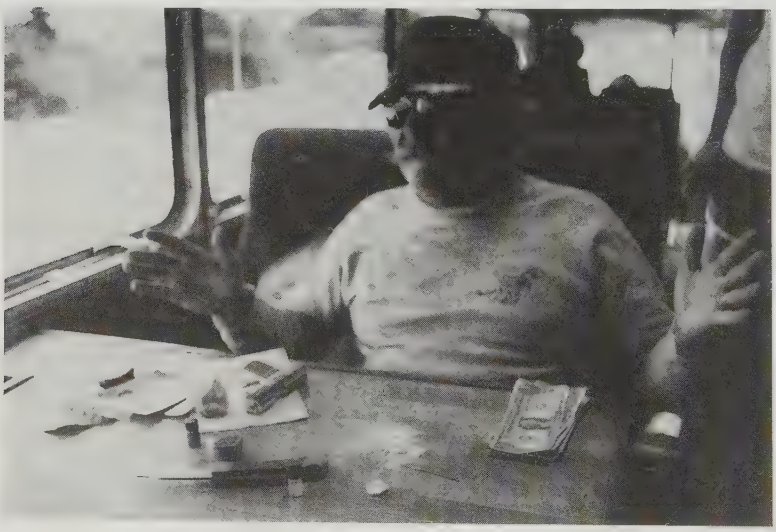
Circumstances caused me to set up home in Nashville, Tennessee, and also in London, England. But I never really left L.A. — I have kept a house going there, right up to the present time. I'll move back in for a while, then rent it out at cost while I'm away. It's a great little place, not as grand as Chandler, but I like it.

I lived in London twice. The first time was from 1974 to 1976. I worked in the film world, perfecting my talents at

being a movie nothing. I also became Demonstration Fleet Supervisor for Harley-Davidson of Great Britain. The second time I lived in London was from 1988 to 1992. I had been on an exhausting European tour with Joe Cocker and things weren't working out very well between us. So I got together with some old motorcycle buddies there and just settled in. I worked as a production manager and assistant director in film, TV and advertising.

I lived in Nashville from 1977 to 1988, but I spent a lot of that time on tours with top country acts — Emmylou Harris, Marty Stuart and Rodney Crowell, to name but a few. I dabbled in ownership: I owned bars, a home and a personalized license plate on my car. I became (and remain) heavily involved in the music scene in Nashville. I love the place. In fact, I've moved back there since starting this book.

That's the background. Now on with the story . . .



Road Mangler Deluxe on duty

2

Public Enema #1

By 1967, most of middle-aged, middle-class, domestic USA perceived marijuana as the devil's substance, capable of turning normal, tax-paying citizens into suicidal maniacs devoid of rational thought.

Then, as now, the U.S. Government did all in its power to perpetuate this myth and prosecuted offenders to the max. As a consequence, everyday people found themselves incarcerated with murderers, rapists, bank robbers and worse, all for quietly partaking of, or trading, substances that some medical experts insist is less harmful than alcohol. One such victim was Philip C. Kaufman.

Drug Smuggler Deluxe

I was a pot smuggler twice, and I got caught twice. It was a profession not wisely chosen.

I went to Mexico on and off through the years in the early '60s. I used to bring grass back into the USA. At the time, it cost $12 a kilo if you bought 20 kilos. Anything under 20 kilos cost $20 a kilo. I had been working and went to Mazatlan to hang out and do some surfing and skydiving. A friend of mine had turned me on to the place. It was very charming and really cheap. In those days, you could hang out on the beach at Mazatlan because it hadn't been developed.

I borrowed Dan "Grizzly Adams" Haggerty's 1946 panel truck, and away we went. Some friends back in L.A. had given me money to bring some grass back for them. We bought the unlucky number (13) of kilos. I was in for 12 kilos and a Cajun buddy of mine bought 1 kilo. (There was another guy with us, but I can't remember his name.)

I knew a border guard in Sonoita, Mexico, at the Arizona-Mexico border. I used to stop in there, talk to him, chat him up and talk about skydiving. I always knew when he was going to be on duty. On this particular occasion, the three of us were coming pretty close to the border so we hid the grass. There was a new immigration officer on duty, and the border patrolman I knew was also working. He said, *"Cómo estás?"* and I said, *"How are you doing?"* We went inside and talked with him for a while. The rookie was still outside and became suspicious when he spotted A SINGLE, SOLITARY, BURNED MARIJUANA SEED on the floor of the car. He searched the car and found the grass. My heart sank. We were arrested, but denied "the crime."

They called the U.S. Marshal who came and took us away, across the desert to Tucson to be booked. We stopped at a little cafe in the middle of nowhere to get breakfast. I said to the guard, *"Can I pee?"* He said, *"Yeah, go ahead."* So I went. I walked into the restaurant head and saw that there was a window that was wide open. I thought, *"I'm going out of this window to get the fuck out of here."* I didn't do it because I was in the middle of the desert. It all looked a little too set up. I went back to the Marshal and he said, *"Well, boy, it's lucky you didn't go out that window. The Indian trackers are out there waiting. They get $500 a man to bring guys like you back, usually in a body bag."* He took us to Tucson and locked us up in the old Pima County Jail where federal prisoners were held. It was quite an impressive old barn. Many, many years earlier, John Dillinger had broken out of it.

I called my mother and convinced her that it was all a mistake and that I should be let out. She sent the $5,000 to bail me out. (The other guys made bail after a couple of weeks.) I hitchhiked from Tucson to L.A. with a backpack, surfboard and a parachute. I was quite a figure. On one stretch, I got picked up by some very strange guys. One was incredibly, horribly, ugly; rotten teeth and all that stuff. I got a little worried. I told them I had to make a phone call. I got out of the car and refused to get back in. Sometime later, I read that they had been arrested. They were child molesters and picked up hitchhikers and did weird things to them.

I got back to L.A. and that's when I realized the amount of trouble I was in. I made a deal with the other two defendants. I wrote confessions for the attorneys and the presiding judge, and I had my signature notarized. After taking out a visa[1] for

1 U.S. citizens were required to obtain travel visas for Mexico if the visit was to exceed 30 days, but no passport was necessary.

Mexico in my own name, I borrowed a birth certificate from Harold True, a UCLA student I hung out with, and got a passport in his name but with my photo. I jumped bail, fled the country and traveled through Europe as Harold True.

The other two guys went to court. They produced the confessions and their cases were dismissed. In the confession, I said that I was the smuggler and that the crime and the punishment just didn't match. The federal law at the time stated that if you were found guilty of marijuana importation, you got 5 to 20 years for the first offense. If you were found guilty, you could not get probation. You had to go to prison and do all the time. Why confess? You don't get anything from confessing. You can't get probation. You can't make a deal. The only deal was to give me five years or more.

The real Harold True (disguised as Vincent van Gogh)

I got caught up in some student riots in Paris, France, and was rounded up with all the others. I led them to believe that I was not a student, that I was on the Left Bank as a tourist, and they let me go. As Harold True, I was always on the move and never held any long-term job or anything. Once you were known to the authorities as being involved in drug smuggling, there wasn't much you could do. You couldn't get another job because the police were always looking for you. Even with a false identity, I had to be careful not to gather a lot of attention, something that has always been difficult for me.

Eventually I settled into the Plaza Santana, Madrid, with a bunch of ex-patriots and crazy people. We'd go to bullfights and get drunk. I was working in films as an extra and was given a lot of work. Spain was a popular place for location work and I was young, blond, and English-speaking, unlike most of the natives, so I made a few bucks working on "Battle of the Bulge" and films like that.

Morocco has always been renowned as a good, cheap, source of *kief* (grass) and hashish, and I was not about to ignore this fact. I traveled through Torremolinos and Marbella, then across the Strait of Gibraltar to Tetouan, Morocco with Karim, a Moroccan street hustler. We scored the kief there, a Moroccan guy strapped it to our bodies and we agreed to split up and then meet again in Torremolinos.

I got the boat back to Spain, went through customs, took the kief off my body and put it in my carry bag. I hitchhiked up the coast to the meeting place with the stuff in my bag. Now, one rule of Spanish life was that if a member of Franco's Guardia Civil (the Spanish police in those funny, flat-back hats) wanted a ride somewhere, he would stand in the road and if you came along, you had to take him where he was going. I got a lift with an English couple and a few miles up the road, a member of the Guardia Civil got in the back of the car with me. He started on in Spanish, so I said, *"I don't speak Spanish. I'm American."* He told me he had friends in the States and started playing with the zipper on my bag. *"I gotta friends in Milwaukee,"* UNZIP. I followed, *"Oh, is that right?"* ZIP. *"One day I will go . . ."* UNZIP, and so on. This nerve-racking thing went on for ages until we eventually reached his destination. *"Next time you in town, you come see me . . ."* UNZIP. *"Yeah, fuck I will, mate. Don't you worry!"* ZIP.

Back in Torremolinos, we sold some matchboxes[2] and then went back to Madrid. We thought we'd go up to Sweden to a big jazz festival in Stockholm and sell the rest of the stash. One of the crew had a car --- one of those funny little Citroens that inflate when you turn the ignition on. We drove up through Spain, France and Germany to Denmark. In Denmark, two of us decided to go on to Stockholm alone (the others proved to be jerks and we knew we'd be caught if we all stayed together). We left them a note saying where we would be when we came back with the money.

We sold some of it en route, but then got caught in Gothenburg. Some speed-freak Swedes turned us in. The cops

2 At this time, marijuana and hashish were sold to consumers in small wooden matchboxes, compared to the current practice of using polyethylene bags.

The European dope tour

chased me and I gave myself up because I didn't know they didn't have guns. I'd still be running today if I had known they didn't carry guns. They dragged me into court where I faced charges of drug smuggling and drug trafficking. Things looked pretty bad. It was the biggest smuggling charge ever in Sweden at that time — about 5 pounds of grass. Big deal.

Swedish Hospitality

I did a total of eight months in the Swedish prison. I got a four-month sentence in Sweden for the same crime that cost 5 to 20 years in the States.

At first, the Swedes didn't know who I was. Then they ran a fingerprint check on me and the FBI said, *"That's not Harold True. That's Philip Kaufman, the notorious marijuana smoker from California."* The FBI put a hold on me and wanted to have me extradited back to the States. The Swedes were very sympathetic about my situation because of the severity of the sentence I was facing in the USA. It was either prison or give up the name of the guy who had asked me to smuggle the dope, and I preferred to go to prison rather than snitch on someone. Years later, I realized I had made a mistake. My accomplices all turned out to be assholes. They didn't help me at all.

People who behave well in prison earn weekend passes. After their weekend away, they have to report back to jail. This really helps if you're planning to escape, so I thought, *"Why not?"* I was in deep shit and things couldn't get much worse. If I made it, I was free; if I got caught, I was still in deep dung. So I arranged for a guy to wait for me outside the prison. I had a hacksaw blade which I had paid for with cigarettes (I don't smoke, but I'd get cigarettes every week and trade them for things). I had some sheets that I'd smuggled out of the laundry, and a Danish seaman had taught me

how to make a special knotted rope out of them. I had enough sheets to go from the window to the ground. Once out of the cell house, I would release the sheet rope, hide it, cross the prison yard (where they left a workhorse with a mattress on it), go over the barbed wire (using the mattress), and get into the waiting car. I'd have a 40- or 50-minute head start before the guards would know I was gone. By that time, I'd be on a train to Denmark and Germany.

To help with the escape, I had acquired Danish seaman's papers bearing my picture. A con had previously come to me and said, *"Are you having a party?"* [3] When I said, *"Yeah,"* he said, *"If you can get me five blank checks from any American bank, I'll get you Danish seaman's papers."* We got a letter out to the States to these people I knew in New York. About three weeks later, the guy knocked on my cell door, *"Hello. Are you home?"* and he gave me the seaman's papers. I got a photograph from another inmate. Some more cigarettes bought me a suit of clothes, tailored to my size, and a brand new pair of shoes. I wore the shoes in jail so that they would be broken in while I was breaking out.

The day came for The Great Escape. We were all in single cells with big, heavy wooden doors and a potty (there was no communal toilet there). When they had arrested me, I didn't have a mustache, but I grew one when I was inside, so they all knew I had a mustache. That night, I shaved my pubic hairs (boy, did that feel itchy) and left my razor there so it would look like I had shaved off my mustache. This way, they would be looking for a guy without a mustache, and I still had mine.

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3 "Party" is prison code for an escape attempt.

The cell had a window with a spike in the middle and two bars set in concrete on either side of the spike. I had to saw the spike out in order to escape. I knew I could fit through the center since I had been exercising and was in pretty good shape. I used the blade that I had smuggled into my cell. The blade was lubricated with stolen butter so it wouldn't make any noise while sawing through the bars. It was tied to a string around my neck so I wouldn't drop the blade. I also had a pair of socks in my hand since it was freezing outside and there was snow on the ground.

The plan was that a guard was supposed to walk outside and make the rounds of the yard. When he went around the door, a con was supposed to signal me that the guard had gone inside and I could make my escape.

I started sawing, then thought, *"Screw this."* I took a Scripto pen and wrote: FUCK YOU SWEDES. YOU CAN'T KEEP ME IN JAIL — that type of provocative bullshit, you know, HA HA, COME AND GET ME IF YOU CAN. Then I resumed sawing and the blade broke. I spent the rest of the night scrubbing the walls and hiding the razor, the seaman's papers and the money (and my pubic hairs – I couldn't get them back on).

The next morning, they opened up the cells and an inmate asked me, *"What happened?"* I said, *"The fucking blade broke."* I couldn't go to work because when you're out, they search the cells. But if you're in sick, they don't come in and bother you. I said I was sick, so they locked me in the cell. It was just like in the movies — they took me to the doctor and on the way back from the doctor, I saw they were just one cell away from searching my cell, so I said, *"Oooh, I'm so sick,"* and ran into my cell.

When the cons came back from work, the guards would open up the cells. There was a little area where you could

walk around and hang out with other cons. Afterwards, you had dinner in your own cell, and then they locked you up for the night. This guy came in and said, *"What happened?"* I told him and he said, *"Can I talk to you alone. I have a brand new hacksaw blade. I've been saving this for myself, but you're in a position where you need it. Can you leave it somewhere where I'll find it?"* I said, *"No problem. There's a mirror in my cell and I'll hide it behind the mirror."*

That night, I went through the same thing again. I got the chalk and rewrote my farewell speech (like Clouseau the escape artist), removed the spike and hung the sheets out the window. There is nothing that raises more suspicion than sheets hanging out of a prison window — they're not drying the laundry at 10 o'clock at night! I had only so many seconds to get down. As I was trying to get out the window, I discovered I had sawn the spike unevenly, so that it formed an edge of sharp iron. I twisted it around, turned it all different ways, but couldn't get it out without cutting myself very badly. I kept trying because I had lowered the bag down with my clothes in it (I was in skivvies). I hadn't sent the money or the blade down. They were still with me.

Then all of a sudden an alarm sounded. Somebody across the street had reported me. They used to get a 50-Kroner reward every time they reported prisoners doing laundry at 10 o'clock at night. So I was busted. I watched the person in the getaway car drive away. I stashed the money and the seaman's papers, and hid the blade behind my mirror. The guards came storming through my door, and I handed them the old, broken hacksaw blade. I thought they would beat the shit out of me. They took me away, strapped me on a table and took my clothes off. I lay there thinking, *"Oh, my God."* Every time I heard a noise, I thought, *"Oh, no, the bamboo up the thumbs . . . They're supposed to be humane, these Swedes. What are they doing to me?"* Every time I heard a noise, I

thought they were getting the rubber hoses. And you know what they did? Nothing. I did it. Every time I heard a noise, I tortured myself. Of course, I shit all over myself because I was laying there for two days.

They locked me in solitary and really kept an eye on me. While I was in solitary, Dick Alpert (of Alpert and Leary — the Harvard LSD guys — fame) sent me a tab of acid in prison. It was in a letter from a fictitious woman, with a big kiss on it. *"Dear Phil, here's a big kiss. We love you."* Kissy, kissy and all that. So I thought, *"Where's the acid?"* The lips? I ate the lips. Could it be in "Dear Phil"? I ate "Dear Phil." Under the stamp? I ate the stamp . . . I devoured the whole damned letter. A guard opened the door, while I was still chewing. Paisleys were coming out of my ears. I ate the whole letter but never found out where the acid was. I was halfway through the envelope when I realized that I was really stoned. I never did find out where they hid the acid.

I was allowed only one book in solitary, so I asked for the Bible because that was the only book they had in English. In Sweden, the tax on tobacco and tobacco products (papers, matches, everything) was really high. As Bible pages were made of that really thin, rice-paper stuff, I could sell some of it as cigarette papers. When the book arrived, somebody had beat me to it: It was cut straight through. Somebody had cut cigarette papers out of the entire book. They had smoked the whole Bible!

One prisoner was an ex-medical student who really wanted to escape and continue his life of crime. He planned to restart his career with a better chance of survival by invalidating his existing record. To achieve this, he attempted to transplant his fingerprints and toe prints. He said that his body would reject foreign skin, so he used his own. Every time you saw him, he had Band-Aids on three fingers and

he'd be walking funny. A month later, the Band-Aids would be on different fingers and the limp would be different. I don't know what happened to him. Maybe he's still at it.

I had a cell mate one time who was a Turkish rapist. He tried to escape. There was a Bulgarian assassin in the prison. He tried to escape. There was a mass-murderer. He tried to escape. The only person I knew who DID escape was a reindeer meatball smuggler. He used to smuggle reindeer meatballs and was in for illegal poaching. I never found out what happened to the reindeer meatball smuggler.

Goin' Home

The day came to extradite me back to the States. They brought armored cars and all kinds of security equipment (they thought I was the head of a big drug ring in America). They took me from one armored car to another and then put me in a jail in Stockholm. Finally, the U.S. Marshals came to collect me. President Johnson and King Gustav had to sign my extradition papers. It was quite a big deal.

They got me to the airport and the U.S. Marshals had brought so many chains that the airline charged them for overweight baggage. I weighed about 140 pounds. I was a little, skinny guy. The airline staff said, *"You can't chain him on an airplane. There are rules and you just can't do that."* So they sat me between these two big, burly U.S. Marshals. We got in the plane and I said, *"Can I have a drink?"* They said, *"No. Just shut up."* The plane landed in Oslo, Norway, for refueling. I said, *"I think I'll be getting out here. You have no jurisdiction here; I'm being extradited from Sweden to the United States. I want to get out."* I said, *"Excuse me, stewardess!"* They said to me, *"What do you want?"* I said, *"I want to get drunk."* I knew once I got off the plane, the Oslo authorities would hold me and we'd go through all the same shit again

because I was undocumented — I had no passport or anything. They would hold me. My ploy was just a kind of delaying tactic, and they fell for it. By the time I reached Washington, I was completely drunk.

Jail Tour, USA

I arrived in Washington. I spent my first night back in the States in a jail in D.C. In the morning, the guard opened up the cell and said, *"Okay. Yard."* Anybody who wanted to go out to the exercise yard could go out there. I started heading for the yard when a white cop grabbed me and said, *"Boy, you don't want to go out there."* I looked outside and he said, *"85 percent of the guys out there are militant blacks. You just go to your cell and watch TV."* That's what I did. I behaved myself — for once.

They took me to Tucson, Arizona, where I had originally been arrested. The jail had been rebuilt since my last visit. I was in there 173 days waiting to go to trial. While I was there, I thought I'd get a jailhouse attorney to talk to. He said, *"If you're crazy and can't speak in your own defense, they can't convict you. So what you do is you pretend to be crazy. They'll send you to a nut house near your home and in six months you get re-evaluated after a miraculous cure, and you can be back on the streets."* I was facing 5 to 20 years and had already written confessions that I did it, so I would be crazy to be sane. I'd be crazy not to be crazy, so I started practicing being crazy. It was easy.

If I was officially crazy, I'd be out on the streets in six months. I rehearsed my crazy act. I had it down pretty good. I convinced a lot of guys. I had a court-appointed psychiatrist and the Feds had one, too. They took me in chains to doctors' meetings. I did my act as best as I could: Academy Award stuff, I thought. The prosecutor said, *"You may be*

crazy, but you're also guilty." I was pleading schizophrenia and had to keep up the act in court because it was the judge's decision whether I got sent to Springfield for observation or got sent straight to prison. I had the act very well rehearsed. When they took me in the courtroom, there were very few people present. There was someone from the press sleeping in the back and, without my prior knowledge, Dad was there. His presence inhibited me and I couldn't do my crazy act. They found me guilty and ordered me back to prison. I was in the marshal's car in chains. We had to stop for a pedestrian. It was my father. He was crying. It broke me up. I wish he hadn't been there because then I would have tried my acting debut for the federal government.

When I got back to the cellhouse, everybody said, *"How did you do, Phil?"* I said, *"Wow, man. I only got five years."* It was odd. I was happy because I was sentenced to five years in prison. It was bad news when the judge said, *"You're guilty, but we're going to send you to Springfield for observation."* The worst thing to be is both guilty and crazy. That means when you've done your time, they won't let you out because you're a nut case.

We made some booze in the toilet. There were three toilets in a tank. A tank held about 15 to 20 people. We drained all the water out of one toilet, scrubbed it clean, got some prunes and raisins from our food, got some sugar, and smuggled in some yeast. We put all the things in the toilet, covered it up and put an "out of order" sign on it. With 15 Mexicans and gringos farting and shitting in a tank, you couldn't tell that we were actually making booze. In fact, the reason we did it in the toilet was because it was the only place we could do it without getting caught. If they came in, all we had to do was push the button and wash the trouble down the drain. It took about six or seven days to brew. It made us sick. Most

of the guys who drank it had to put their heads in the toilet instead of sitting on the toilet. But we did get drunk.

During that same period, we made a homemade Monopoly set to relieve our boredom. We cut out notebook paper and made a complete Monopoly game, all the little squares and all the pieces. Can you believe those guys — they actually cheated. They counterfeited Monopoly money. How low can you get?

There was a guy who came into jail with me at about the same time. He made bail. I obviously couldn't make bail because I had jumped bail the time before, so they weren't going to let me go anywhere except that cell. Three months later, the guy came back to go to trial. He was in the tank with us. We said, *"Wow, man. You were out there for three months. What did you do?"* He said, *"I worried about what I was going to do when I got back here."* Asshole.

There was a guy from Hollywood named Fink. He changed his name to Christopher Branch *(the Branch of Christ)*. He was a Jewish guy gone Christian, a loony. I knew him in L.A., hated him in L.A. and all of a sudden he was in the same cell with me in Tucson, Arizona, in the same federal hospital, and I was chained to him. They came to pick us up and I was chained to this lunatic. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't talk to him. He was a loony.

We left Tucson and went to Texas where they kept us overnight in a city jail in Del Rio. They kept us overnight in Houston, too. Then we went to Muskogee, Oklahoma. It was a tiny, old jail and the sheriff's wife came every morning with biscuits and gravy. As we traveled, the marshals would take us to a Jack-in-the-Box, or some such fast food joint. They would unchain one hand so we could eat. They would say to us, *"If y'all want to run, y'all go ahead."* They would

have loved to shoot us, so they could turn around and go on home.

We got to Springfield, Missouri, where I underwent further evaluation to determine if I was crazy or not. Now the game had to change. The first thing I had to do was not be crazy because if you're crazy, you'll never get out. If you're guilty and crazy, you never get out. If you get out of jail, they'll put you in a funny farm, so I didn't want to be crazy anymore. As we were going in the joint, there was a marshal bringing in another prisoner, a big, big guy with leg irons. He was trying to kick the leg irons off and his legs were all bloody. Three days later, I saw the same guy in the prison yard. They had "Thorazined"[4] him to the max. He was a mess, in a bad state due to the chemical restraint. I didn't want to get on that shit. In prison, you get the medicine call everyday. You take your medicine and have to wave your tongue to show that you really took it and aren't keeping it to sell to somebody else.

When I got to Springfield, I had a big mustache. At that time, the rules in prison were very strict. Everybody had to have a military haircut and no beard. When they brought me to the hospital, I walked into the mess hall with my big handlebar mustache. They didn't know what was going on. Immediately after the meal, they took me back to my cell and shaved the mustache off. That was the time when Donovan came out with "Mellow Yellow" and everybody thought banana skins could get them high. We were all smoking toasted banana skins in jail and getting hernias from sucking so hard while trying to get stoned. All we did was hyperventilate because nothing ever came of the banana skins.

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4 Thorazine (chloropromazine hydrochloride) is an antipsychotic agent used in controlling excited psychotic behavior.

I got into the education department and was grading correspondence courses. A friend of my mine named Eddy was a bank robber. Just before I left, he was planning to escape. I got a course for him on how to fly a small aircraft, and we taught him how to fly a plane with the help of an ex-pilot in prison. One day, the guards came by with rubber mallets to check the cell bars for security. Eddy's bars had the wrong ring to them and he got sent down. No fly-by-night for old Eddy.

I also worked on the garbage detail, going from ward to ward collecting garbage. It turned out to be a very good job because it was an effective way to move contraband around the prison.

Vito Genovese, the Godfather of Godfathers, was in tight security.[5] All the Italians in the prison respected Vito and did everything possible to make his life comfortable. One of my jobs was to deliver packages to him, either directly or via the chain which eventually reached him.

After my 90-day observation period, they chained me and some other prisoners together and sent us to Leavenworth, Kansas. (One reason they moved me out of Springfield was because I had been advising other prisoners how to do what I had not succeeded in doing.) The prison in Leavenworth is really intimidating. It's "The Big House" with guards armed with machine guns in towers and all over the place. The first thing they do when you arrive is take all your clothes off and give you the finger wave — looking for drugs up your ass. Someone behind you puts one hand on your shoulder and checks your insides with the other. Then another guard puts

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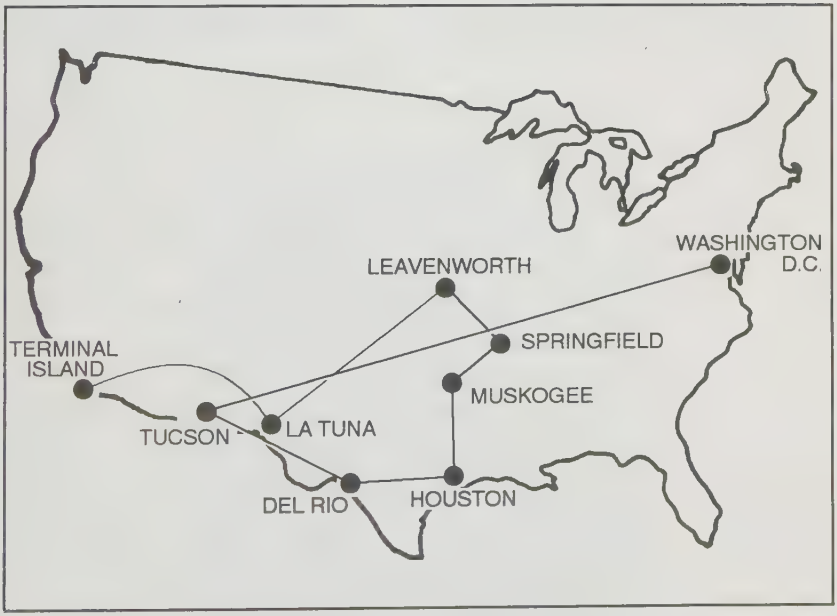
5 Vito Genovese was transferred from Leavenworth prison to the hospital at Springfield, after becoming seriously ill. He died in prison in 1969.

a hand on your other shoulder, as a joke. You feel this thing in your ass and jump, dreading what it could be because there are two hands on your shoulders and something up your ass. Prison humor! I was there for about 30 days.

After Leavenworth, I was shipped to La Tuna prison near Anthony, Texas (near the Texas/New Mexico/Mexico border), where I met up with a lot of Mexican illegals and dope smugglers who had been with me in the Pima County Jail. Finally, they flew me to Long Beach, California. They had eight of us chained together on a Border Patrol plane. We were transported from the airport to the prison at Terminal Island.



The '67 tour - courtesy of Uncle Sam

Home Sweet Home

All prisons have a thing called A&O (Admission and Orientation). When you arrive at Terminal Island, you spend three days before you are sent out to the general population. They test you and decide what kind of job you're going to do. If you're a real jerk, you get to make number 1's on license plates. (College guys get to make 4's and 5's, and schizos make 8's.) The psychologist asked me lots of questions and the last question he asked was, *"What is it you really, in your heart of hearts, want to be?"* I took my hat off and said, *"Sir, an EX-con."* He said, *"You'll do okay while you're here."*

I was there for the last year of my sentence. I really did very well. I learned all the tricks of being in prison. I didn't make any enemies. I was everybody's friend. When you go to prison, everyone warns you, *"When you get in prison, watch out. You're going to get fucked. You're going to get raped,"* and all that stuff. When I got into prison, the first thing I did was pick my nose and fart a lot. I remember one guy came up to me after I farted and said, *"You got zero punk appeal,"* which meant, *"Nobody wants to fuck you."* Whenever I was out, I made sure I was picking my nose and farting and being as gross as possible. It worked well — and it still works.

The Black Muslims were just starting up their militant groups. I got a job as institutional projectionist. At nights I did the films. The Black Muslims had an interest in certain emerging African countries, so I wrote away and got them films on these countries and other things of interest to them. For my payment, I'd get behind five Muslims in the chow line. Since they couldn't eat pork, they gave me their pork chops as a return favor. Then I would sell the pork chops for cigarettes or ice cream. Cigarettes are a form of currency in prison. Whatever you want, it's all done in cigarettes, drugs and sex. At one point, I got some old World War II army

Terminal Island Prison, California

Me, having fun on the beach at Terminal Island (1967)

training films on topics like, "How to escape from a barbed wire compound" and "How to dig tunnels." They put an end to that very soon.

We used to go to the auditorium on Saturday and see films that had been censored. There was a little guy there named Popcorn. I never knew Popcorn was a name. Cons used to say, *"Get popcorn over here."* Popcorn would sit on the aisle and when the lights went down, he'd start giving blow jobs. The guys would yell, *"Pass the popcorn."* Of course, the cops didn't know what was going on. So he'd do one job, then he'd change seats and move over to the next customer. By the end of the movie, he'd be several rows forward and over on the other aisle. Through the whole movie, you could hear zip . . . zip . . . flies going up, flies going down, Popcorn going down, flies going up, Popcorn going up, flies going down.

They had a kite[6] line in Terminal Island where guys met girls through kiting. If you gave the kiter a pack of cigarettes a week, he'd deliver your messages. You had to have a certain size piece of paper folded a certain way — each one had to be the same — and you'd give it to the kiter along with the cigarettes. He'd deliver it to the women's side. (Everyone had a code name.) The women did the same thing back and forth with the men.

I was the projectionist for the women as well as the men. I used to have little cards that I would flash up on the screen each week, only I would put the girls' names on the cards instead of the movie stars' names. I had been writing to one girl and told her I really wanted to meet her. She told me what she was going to wear one day and I saw her — she was

6 Kite is a jail term for a letter. Delivery is usually effected by throwing it over a wall, giving the appearance of a kite being sailed.

beautiful. We found a way to meet. She worked in the educational department and had a projector. She took a fuse out of the projector and then called for a projector repairman (I was that man). I told her to take the projector up for repair. I hadn't been with a lady in two years. When I went to the projection room, she was waiting for me in the closet. It was unreal touching a woman again. We did it in the closet. It was a real turn on. We didn't even talk. I drooled all over her. Then I had to exit the closet and get back to work. I went into the closet with a lump in my pants, but it was certainly gone when I came back out. I think she liked my projector repairing technique.

Sometimes they would send a male work party to the women's dorms. The women were taken out of their dorms and the men would go up to do the repairs. One woman had broken her window and was hiding in her cupboard. Her boyfriend was on a ladder outside her room, repairing the window. She started to give him a "blow job" through the open space that was her window --- a window of opportunity. All of a sudden, the guy fell backwards off the ladder with his dick in his hand. She blew him away.

They had a blood drive twice a year. My girl, whose codename was *"L'Abeille"* (I was *"El Sol"*),[7] hated giving blood, but I really wanted her to come to the blood drive. I urged her to give blood because it was my job to interview the blood donors. I told her she could have my blood. I was the associate editor of the joint newspaper. (These tasks all scored brownie points for parole.) I finally got her in for an interview and this real bastard captain, real hard nose captain,

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7 L'Abeille means bee (in French), El Sol means sun (in Spanish). Once a kite code name was established, it could never be changed.

kept a close eye on me. Every time he looked away, I would touch her, grab her hand or stroke her hair.

I saw her again when I got out of prison. She was living in Seattle. I was doing a concert with the Flying Burrito Brothers, and she and I re-consummated our lust. Her name was Betty. She had given me her address and phone number. She got out of prison after I did. She was an extortionist or bank robber or something charming like that.

Richard Mikesell, a friend from L.A., used to meditate in prison. It was a very hippie thing to do. The guard used to come by and tell Mikesell to go to bed and go to sleep. Mikesell would say that he was meditating. The guard really gave him a hard time and said he'd shoot[8] him next time he meditated. I said to Mikesell, *"Look, the next time he comes around and asks what you're doing, tell him you're praying. They'll never stop you from praying."* He tried it. The guard came by and said, *"What are you doing, Mikesell?"* Mikesell said, *"I'm praying."* The guard replied, *"Well, hurry up,"* and went on. It was just a matter of semantics. Richard Mikesell also introduced me to Bruce Wolfe, a lawyer in L.A, who would serve me well in later adventures.

I first met Charles Manson at Terminal Island. I was walking through the prison yard and Charlie was playing his guitar.[9] He sounded like a young Frankie Laine and was really quite good. A guard went up to him and said, *"Manson, you'll never get out of here."* Charlie replied, *"Get out of where, man?"* and just kept playing his guitar. Charlie Manson's first

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8 Place on report. An inmate who "gets shot" loses good time and privileges.

9 Manson learned to play the guitar from Alvin Karpis, a member of the Ma Barker gang in the '30s. Karpis was serving a life sentence in McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary when Manson was there.

big crime was forgery, even though he was illiterate. He had stolen postal money orders, somebody's checks, which was a federal offense. He got ten years for it, was given probation, and violated the terms of probation. So he went back inside for seven and a half more years of the 10-year sentence. He was in there until the very last day of his sentence, and he didn't give a shit. I gave him some names and numbers of some music people in Hollywood (Gary Stromberg, the publicist, was one) for when he got out. But more about the outcome later. [10]

The guys in prison would ask me, *"Hey man, what are you in for?"* I would tell them and they would say, *"For what? . . ."* Some guys were bank robbers, rapists or murderers, and some had sold heroin to narcotics agents. Their reaction to my crime was, *". . . you're in for pot? Get out of here!"* to which I replied, *"I'd love to."*

There was one time when Harold True came to visit me. He had baked some space cakes[11] for me. Visits usually lasted an hour or an hour and a half. After 15 minutes, I had to ask him to leave. I had to go back to my cell. I was so stoned, I was afraid I wasn't going to make it back. I was completely spaced out and that could mean trouble, as in loss of "good time."

Another way people got drugs in at the time was in condoms. They'd swallow them. Later the guys would bring them to me, because I was in a position to be in a room where I could lock a door. I worked in the projection room screening films. One time I was up there cutting rubbers

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10 See Chapter 3.

11 Space cakes are small cakes (muffins) made with conventional ingredients plus marijuana or cannabis resin. Also known as "hash brownies."

open and getting the grass out of them. It gave new meaning to the phrase "smoking shit" because that's what it smelled like. A guard knocked on the door and I had lots of grass with me while I was screening a film. The guard said, *"Hey, open up."* I said, *"I can't open up. I have the film can open."* He said, *"Oh, I'm sorry,"* and went away, not being very s-m-a-r-t. One time somebody was walking in the yard in the evening and gave me a tab of acid. I didn't know what it was when I took it and soon started coming on. The whistle blew and everybody started running across the yard to their cells, but I got lost. I ran the wrong way. The guard said, *"Where are you going? Go over there."* I was tripping on acid and running around in circles in the prison yard, not knowing where I was going.

While I was in prison, the law was changed and my offense became parolable. At a parole hearing, they wanted to hear that you committed the crime, you'd done your time and you were sorry. The first time I was up for parole, I got out. I told them just what they wanted to hear, *"I did it, I'm sorry, I won't do it again."* I did feel that way. I'd had enough of federal correctional institutions. I love that title: "correctional institution." What were they correcting? I never could figure it out. They looked like jails to me.

When I walked out of Terminal Island prison in 1968, the wife of one of the inmates took me to the L.A. home of Allan Swerdloff, whom I had known before this whole thing had happened. They had arranged a getting-out party for me. A black girl called Janet opened the door and said, *"Hey, there's a cop out there."* My homecoming party from prison, and they thought I was a cop!

At the party, somebody interviewed me and asked, *"Did you spend a lot of time masturbating in prison?"* I said, *"No, we spent a lot of time trying to find a place to masturbate."* Then I

told the story about a guard coming upon a con in the shower who was really having it off with himself. The guard said, *"Hey, hey. Stop that,"* and the guy said, *"It's mine and I'll wash it as fast as I want!"* It's not original, but still functional.

In August 1993, a Tina Barton was being moved to another prison. She was serving a 1-year sentence for importing 54 kilos of marijuana and was transported by "Con Air," a division of the U.S. Marshal's Service which flies prisoners to their new homes using Boeing 727 passenger jets.

3

'Family' Ties

Topanga Canyon was the Los Angeles downbeat answer to San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury. In the mid '60s, Topanga Canyon was far less densely populated, far less expensive and of far less interest to law enforcement than now. It was a focal point for groups of young people who needed desperately to escape from the indoctrination and responsibility of Vietnam, fear of nuclear holocaust, parental pressure and parental neglect. Topanga Canyon represented cheap, happy, down-to-earth living; freedom from a sick, self-centered society; people that understood. Here you could party all day and all night. Here you could feel safe, get high, make love: whoever, whenever, whatever. Here you could BE.

It was to Topanga Canyon that Phil Kaufman drifted after his release from Terminal Island in 1968, mainly in search of his jail buddy, Charlie Manson.

Life with Charlie

Much has been written about Charles Manson and his "family" cult. Every few years, there is a resurgence of interest, usually sparked by a religious sect/cult tragedy (or the possibility of parole for a "family" member). At such times, the issues of mind control and drug abuse are raised, and invariably the vicious slayings perpetrated by the "family" in 1968 are written off as chemical mayhem. Yet Phil's experiences show that there was another side to Charles Manson and an alternative motive for the slayings.

When I was released from prison, I went looking for Charlie Manson because we had been communicating. At that time he was just all peace and love. The hippie mecca Haight-Ashbury area of San Francisco had degenerated by this time, but Charlie had really bought into the idea. He had a big black bus and lots of pretty, hippie girls. By the time I hooked up with him, there were about 12 girls involved. I had been in jails and prisons for two-and-a-half years, and lots of hippie girls was just what I needed for re-entry.

I found Charlie in Topanga Canyon, just on the outskirts of L.A., and lived with his pack there for about two months. Charlie had already recorded some tapes for Uni Records through the contacts I had passed on to him, but they found him completely unmanageable. I joined the little band of merry humpers. It was just that. "*Oh, it's sex time.*" It was really good, really fun. We got food that was out of date from garbage bins and ate it, mainly from the local Ralph's market.

Colin White

Relics from a lost culture - hippie Fillmore, San Francisco

When food expires in the shops, it is still good for days. We got milk, cakes, cheeses, things like that, all perfectly good. The girls would climb into the garbage bins everyday until finally the lady at the store would put it in boxes and leave it at the side for us. Angela Lansbury's daughter, Deirdre, was a member of Charlie's "family." She was about 15 at the time. We used to take Angela's credit cards and go down to the liquor store and buy goodies.

Charlie had a good thing going because he would never keep anything. Whatever you gave him, no matter what the value, he would give it all away. This always attracted more people who brought more things — motorcycles, cars, houses, whatever it was. He'd have a car and if he met someone that needed it more, he would just give it to them. And then we'd get something else from someone else. There was a woman who had a big house with stables in Malibu. She was down on her luck and was going to lose it all. So Charlie gave

her a brand new Mustang he'd been given, and the girls went to her house and shoveled all the shit out of the stables.

Charlie was manipulative but not violent, so it was hard for me to believe he had been behind those vicious crimes. It was all love and peace and flowers. But Charlie really, really hated blacks. He was pissed because the blacks had overrun Haight-Ashbury. The Fillmore district became a horrible place to go. The blacks came and started manipulating the girls and selling them bad drugs. Charlie would say, *"Let's bring the white girls back and make more white-baby babies."* I thought it was a great idea. *"Hey, count me in!"*

Once when he and I drove up to San Francisco, I realized he was trying to indoctrinate me into his way of thinking. He'd tell me something and then say, *"You know that, don't you?"* or, *"What do you think about that?"* He would try to make me think I'd thought of whatever he had just said, which was the way he manipulated the girls. I knew then that I had to get away from him. I said, *"You got a good road game*[1] *here, Charlie. Don't blow it."* He said, *"I haven't got a road game."* Finally he said to me, *"You're too smart. You don't want to be around here."* Those were his words, *"You're too smart."* In other words, I was thinking. I wasn't necessarily brilliant, but I was thinking. Not good for Charlie. I thought, *"He's fucking loony."*

Charlie was the kind of guy that would just drop a hint and everybody would think that they had made it up. He'd say, *"I know what we'll do. Let's do this."* And they'd think that they had thought of it, but Charlie had already planted the seed. So all the girls thought that they were all "in tune" with Charlie and that they knew what they were doing. I

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1 "Road game" is jail talk for hustle or scam.

could see through that shit. One thing Charlie couldn't tolerate was outsiders — I guess it was loss of control. One time in Topanga, a good friend of mine came by and Charlie turned real strange. That's when I got together with him and said, *"Charlie, I'm out of here, man."* Although LSD was an important part of our life, the only bad trip I had was when I was trying to get away from Charlie. No matter where I went, he could find me until I made the final break.

After I split from Charlie, I moved to "Kaka" Court with Janet, the lady I met at my getting-out-of-prison party. We called it "Kaka Court" because it was a shit-hole with plenty kaka-roaches. Charlie and his girls moved out of Topanga and went and lived with Dennis Wilson (one of the Beach Boys) who lived on Sunset Boulevard near Will Rogers State Park. They used to go out in his Rolls Royce to collect their garbage-meals.

Harold True, the guy whose birth certificate I had borrowed when I was on the run after my Mexico bust,[2] really liked Manson's setup because there was always a girl available for him. (Harold couldn't get laid in a whorehouse with a fistful of '20s.) Harold had been to Ethiopia with the Peace Corps. Soon after Harold got back, he rented a house at 3267 Waverly Drive, with Al Swerdloff and Ernie Baltzell. Harold, Al and Ernie lived on Waverly for a year or so and Charlie and his girls would visit sometimes. Once they were standing outside the house at dusk in the summertime. There was an airplane flying overhead with its strobe lights flashing. Charlie's crowd ran inside because they thought it was a camera taking pictures. They thought it was a camera with a flashbulb taking pictures from 20,000 feet! They really weren't

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2 See Chapter 2 - "Drug Smuggler Deluxe."

A developing party at 3267 Waverly Drive

very smart. The house next door, 3301 Waverly Drive, was vacant but would later be occupied by the La Bianca couple.

Manson had the La Biancas killed when he was looking for Harold and me. I had previously fallen out with Charlie over his music and he was after me. That fateful night, Charlie & Co. took some LSD, then came looking for us. They went to my house first, then they went to Waverly Drive[3] but the house was vacant (Harold, Al and Ernie had moved out some time before). They then went next door and killed the La Bianca couple. It wasn't just a coincidence.

After Charlie was arrested, I started getting calls from him and his people again. He called me from the jail. He would say, *"I didn't do it,"* so I set up his jail interview with *Rolling*

3 Manson had been to parties at 3267 Waverly Drive and lived there for a week.

Stone magazine. I don't think he ever did physically murder anyone. He planted the seeds and other people did it. Charlie was too jail-smart to kill anybody. He may have cut off somebody's ear, but he was too smart to actually kill anybody. He did direct the thought traffic, though. I looked after some of the girls after Charlie's arrest because I didn't think any of them were guilty. When I looked at the papers later and read the names of the perpetrators and their accomplices, I realized that I'd had sex with every one of those murderesses.

The Manson album called LIE was released in 1971 when he was in prison. I produced the album. The jacket design was the cover of the issue of LIFE magazine that he was on and Al Swerdloff just lifted the "F" off of LIFE. That became the cover. Nobody put their real name on the credits on the album. Everybody put their prison number, or phony names like "Sunshine Al" (Al Swerdloff). I'm "Phil 12258 CAL" (you can call me "one-two" for short). The album went out but didn't sell well. We took it up to Berkeley and nobody would carry it. All those radical lefties and radical freedom fighters were up there, but they wouldn't carry it. That was after Charlie had been arrested but not yet convicted. We pressed 3,000 copies, and the "family" broke in my house and stole about half of them. We did some mail orders. The money was never recouped. Harold True was one of the investors. They never got their money back. A few years ago, I saw bootleg copies of the album on sale at the Kensington Market in London. I also tried to push Charlie's music at Warner Bros., calling Charlie "Carlos Manhijo,"[4] but they weren't much interested in this nobody.

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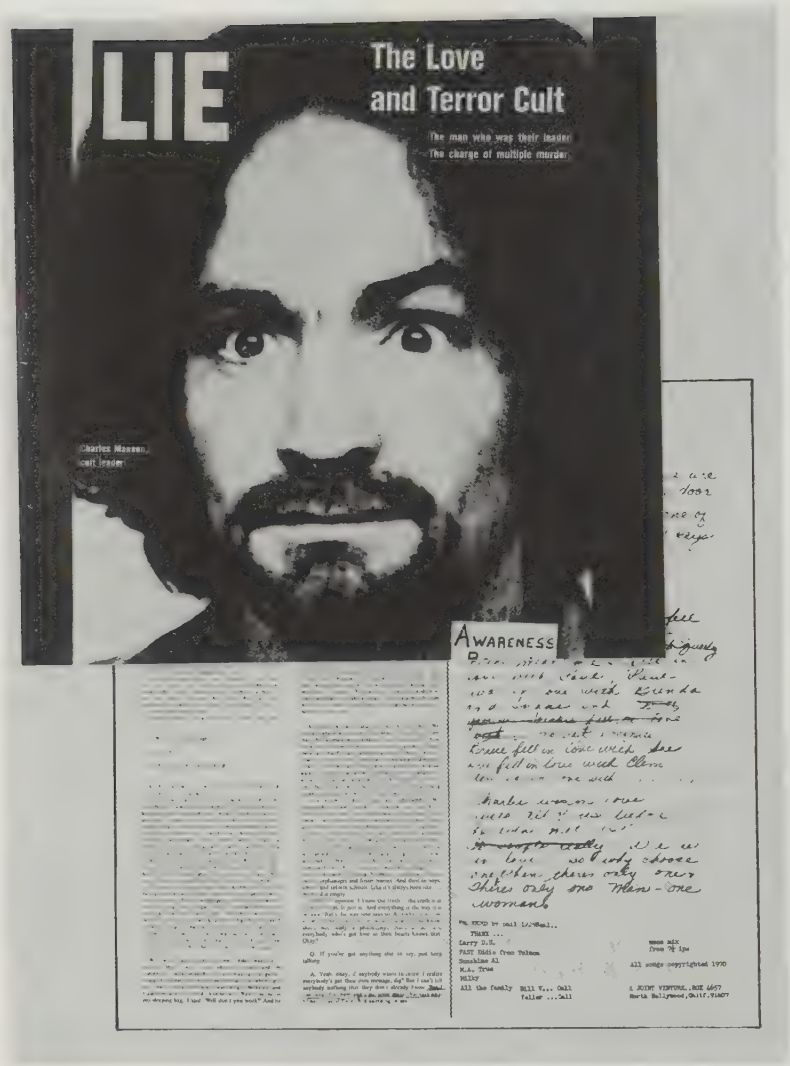
4 In Spanish, Carlos is Charles, hijo is son. Thus Carlos Manhijo is Charles Man-son. Another attempt was made using the name "Silverhorn."



The LIE album cover

I own the rights to Charlie Manson's recorded music. My contract with Charlie was drawn up sometime before the murders. Ron Hughes, the lawyer murdered by the "family" at the time of Charlie's trial, witnessed Charlie's signature. I still have that piece of paper that says I own the Manson music — not an enviable position.

Somebody made the observation that the reason Charlie was so good at what he did was that he and the "family" had a common insanity. They all had the "same crazy," and he was able to manipulate that and direct it. As long as "family" members adhered to the common craziness, they could stay.

> *Popular history has written off Tate/La Bianca, et al., as innocent victims selected at random. This began in Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi's egotistical "Helter Skelter," and later continued through other 'informed' works, culminating in Manson's own account in his autobiography, "Without Conscience."*
> *Phil's explanation of the motive for the Waverly Drive visit (and the subsequent murder of Leno and Rosemary La Bianca) sits well in context with the history of 10050 Cielo Drive. The house was previously occupied by Terry Melcher who had more than a small part to play in Manson's early attempts at musical stardom, and Manson had visited the house frequently. Melcher (and Dennis Wilson) had received death threats from Manson over his failed musical stardom. The scenario presented here is that of the self-confessed musical bard/genius reduced to the life of a desert scavenger, taking revenge on those who denied him his true glory.*
> *In the case of the La Bianca killings, Manson himself has attempted to perpetuate the random-selection myth by indicating, "I thought of an area [Waverly Drive]. In the*

Laurie Boucke

The houses on Waverly Drive

past we had partied at a guy's pad in that neighborhood." As the photo above shows, the Swerdloff/True/Baltzell house and the La Bianca residence (3301, since renumbered 3311) are adjacent properties, separated by only a few yards. No one else on Waverly Drive had even heard of Charles Manson until after his arrest. This is acknowledged in the book "Mindfuckers" [5] *in which one of the L.A. prosecutors, using the pseudonym "Porfiry," describes the case prior to Manson's trial. "So after circling the city for a while, they go into the True*

5 Mindfuckers, ed. David Felton, Straight Arrow Books, 1973.

residence. No one is home, so they go next door."
After Manson's trial and sentencing, the "family" remained focussed on Manson's music as a means of martyring their own "Jesus Christ." As will be seen from Phil's post-trial experiences, "family" members went to great lengths to recover Manson's musical sermons. Indeed, it could be deduced from this that the perpetrators were still following some "family" edict based upon the motive previously discussed.

The Beat Goes On

As soon as Charlie and the girls were sentenced, it all fragmented. He wasn't there to direct the mental traffic. Nobody knew what Charlie wanted until he told them. It was all *"Helter Skelter"* with people running around saying, *"I know what Charlie wants. I know what Charlie wants,"* but nobody did. People were running in different directions knowing what Charlie wanted. I got subpoenaed to go to court. I showed up, but never had to testify. I used to see Charlie in the "closet"[6] and he'd wave to me. They kept him there because he would rant.

Einstein Eddy lived with me at this time. There was an old tool shed behind my garage and Eddy was quite a handyman. He transformed the shed, built a loft in it, installed a pot-belly stove, and made it a homey place. He was an up-and-coming photographer. He was doing very well, but slowly something was going wrong with Eddy. He kept get-

6 The "closet" was a soundproof holding booth in the courtroom. It was equipped with speakers so Manson could hear and observe the proceedings but could not interrupt.

ting stranger all the time. We couldn't tell for a long time because we were all pretty strange ourselves, and it was difficult to tell when one of us was getting any stranger than the other. Eddy was a big, strong guy and a Harley-Davidson enthusiast. He built one of the fastest K-models in the world. It was the predecessor to the Sports model, one of Harley's great racing bikes. At one point, Eddy had previously lived over the carousel at Santa Monica Pier. It cost about $40 a month and had a great view of the ocean, but the noise contributed to his state of mind. He reached a point where he turned into quite a loony.

Einstein Eddy (with his celebrated Harley)

I had been to Arizona, doing a film. When I came back, Al told me, *"Some people are crawling over the wall, and every night at midnight, they crawl to your house and then they leave."* I thought it had to be some Manson people. So the first night I was back, I waited up and, sure enough, at midnight, they

came over the fence. I had a shotgun and so did Einstein Eddy. I told my old lady to fetch Eddy. I saw the Manson people coming across the lawn and I was thinking, *"What am I going to say?"* I thought of a classic yet profound line I had learned from my earlier movie-extra days: I yelled, *"Stick 'em up!"* And that worked, just like it did in the movies. Their hands went up. I said, *"What the fuck are you doing?"* They said that Charlie had sent them to get the music back. Just then, Einstein Eddy came running around the driveway, balls-ass naked, with the other shotgun. They saw this weird guy running down the alley with his balls swinging and said, *"Are you going to fuck us or shoot us?"* I said, *"Let me have those knives."* They said they needed the knives. *"We always carry our knives."*

You know, it's very intimidating to have a gun pointed at you, but it's even more intimidating to be touched with a gun. One guy had his hands up in the air, and I was touching him on the face with the shotgun. You know that cold steel, that's a frightening thing. Then I said, *"Now you get the hell out of here and don't you ever come back."* They turned around to walk away and I said, *"Get out the way you came — crawl out!"* They started crawling across the yard, and Eddy fired a shot at them just to make them dance. You've never seen people crawling so fast.

They still kept coming back. The next time they tried, the girls came in the back and surrounded my house. They said, *"Phil, Phil, give us the music, give us the music."* I called the police. It took them 45 minutes to respond. I said, *"It's the Manson people with knives and guns."* The cops arrested them and then they let them go again. Sometime later, I had a party at my house. This Manson guy came by with a gun. He had escaped from the county jail by climbing down the wall. There was a big article in the paper. He came to my house with some of the girls to get the money from the album. I got

home just as they left and a friend quickly told me what had been happening. I had a .357 Magnum and fired it after them down Chandler Boulevard. I had just about had enough of it all by that time.

After Einstein Eddy had moved out of my tool-shed condo, he approached his rich aunt in Chicago to fund some silly project. She said no and he ended up killing her. He was judged "incompetent to stand trial" and was found loony. All charges were dismissed. He was sent to a funny farm, supposedly for a long time. After a while, he got out. He must have convinced them he was no longer cuckoo. When his uncle (the husband of the aunt that he had murdered) died, all their money went to Eddy. There's an anecdote: Crime don't pay like it used to.

There are a lot of people around Los Angeles who still believe in Charlie. Every once in a while you read about people who are Manson followers. Charlie talked apples when you talked pears. They had (and still have) their own value structure so when you talk to them, they firmly believe that the "family" didn't kill anybody: they had bad Karma. If you ask them, *"But you murdered them, didn't you?"* they won't answer the question. They're like politicians. You'll never get *yes* or *no*, *black* or *white*. It's all gray and they'll just rant on. If you say, *"You had the knife in your hand and you killed her, didn't you?"* they won't answer because that's a different reality and they really believe in their own reality.

Charlie named Susan Atkins "Sadie Glutz" because she was the pretty one, with a real good body, a real pretty girl. Susan was just too feminine, so to take her down a peg, he named her Sadie Glutz. Now she says she's sorry, she's found Jesus. Shit, they've all found Jesus — that's the best way to get out of jail! There's a good Country & Western line where a guy says, *"He used to take acid and now he loves Jesus, but he's*

got that same look in his eye." It's a very good analogy of one drug and another.

In 1975, Squeaky Fromme tried to shoot President Ford. She escaped from the place where she was being held in Virginia in 1987. There were footprints in the snow leading to the tree where she was hiding and she got caught. All the girls were very naive. Charlie had a baby with Mary Brunner and they called him Bear. You never hear about what happened to kid Manson.[7]

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7 Manson's son "Bear" was sent to his maternal grandparents in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, after the Manson murder trial. There he was brought up in a conventional Christian environment as Michael Brunner. As he grew up, his relationship with his mother, Mary Brunner, was that of brother and sister. Michael now lives in the Western USA and has a 2-year old son. By choice, he has never met his father, if indeed Charles was his father.

4

Road Mangling 1: Gettin' It Right

Before the pot conviction, Phil had been developing a career in the film industry. When he was released from prison, the unions would not allow him to return because of his conviction. Now it's almost a prerequisite in the film industry to have a drug conviction.

Back in 1968, Phil had to find other employment. It came accidentally, through a chance encounter with some British musicians who were in Los Angeles for recording purposes.

It's Only Rock 'n Roll . . . but I like it!

Tony Foutz introduced me to the Rolling Stones. This was in 1968. They came over to L.A. to mix the "Beggars Banquet" album at Sunset Sound Studios. Mick Jagger was with Marianne Faithfull. A guy came over to me and said, *"I got a job for you, $100 a week. Cash."* Look out! It was for this guy named Mick Jagger. I didn't know who he was at the time. I was told, *"Look after him, get him to the studio on time, get his medicine, keep him fed, keep him out of trouble and all that stuff, and it's a hundred a week."* Great. They bought me a pair of shoes — I didn't have a decent pair of shoes or a clean shirt.

Tony Foutz, succeeding in looking incredibly silly

Janet, my old lady, sent me off on the bus that day and I went to Hollywood to Nick Venet's house (an old record producer), and I knocked on the door. Jimmy Miller, the Stones' record producer, was there. He had just finished the single "Jumpin' Jack Flash." I went in and said, *"Hi, I'm Phil."* The phone rang and I grabbed it and said, *"I'll take that."* I bought the vegetables, bought the vitamins. I just took over and did my "Executive Nanny" routine. I got that name from Mick. People would see us out-and-about and they would say, *"Who's that guy that's always paying your bills and always taking care of things?"* And Mick would say, *"He's our nanny, our Executive Nanny."*

Marianne Faithfull was having a slight drug problem at this time. She needed to get back into shape in order to record some new material including, ironically, "Sister Morphine." So I got Percodan[1] and a masseuse for her.

I asked Mick, *"What time do you have to be at the recording studio tonight?"* He said 6 o'clock. I said, *"Okay. I'll take care of it."* Nick Venet was doing his thing and I was answering the phone and screening calls and cleaning the house and cooking the food and generally taking care of business. So at 5 o'clock, I said, *"It's time to get ready."* Then at 5:30, *"You guys, come on. Get ready, guys."*

I drove Mick and Jimmy Miller to the studio in a '68 Cadillac convertible, rented from Budget Rent-a-Car,[2] and pushed the buzzer. A guy at the studio responded with, *"Who is it?"* I said *"The Rolling Stones."* He said, *"No, they're not here yet."* I said, *"Yes, they are. They're here right now."* And I heard

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1 Percodan is oxycodone and aspirin, a narcotic analgesic similar to morphine, prescribed as a pain killer.

2 See Chapter 7 - "Car-rent Affairs" for rental car capers.

the guy at the back say, *"Holy fuck, they're on time!"* I replied, *"Not only are they on time now, they're going to be on time everyday from now on."* They weren't ready for them at the studio. They had to call and get the engineer. I got the Stones into the studio on time, brought in the fresh fruit and drinks and generally looked after them.

At about 4 o'clock in the morning, I drove them back home. I was about to leave when Mick said, *"Mister, where are you going?"* I said, *"I got to go home now. I have to wait for a bus."* He said, *"Bus? Don't take the bus. You take the car. Here are the keys. Here's the money. There's $1,500 in cash. You take the money. You take charge. You're in charge. See you tomorrow. Don't come round before noon. Good night."*

I drove home and blew the horn on the Cadillac convertible as I pulled up to the house. My old lady came out and shouted at me, *"You crazy son of a bitch. You stole that car. You're going back to jail. Get rid of that car."* I said, *"No, baby. It's this thing called Rock-and-Roll. They give you cars and money and stuff. It's really great!"*

That was my first day in the music business, and I knew I was going to like it.

From Rags to Richards

Being new, just out of prison, I was very happy to be getting $100 a week working for the Rolling Stones. My rent was $52 a month. One week's work paid the rent and enough to get us high.

Keith Richards flew in to take over mixing the album. He brought his lady, Anita Pallenberg, with him (Anita played the evil girl in "Barbarella" and later featured in other movies, including "Performance" with Mick) and an American

guy called Gram Parsons who had been staying with Keith and Anita in the south of France. I wasn't very impressed with Gram at first. My job was to stay with Mick and Keith and look after them, not this skinny little redneck from wherever he was from. I didn't know where he was from and I didn't care, either. As a matter of fact, he was supposed to be a millionaire, and the first thing he did was borrow money from me to buy a six-pack. He said he had only English pounds or French francs or "Jerkmarks."

The following day, the Stones called me and said I had to shuttle Gram back and forth. It turned out that Gram was teaching the Rolling Stones country music. I didn't like country music. I was really a jazz bigot. I didn't even like the Rolling Stones. As a matter of fact, I didn't really understand who they were. But now I do — honest. And now I like country music. Gram turned me on to it and Emmylou Harris perfected it.

Once while I was working for the Stones, I ran out of cash. I asked Mick, *"What do I do?"* He said, *"Call Allen Klein."* He was their manager and also manager of Apple Records and the Beatles (that was the group Paul McCartney was in before Wings). I called Allen Klein and told him I needed some money. I was hesitant, but pleaded, *"Could I have $1,500?"* (Little did I know that that was not very much to them.) The money came in the form of a bank transfer to Mick Jagger, so I had to take him to the bank with me. I got Mick out of the pool and sat him on the back of my motorcycle. He was wearing a T-shirt, bathing suit and a pair of flip flops. We got to the bank and all the girls squealed and said, *"Oh, God. It's Mick Jagger."* The manager there didn't know Mick from Shinola. He wasn't going to give us the money. All the girls and tellers recognized Mick. The manager said, *"Well, I don't know him. This is a lot of money."* He tried to impress upon them the severity of the matter. We were try-

ing to convince him that Mick was, in fact, Mick Jagger. I said, *"Look at the lips. Look at the lips. That's Mick Jagger. There's I.D. for you, just look at the lips."* The man was very serious as he counted out the money for Mick, and Mick just looked at me and nonchalantly said to the manager, *"Give it to him,"* then waited outside. He didn't give a fuck about the money. He just wanted to get back to the pool.

Sometimes Mick Jagger, Marianne Faithfull, Anita Pallenberg, Keith Richards and myself (if I can't drop names, nobody can) would go shopping. We were in a shop getting some clothes. They were selling some very hippie bellbottom pants. I took Keith outside and eagerly announced, *"Keith, I can get these $5 cheaper for you down the street."* He looked at me like I was crazy. *"Hey, man, you don't tell millionaires to go a block farther to buy a pair of pants."* What I learned from the pants episode was, *"When in doubt, throw money at it,"* and that's exactly what I did after that.

We went to see Ray Charles at the Biltmore in L.A. I took Sid Kaiser, Tony Foutz, Mick, Marianne, Keith and Anita. I called ahead and announced that the Rolling Stones were coming, got everybody into cars, got them underway, walked in the door, greased the *maître d'* and went straight down to the front row tables. The waiters came by. Before they even got us drinks, I gave them $20 each. I went to the head waiter and said, *"When Ray plays his next-to-last song, come to me and give me a nod and I'll pay the bill."* I gave each of the valet parking attendants $20 and told them, *"These are the three Cadillacs. When I come out, I want the cars waiting at the door with the doors open and the radio on station KGFJ,"* which was the black soul station at the time. The lights went down and they announced Ray Charles. As soon as the lights went down, you could hear everybody snorting at our table. They all had their little spoons out. When the lights came up, everybody looked like they just had their face in the sugar

bowl or had been eating donuts. Ray got to his next-to-last song, the *maitre d'* came and gave me the sign. I paid the bill, paid the waiters and tipped everybody. Other people leaving were all yelling at the valet parking crew, *"Get my Rolls. Get my Jaguar."* The guys didn't budge. They just stood there with our cars. We came out, everybody got in the cars, the radios were on station KGFJ, and we drove away. That's an example of "throwing money at it." You don't save money in rock 'n roll — you spend money. I was learning.

Another day, Keith said he really wanted to get a National steel-body guitar. I said I'd try to find him one. I looked in the papers and there was one for sale. I called the guy and told him that Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones wanted to buy his guitar. I asked if he would give us a good deal. He said, *"Oh, God, yeah, please."* I said, *"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you sit in on a recording session and listen."* I brought the guy in. Keith looked at the guitar and gave him a fair price. The guy was happy, Keith was happy and my stock went up. I was doing good for $100 a week.

Quite often we'd just sit around the house — Gram, Mick, Keith and I. They had been to Ace Records and bought every country record they could find: George Jones, Merle Haggard, Dave Dudley, Ernest Tubb — you name it. Gram would say, *"Here is an example of this,"* and he'd tell me which record he wanted and I'd play the record. They'd listen to it, tap their toes to it, listen to the chords and then Gram had me play George Jones, etc., and I was getting a little taste for the music. That was what Gram was doing. I recorded Gram and Keith singing together, but sadly those tapes are long gone. They would sit around and drink and carry on all night. I'd stay up and make coffee and sandwiches and things like that. As a way of saying thanks, when the Stones wrote "Wild Horses," they let Gram record it first. To my knowl-

edge, that was the only time they ever wrote a song and let somebody else record it first.[3]

In Sid Griffin's book about Gram Parsons,[4] Jimmy Seiter makes a statement that Gram was a "Rolling Stones groupie." Nothing could be further from the truth. Gram was one of the only guys in the world who hung out with famous people like the Stones and who carried his own weight, i.e., he paid his own way. If anything, Keith was the "groupie" of Gram. That's probably not a good analogy, but that's the way it was. They wanted to learn country music, and Gram had it. He looked after the Stones as best he could.

Another member of the Stones' inner circle was Michael Cooper, a great photographer. Michael was on the cover of Esquire magazine once, with Norman Mailer and some other guys. Michael was lying on the ground as a dead person. He did the 3-D cover for the Stones' "Their Satanic Majesties Request" album. (I think he did the White Album cover for the Beatles, too, but it was a bit overexposed.) He spent a lot of time with the Stones when Gram was hanging out with them and took lots of photographs. Michael was a good guy, but he was a bad drunk. I used to carry Michael, Taj Mahal and Gram home at night. Sadly, Michael is gone now, but his son Adam graciously allowed me to include one of Michael's photographs in this book.

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3 The music/drug bonding between Keith and Gram is well known. Less well known is the fact that the songs Gram taught him stayed with Keith through the darkest days of his heroin addiction. In 1977, with Keith facing possible life imprisonment in Canada and with a life expectancy of 6 months, he recorded five of the songs they had worked on nearly 10 years before.

4 Gram Parsons: A Music Biography, by Sid Griffin, Sierra Books. The book is a study on the musical career of Gram Parsons through interviews and photographs.

Michael Cooper

From left to right . . .
Back seat: Keith Richards, Gram Parsons
Front seat: Tony Foutz, Anita Pallenberg, Phil Kaufman

Cruisin' with Keith and Gram

One day, we were out in the limo and they asked me to take Gram to Brandon de Wilde's house. (Brandon had been a child movie star. He played that snotty little kid in "Shane.")[5] He had a band in Topanga. So we went up to Brandon's house. (When Brandon got married, J. Edgar Hoover was at his wedding because Hoover always liked him as a little actor.) Of course, Brandon smoked a lot of pot. We all smoked a lot of pot in those hippie-dippie days.

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5 Brandon de Wilde was killed in a car accident in Colorado. One of the songs on Gram Parsons' "Grievous Angel" album is called "In My Hour of Darkness" where Gram mentions three good friends of his who had died. One was Clarence White. One was Sid Kaiser (George Harrison's earth guru). The third person in the song was Brandon de Wilde.

I continued to look after the Stones (and Gram) until the album was finished. During this process, Mick wanted to leave. Quite suddenly one day he announced, *"I want to go somewhere. I want to go to Mexico. I want to go to Mexico."* I said, *"You need a visa,"* because they were from England. I drove down to the British Consulate and got their visas, got everyone to the airport and we missed the plane. So they said, *"Where is the next plane going?"* It was going to Nice or Rome, or someplace like that. *"I got to get out of here, got to get out of L.A.,"* Mick pleaded. So I bought them tickets to someplace.

For years I was on parole and couldn't go abroad. Mick had asked me to go to England with him to look after Brian Jones, but I couldn't go. Brian was found dead in his swimming pool some months later. If he'd had Mick's "Executive Nanny" there, it probably would not have happened. I spent loads of time going to LAX, picking people up and taking them to airplanes, but couldn't go myself. Things have changed since then.

Training with the Burritos

After the Stones left, I got a call from Gram. He had a new band called the Flying Burrito Brothers with Chris Hillman (from the Byrds), Chris Ethridge and Sneeky Pete Kleinow. They were recording their album, "The Gilded Palace of Sin." Gram called to ask me if I would be his road manager. I said, *"I don't know. What does a road manager do?"* He said, *"Well, basically just the same thing you did for the Stones. Just keep it together, whatever you're doing. You take people from A to B and do the press."* I said, *"Hey, that sounds good. I'd love to do that."* I took them on the road. Boy, did I learn a lesson.

We were the first long-haired country group that played at the Palomino in L.A. without getting murdered in the early '70s. It was strictly a redneck club then, you know, "the

older I get, the redder my neck," one of those kinds of clubs. We went there on a Wednesday night when the house band wasn't there. We got Linda Ronstadt, Pete Townshend from the Who, Elton John and lots of other people to come by and sit in because country music was new to them and that was exciting.

One of Gram's favorite places was an area of high desert around Joshua Tree, a hamlet 150 miles east of L.A. He spent time there with the Stones (especially Keith) and others, and was part of a Tony Foutz UFO-movie project which also involved Michelle Phillips, Andee Cohen and Phil Kaufman, among others. The film collapsed there, just as Gram later would.

Tom Wilkes

Foutz, Phillips, Parsons, Kaufman and Cohen on location

A&M Records was looking to expand its catalog into rock 'n roll. At the time, all they had were Brazil '66, Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass — pretty lightweight stuff, so they started to go into the rock 'n roll business in the late '60s. They hired new acts, including the Flying Burrito Brothers and a brother-sister team called the Carpenters. They hired a

guy named Michael Vosse, whose only job was to be the resident freak. In other words, he could interpret musician-speak to the corporate heads, i.e. Herb Alpert and Jerry Moss.

There was another act signed up — Joe Cocker. They had rented a car for Joe, a brand new, red convertible. Everyday Joe would come to the studio, and everyday the car would have more dents on it. The last time I saw him there, he was driving a wrecked car. He was very butch at parking, bang, bang, bang, front, back, front, back, front, back. I think they had to scrap the car. Joe and his producer, Denny Cordell, had wrecked the car.

A&M sent the Burritos off on a nationwide train tour with Michael Vosse there to keep us all in line. We went from L.A. to Chicago and then on to Detroit, where the tour started. Everybody had their baggage, their instruments and their stash. We got on the train and I said, *"Okay, look. We're going to go on this tour. First I want everybody's stash. I want all your drugs. If you want some, come and see me, but I don't want six bags of dope scattered around the train."* They didn't seem to realize they could go to prison for that stuff. I did, and had. Under protest, they surrendered their cache. We had our own train car and everybody had their own compartment. It was like debauchery personified going across America. The guys were gambling, fighting and being test pilots for new and wondrous drugs.

At one point, we arrived in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where we had a short layover. Everybody had just taken magic mushrooms. So all of a sudden, my first week in the business and I had six crazy people on mushrooms, wandering around the train station, buying Indian artifacts. This was not the way I had pictured the music business to be.

We got to Detroit and played in a neighborhood that had just been involved in rioting. The tanks had just rolled through the streets during the Detroit riots. We were cowboys, dressed in cowboy gear, going into black neighborhoods to play in a venue. It was very strange. We were playing with Procol Harum (how country can you get?). We played our shows and people stared at us. They had never seen a steel guitar before. Sneeky Pete was making all sorts of weird sounds, and that was their introduction to country music.

We stayed at the Biltmore in Chicago. The hotel restaurant was Maxims de Paris. They had French chefs. We went to have dinner one night, dressed in our weird clothes, and raised some eyebrows. The *maître d'* knew who we were, but he wasn't happy with us. We were having our meal and Sneeky Pete ordered a French wine. He pronounced the name of the wine in good French, which surprised everyone, including the wine steward — he didn't think any of us would be able to speak English, let alone pronounce French. He brought out the wine and gave it to Sneeky who tried it and said, *"It is not acceptable."* This was a $200 bottle of wine. The wine steward looked at Sneeky, then poured some of the wine in his own little cup and tasted it. He looked at Sneeky again and uttered, *"Oh, monsieur is correct."* The wine had, in fact, gone off. The rest of us would have chugged it down, but Sneeky, for all his "countryness," did know his wines.

When we played in Boston, it was a meeting of Byrds and Burritos. The Byrds had McGuinn and others. I think McGuinn was the only remaining original Byrd. Chris Hillman, Michael Clarke and Gram (all ex-Byrds) were playing with us. We got to Boston and it was going to be a "shoot out." Of course, the Byrds were headlining. Our guys almost got sober for the game; that's how serious it was. This is where I first met Jimmy Seiter. I was doing things like load-

ing and unloading the equipment, driving the truck, doing the laundry, taking care of the bills, handling the press, getting the tickets, and setting up the band. Jimmy Seiter had people running around doing things for him. I said, *"Who are those guys?"* He said, *"They're roadies."* I said, *"What are roadies?"* When he told me that roadies move equipment, that's when I decided that I was a road MANAGER. To this day, I MOVE PEOPLE, NOT EQUIPMENT. I hired some guys and thought, hey, this works pretty well. *"Hey, you. Here's some money. Go carry that amp."* That's what happened. I hired some roadies. We did the gig. I think it was a draw. I don't know who drank the most. We were pretty hot that night and there was a lot of animosity.

We got to New York. We were playing in a little club called Steve Paul's The Scene. It was a little jazz club in the basement. The opening act was Betty Carter who had sung with Ray Charles. That's how weird it was. We drank all of their tequila during the three nights we were there. There was another group there called Three Dog Night. The audience never knew what hit them. Lord knows what they were expecting, but it certainly wasn't what they got.

I called my old lady, Janet, to New York. She came out and helped me. She did laundry and helped me keep the act together. She got mugged doing the laundry --- that was her introduction to New York. Things haven't changed much.

Michael Clarke had picked up a groupie, and I couldn't get either of them out of the hotel room. I got a passkey from the front desk, threw the covers off their bed, threw her some clothes, gave her $20 to get a cab and said, *"Michael, get your ass down the stairs."* We had a little fight, but in the end, he came down sheepishly and it was all right.

Later on, the Flying Burrito Brothers were doing a date with the Grateful Dead at the Fillmore West. We had been

playing the Family Dog which was another great venue in San Francisco. Just before we played with the Grateful Dead, I called the Burritos together and told them, *"Now look, you guys, watch out because they are known to dose you when you're not looking."* There was a guy named Osley who was a big manufacturer of LSD back in the '60s. His nickname was "The Bear." He was the Grateful Dead's sound man, or did lighting, or both. (I'm not sure which; when you take acid, you can't really tell the difference.) The band was up on stage. I bought some drinks and was passing them out on stage. There was a guy with a water pistol but I didn't notice him until later. Every time a drink went by, he squirted it with the water pistol. It turned out to be LSD. There we were on stage, the cowboys in front of a new audience, and all of a sudden, the acid started taking effect. They were all stoned on acid. Sneeky Pete had never done drugs, except maybe a benny[6] once in a while to stay awake. That night he was playing the pedal steel. It was like the old "Pat yourself on the head, rub your tummy." He had two hands going, his knees had bars and his feet were on pedals. All of a sudden, the acid came on in the middle of a song and Sneeky started going *"whoop, whoop, whoop."* He was freaking out. The Dead were saying, *"Far out, man. That's really groovy."* Sneeky didn't know what he was doing. We finally got off the stage and everybody scattered --- they were all stoned.

Later that night, I found Michael Vosse and Michael Clarke swimming in the hotel hallway. They were trying to swim to their rooms on their stomachs. Sneeky Pete was missing. I couldn't find him anywhere. The next day he just walked back into the hotel room. He had walked from the Fillmore, across the Golden Gate Bridge, around Marin

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6 Benny is Benzedrine or "speed."

County and back. The only thing he said about it was, *"Wow."*

One gig we were playing was at the old Whisky-a-Go-Go in L.A. Chris Hillman asked me to get him some talcum powder for his guitar. Chris Ethridge was playing bass. Sneeky was playing steel. Gram was playing acoustic guitar and singing with Chris Ethridge. I had spilled some talcum powder on Chris' amp. While I was out mixing the sound in the audience, they were playing and singing when all of a sudden the bass stopped. Chris Ethridge had seen the talcum powder on the amp and he was snorting it. That gives you an indication of what was going on in rock 'n roll in those days. He stopped playing, put his nose on the amp and snorted all the baby powder. He was a cheap date.

We were in Oregon doing one of those big outdoor love-ins. It was Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, the Doors and others. It was a very hot day. Gram had hired a limousine for us to sit in because it had air conditioning. The Doors helicoptered in. I was conducting interviews for the Burrito Brothers in the limousine. The press wasn't really interested in the band, but were very interested in getting out of the heat and into the air-conditioned car. This afforded me the opportunity to introduce the media to Gram Parsons and the former Byrds. I was doing interviews on tape. Michael Clarke and Jim Morrison got in the car and were very drunk. I couldn't do the taping with them there, so I told them, *"Get the fuck out."* They told me to fuck off, so I opened the door, put my boot against Jim Morrison and kicked him out the door. Michael followed him, and I locked the door. That was my introduction to Jim Morrison. I don't think he killed himself because of that, but I'm sure it played heavily on his conscience (as opposed to his career, which suffered from other things).

Jimmy Seiter was road manager for the Byrds for many years. When they weren't working, Jimmy would rent out their equipment, unbeknownst to them, which he had in storage. He would pocket the money. After the Byrds broke up, Jimmy Seiter became my partner. The Burritos fired their original manager and Jimmy came to work for us. Jimmy, Robert Firks and Bianco (he's dead now) took over and pushed me out. I would stay home while they went on the road. I would do the managing business in and around L.A. Jimmy was back-stabbing me. The Burritos fired me and Jimmy took over the management, but he didn't last very long. They canned him, too. Jimmy always was a sleaze.

Jimmy Seiter - the sleaze

The guys liked to play cards but they were really poor losers. They loved to gamble, but they hated to pay up. Years later after this tour, the guys had been gambling one night up in what we called the "burrito manure" --- the Burrito manor. They all carried big knives and used them to chop up

a house. The authorities tracked Gram down and made him pay for all the damages. That's why Gram didn't have any cash on him when he died. He used to give me the money so they couldn't attach his account. One time we were in Chicago with some promoters who thought they were real sharpies. Gram and the guys were playing cards with them, and they thought they were going to take Gram for a ride. Gram, being very slick from having lived with an alligator-shoe, pinkie-ring stepfather, cleaned all the high rollers out.

Eventually, Chris Ethridge left the Flying Burrito Brothers, then Gram left. Just before that happened, there was an ugly scene in a club. Jimmy Seiter & Co. had already aced me out, but I was at the show with Gram. Gram was stumbling around and Chris Hillman was really unhappy with him. He took Gram's brand new, very favorite guitar and made toothpicks out of it. He smashed it against a wall. The group had deteriorated to that level. Bernie Leadon (who later became one of the Eagles) joined the band, and that is when the bogus Burritos started coming. Sneeky put some people together and called them Burritos, and later so did Chris Ethridge. They really pissed me off because they had no right to the name. I think they changed the name to Burrito Brothers. To me, they'll always be the Bogus Burrito Brothers.

Further evidence of the deterioration of the Burritos was the manner in which their single came about. It was called "The Train Song." Jimmy Seiter and I sang on it (we did *"woo woo woo's"* in the background). They couldn't get a producer, couldn't get it together. They called in Johnny "Guitar" Watson and Larry Williams, two black guys. They wanted to get a little soul in there, but all these guys did was sit in the control room snorting cocaine and saying, *"Sounds great, guys. Sounds great."* All they did was do drugs. Finally, I called Leon Russell who came in and tried to save it. It was really an indication of the deterioration of the Burritos, per

the original concept, per Gram Parsons' and Chris Hillman's dream. It became a nightmare.

The Stones Roll Back

The Rolling Stones came back in 1969. I had worked for the Burritos and had been dumped. During that time, Brian Jones had died and the Stones had hired Mick Taylor. They came back to mix the album "Let It Bleed" and to go on tour.

I rented Stephen Stills' house for them. On the day the Stones arrived, I couldn't get Stephen to leave. He said he wasn't feeling well and wanted to stay in the guest room. I told him I needed the whole house. His drummer, Dallas Taylor, was also there and was very drunk. I had to physically eject them to get them out of the house.

Allen Klein turned up for a big meeting with the Stones. He had torn his pants and was walking around in his underwear while Janet was mending his trousers. He was a little guy with a cigar. Allen Klein was marching up and down, talking about Apple, the Stones and the decision making process and he delivered a great line. He said, *"You know, Mick. There were four Beatles and there are only two Rolling Stones,"* which meant he only needed to deal with Mick and Keith. The decision making process was them. They were all looking at the radio play list — a list of DJs and stations that were broadcasting the band's latest record. I was walking around, serving drinks, trying to be invisible. His henchman said that a certain radio station was not playing the record. Allen Klein said, *"Get them on the phone."* Allen got on the phone, called the station manager and said, *"This is Allen Klein. Stones, play it,"* and hung up. So I guess that's how you get on the radio play list.

When the Stones were recording "Country Honk" for the album "Let It Bleed," they wanted an authentic country fiddle. They asked me, *"Who should we get?"* I asked Gram and he said, *"Byron Berline."* I flew Byron in from Oklahoma City to LAX. Byron Berline looked like what he was — an ex-linebacker from Oklahoma. We went to Elekra Records on La Cienega Boulevard. To get the right atmosphere (they wanted an outdoor sound), we put a chair outside the studio where he played the fiddle part to "Country Honk" while the Stones were doing their parts inside. For good measure, I hired a girl to drive up and down the boulevard, honking her horn. After Byron was done, I put him back on a plane bound for Oklahoma. A pretty good day for a country boy.

We were going to their first concert in years at the L.A. Forum. I had talked Mick into hiring Mexican guys and their girlfriends to take them in those great Mexican cars, those wicked *cholo* wagons.[7] I was going to put each Rolling Stone in a different car. They thought it was great, but Allen Klein thought it was dumb. He said we had to go in limos. When you go to a rock concert, every fool comes in a limo, but if we had showed up in those great Mexican "low-riders," it would have been sensational. Another good idea down the shitter.

Just before we left for the concert, Mick appeared in heavy make-up. Janet looked at him and said, *"For Christ's sake. If you're going to wear that stuff, wear it right."* She helped him put his make-up on properly. I went to the Forum gig in a car with Allen Klein's henchperson. We pulled up to a barricade and there was a police captain there waving us on. The henchguy rolled down the window and said, *"It's the Rolling*

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7 Cholo is a slang term for a Mexican "gangster." Cholo cars are characterized by dropped suspension, fur-lined interiors and a hearty dose of chrome-plated accessories/decoration.

Stones." The captain said, *"I don't give a shit who you are."* Hench got out of the car, took something out of his wallet and showed it to the captain. The captain yelled, *"All right. Open up and let these guys through."* I was really curious and wondered what was on the card. I asked the guy backstage and he showed me the little card. It read, *"Anybody who shows a courtesy to this man will be greatly appreciated,"* signed "Richard M. Nixon." Dickie talks, shit walks.

I hired all the Stones' personal security staff (but not the Hell's Angels) for the disastrous Altamont concert.[8] I was still with Gram, but not with the other guys. Gram got to play at Altamont because of his association with the Stones. I stayed at home for that one and took care of the L.A. biz.

The Stones had brought a gentleman named Sam Cutler over with them. Sam didn't like me. He said, *"What are you doing here?"* I said, *"Wherever they go, that's where my job is. I look after them."* He said, *"No, we don't need that."* He delegated me some meaningless tasks just before they left. I saw Sam Cutler many years later in London, and he apologized for being such an asshole all those years. He said, *"Let's get together and have a pint."* I said okay and called him the next day, but he had been arrested for dealing drugs. He was sent to Wandsworth Prison in England. That'll teach him to mess with the Mangler.

When the Stones left that time, I looked in the garage at the house and it was full of musical instruments. There were cases of harmonicas for Mick Jagger. There was a case of 48 in the key of A and a case in the key of C, guitars, amps, every-

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8 The concert at Altamont Speedway, near San Francisco, was a violent affair. It culminated in a member of the audience being stabbed to death by Hell's Angels at the front of the stage.

thing. The manufacturers had just given them all this stuff with the hope that they'd play it and thereby endorse the instruments. The Stones took what they liked and left the rest behind. If I hadn't said anything, the instruments would probably still be there. In those days, I had a larger streak of honesty, so instead of selling the stuff, I called the people and gave it all back to them. They didn't give a hoot.

Parsons' Folly

After the Burritos, Gram made "GP," and after that he made "Grievous Angel" as Gram Parsons and the Fallen Angels, which was released after his death. He brought Emmylou Harris to L.A. to sing harmonies. My name was included in the credits on both albums, a first for me.

Ginny Winn

Gram and Emmylou relaxing at my Chandler home

During periods when Gram wasn't recording or in between the Burritos and his own albums, he would hang out with John Phillips of the Mamas and the Papas. Gram had a motorcycle designed by Tony Foutz of the loony club. Tony designed this Sportster model with extended front forks and a coffin tank which, in retrospect, was an ominous sign. One time Gram was racing the bike in Bel Air and the front wheel came off. He was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital. I took the peg off the bike and made a trophy out of it and gave him the "Dumb Bike Rider of the Year" award, which he appreciated.

I introduced Bruce Wolfe (the attorney who I got to know while I was in Terminal Island) to Gram. He became Gram's attorney. Gram would do stupid things. One time he left the Chateau Marmont[9] to go to Schwabs drugstore (which is no longer). It was only about 100 yards away but because he didn't trust his old lady, he took all his drugs with him. He got busted for jaywalking and they found drugs on him. He must be the only guy that got busted for felony jaywalking. Bruce Wolfe was on call, as was Harry Fradkin (a personal bail bondsman: "Don't wait in jail, call Harry for bail"). Gram would call me from jail. I would call Bruce, Bruce would call Harry and we'd get Gram back again. This happened more than a few times.

I spent a lot of my time hiding Gram's dope from him. He couldn't understand how he had done so much the night before when, in fact, I had probably taken half of his drugs or thrown them away — I usually just threw the drugs away.

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9 Chateau Marmont was, and remains, a select hotel and short-term accommodation complex in Hollywood. It catered to transient celebrities who wanted privacy and a low profile retreat. The accommodation units were self-contained cabins or bungalows. Gram Parsons rented a unit with Tony Foutz for approximately 6 months.

Colin White

Chateau Marmont, Hollywood

Colin White

A typical bungalow at the Chateau

When we were on the Fallen Angels tour, Gram and his charmless wife, Gretchen, were constantly fighting, physically fighting with each other. *"You stole that."* *"You took that,"* referring to whatever they were taking, reds or Nembutals.[10] They always had an excuse to take more: they couldn't sleep, or couldn't wake up, or couldn't walk, or couldn't . . .

One of Gram's newest followers (and a very good friend) was a guy called Michael Martin. As our bus was pulling out of my yard to go on the Fallen Angels tour, Michael said to his girlfriend, Dale McElroy, *"Can I go with them?"* He looked at us and said, *"Can I go with you?"* The bus was actually pulling out of the front garden. Dale said yes and gave him about $300. Michael jumped on the bus and went on the tour with us. That's Michael, sperm-of-the-moment Michael. He became Gram's valet *du jour*.

One evening while we were in Boston, the aggravation between Gram and Gretchen got so bad that I sent them off to a club called Olivers. When they got in the tour bus, I went back to their room and searched for drugs. In typical druggy style, they used to tape their drugs under the bathroom sink or under the toilet bowl lid. I would not be denied — I found the drugs and got rid of them. When Gram and Gretchen came back from the gig, they accused each other of stealing the stash, when in actual fact, neither had done it.

The tour took us to Blytheville, Arkansas. We stayed at a Holiday Inn and my new old lady (Kaphy) and I went right to our room and got on our bed with our magic fingers. It had been a long ride. We heard screaming and yelling coming from the room next to ours. Gram and Gretchen were beating each other up once again. They couldn't find the stash.

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10 Nembutal is a sedative, or downer.

Gram Parsons, at the time of the Fallen Angels tour

The hotel manager called the police, who came in and maced Gram. That's the first time I'd ever seen Mace used. They took Gram off to jail and, being the road manager, I had to go and get him out. At that time, the necks were extremely red in Arkansas. I had very long hair, so Kaphy put my hair up in a bun. I put my cowboy hat on in order to look more butch than the cops, if that's possible. I went to bail Gram out. I was in the Blytheville police station and could hear Gram mouthing off. Every time he'd mouth off, I heard the thud of a nightstick hitting bone. Gram just wouldn't shut up. I yelled, *"Shut up,"* and the cop yelled at me, *"You shut up."* I listen to cops. I never call a man with a gun an asshole. I think it, but don't say it. Anyhow, I got Gram bailed out. Of course, his voice was fucked because they had choked him and he had Mace in his throat. The next couple of days, his singing wasn't up to par, but with Gram, who could tell?

The bus driver we hired was a guy named Lance. He was "liquid-and-romance" Lance. Lance knew every girl at every

little truck stop. The tour bus we were on was pretty raunchy, with seats in the front (not like the modern ones with beds and TVs and stereos). The situation was pretty grim, and when we finally dumped Gram and Gretchen off at New York, they flew back to California. We drove cross-country from Boston. We had done a show with a group that to this day is my favorite group. It consisted of three girls and a couple of guys dressed in Spandex. They had a Harley on stage and they were called The Shitons. They would do the "doo-wop" stuff. They were great. We left Boston with Lance, traveled cross-country and stopped in a little town which had a hotel, a bar and a couple of whorehouses. Of course, Lance took us to the whorehouse and treated us to a round of whorehousing. Whatever they do in whorehouses, we did. We didn't write the book. We just read the lesson.

As Gram's drug problem got worse, he got more and more outrageous. One time he was at the Palomino and got wasted with the head waitress. He got nasty with a cop, was arrested, and it was back to, "Don't wait in jail, call Harry for bail." But this time Harry was unavailable. I called Nudie Cohen, the rodeo tailor. I told Nudie about Gram and he said, *"Ol' Gram is in jail again. Let's go get him."* So Nudie and I went down in his car. He had a Cadillac with horns and silver dollars on it, and pistols for door handles. We went and bailed "ol' Gram" out again.[11] Gram spent a lot of time in jail. He was the only guy who had a cell with swinging doors.

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11 Gram Parsons was a keen patron of Nudie Cohen's tailoring establishment. Nudie had fashioned individual stage suits for the Flying Burrito Brothers, Gram's jacket being festooned with marijuana leaves and pills.
Nudie's western tailor shop still exists on Lankershim Blvd. The store displays many photos of his celebrity clients. On a large photo of the Flying Burrito Brothers, the following inscription can be read, "To the best friend a kid could ever have . . . Gram Parsons."

Colin White

The Palomino in Los Angeles

Nudie's gun-totin' Cadillac

Just before Gram decided not to live, he was staying with me in the back house on Chandler. He had strange habits. He'd have pharmaceutical people bring him oxygen tanks and he'd breathe oxygen to help relieve his hangovers. They would also deliver him some pharmaceutical drugs. I think the tanks were just a ruse for the delivery. After he died, we found several tanks of oxygen and oxygen masks that I used later on for scuba diving in case of decompression sickness.

He'd go out and I'd go in and search for his stash. I'd get the needles and the drugs, almost all of it. He'd come back later and think that it was either stolen or that he'd used it. He would say, *"I was really loaded last night and I must have done it all. I better get some more."* Occasionally, I'd see the dealers coming in my house. I'd catch them at the gate and say, *"Oh, yeah, let me have that. Gram said to give it to me."* I'd take it and either cut it in half or not give it to him at all, accusing the dealer of stealing his money. (Everyone knows drug dealers are less than 100 percent honest.) Gram believed my stories and never suspected that I was rationing his drugs.

One day, we came home and Gretchen's car was parked across the street. Chandler Boulevard is a very wide street with a center divider, so it has a lot of space to park. I guess she didn't recognize my car. Gram and I went around the corner and he said, *"I've got some coke. What should I do?"* We stopped at a street off of Chandler and lifted up the lid of a water meter, one of those meters in the ground for reading your water bill. He hid the coke in there and went back home. In the meantime, Gretchen had gone out, so we went back to get the coke but never found it. We were going up and down the streets lifting meter covers up, trying to find the drugs. I'm sure some meter reader was quite happy to discover the stash.

Gram died of an overdose of morphine and alcohol in a modest room at the Joshua Tree Inn motel. He'd gone there with his girlfriend Margaret Fisher, Dale McElroy and Michael Martin. Dale was giving Gram mouth-to-mouth resuscitation when he checked out.[12] Margaret and her drug connection had gone out to get cheeseburgers, and Michael had returned to L.A. to get a fresh supply of grass. I mean, you figure that out. Earlier, the girls had put ice cubes up Gram's asshole, which woke him up, and then they let him go back to his room where he went back into a lethargic state. Dale tried to breathe life into him but it was too late.

I got a phone call from Dale and immediately left for Joshua Tree with Kaphy. By the time we got there, the police had taken Gram away. Margaret and Dale gave me his drugs (they had cleaned the room out before the cops arrived) so I took the drugs out into the desert and hid them. Even though he was dead, I was still hiding Gram's drugs from him. Kaphy and I stayed in Joshua Tree. Margaret and Dale were still there and were pretty shaken up, so we looked after them. I called the police station to see what was going on. They said they were looking for the two girls. I said, *"I've got them with me, and I'll bring them right over to you."* I got the girls into the car and took them out of the county, back to L.A., where I hid them out. I didn't think they were in any condition to be dealing with a country-bumpkin D.A. out in Joshua Tree. I got them back into town and stashed them.

While in Joshua Tree, I kept making calls. We went to the hospital and tried to get Gram's car because it had been locked. We wanted to go to the car and make sure there were no more naughty things, the things that had killed him.

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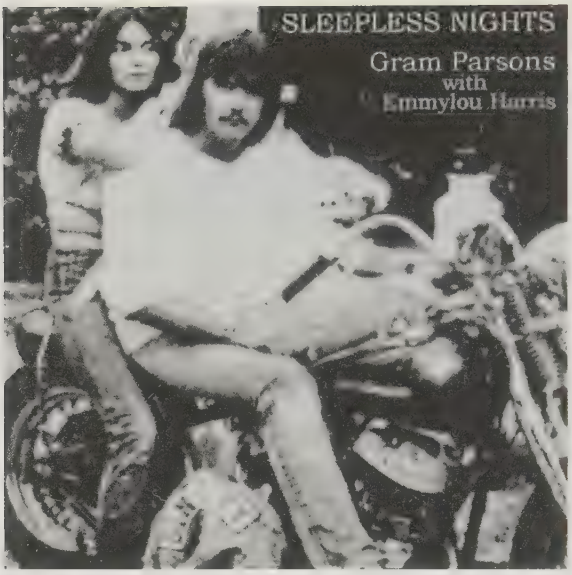
12 Dale McElroy recounted the tragic events of Gram's last evening for this book. Her story is contained in full in Chapter 8.

Gram had been drinking booze all day and playing pool with people in a little bar called Blackie's or Charley's or something like that. He'd bought drugs from Scott McKenzie's ex-wife who was living out in the desert. I went looking for her. She knew I was looking for her, but I never found her. I've lost interest in trying to find her now, so she can come out and draw her pension.

The album "Grievous Angel" came out posthumously. Gram had previously chosen a picture for the album cover, a picture of Gram and Emmylou sitting on my motorcycle, my Harley. Gretchen and her father (Larry Burrell, an L.A. newscaster, who was a little bit right-wing of Attila the Hun) found the picture offensive and pressured Warner Bros. to change the album cover. I went up to Joe Smith, the president of Warner Bros. Records, and said, *"That's the picture Gram wanted. That's the picture, damn it. If you change it, you're the chicken-shit man of the year."*

When the album came out, it had a cover photo that is similar to the one on the cover of the "Hickory Wind" book, a picture of Gram with his silly little necklace. I bought 50 pounds of *ave guano* ("chicken shit"). I took it down to Warner Bros. in Burbank, poured it in Joe Smith's parking space and stuck the album cover in the middle of it. He got the chicken-shit award. For six months after that, I was never allowed to go into Warner Bros. I was strictly *persona non grata.*

Gretchen accused me of stealing jewelry off Gram's body, and also his clothes. What she had forgotten was that one time the year before when they were both living in Laurel Canyon, both stoned on some downer, the house caught fire from a cigarette. They got up and ran into a closet thinking it was the exit. At that time, most of his stage wardrobe and his good clothing were burned.



Ginny Winn

Gram's intention for "Grievous Angel"
(author's concept)

The "Grievous Angel" album cover, as released

Gram had a personal guitar which had been custom made for him and Gretchen made a fuss about that, too. He got it from Fred Wallecei of Westwood Music. After Gram died, the instrument was returned to its maker via Fred. Gram also had a Gibson guitar which I stole and gave to Polly, Gram's daughter, who I considered heir to the guitar. (I don't know if that's stealing or just giving it to the rightful owner.) Polly sold the Gibson to Emmylou Harris who still uses it on stage.

Eddie Tickner summed up Gram, I think. People have often asked him, *"What was Gram really like?"* He says, *"You know, I liked Gram. Gram wasn't a nice person, but I liked Gram."*

Gram Theft

The days whittled down to a precious few, and it was coming time for Gram's body to be shipped back to New Orleans. I was sitting around the house playing "shuda". You know, *"I shuda done this, I shuda stayed with him, I shuda taken the body. I shuda done that . . ."* and Kaphy, my old lady said, *"Well, you know, shut your fucking mouth. Do it or shut up."* I said, *"You're right, toots."*

I called Dale McElroy. She was the owner of a hearse, a big old hearse. She liked to go camping in the hearse. When she wanted to go camping, she thought the hearse would be like a Cadillac, the way to go, with sleeping bags in the back. I love her to this day. She's one of my best mates. When I called Dale, I told her I needed her hearse and her boyfriend.

I called up the funeral parlor in the little town before Joshua Tree. They were somewhat suspicious when I kept asking questions like, *"Where are the remains going, what time are they going, how are they going?"* After a while, they stopped giving me information, but I got enough to know

that the body was going from LAX on a certain flight at a certain time. I called Michael and said, *"We're going to do it. We're going to take his body as per the deal. A deal is a deal. He's our pal. We're not going to let him go back to New Orleans."* Gram didn't want to go back to his stepfather, Bob Parsons, who was a bad guy. Gram used to refer to Bob Parsons as an *"alligator-shoe and pinkie-ring from New Orleans."* All slick guys in New Orleans wear alligator shoes and pinkie rings.

We had told Gram we wouldn't let him have one of those long, family-and-friends funerals. Gram and I had gotten very drunk at Clarence White's funeral and made a pact whereby the survivor would take the other guy's body out to Joshua Tree, have a few drinks and burn it.[13] The burning was the bottom line. I thought to myself, *"We're going to steal the body. We are going to go out to the airplane and haul Gram off it. If we have to race across the tarmac and dump the corpse and burn it on the runway, whatever, we have to fulfill the promise."*

I called Continental Mortuary Air Service at LAX and asked if the remains going to New Orleans had arrived. The guy checked and said, *"Yes, they are here."* I was just about to hang up when I said, *"Oh, and what's the name of the departed?"* He said, *"Mrs. Goldberg."* Just imagine if I had stolen Mrs. Goldberg's body, taken it out to the desert, opened the casket and seen this old Jewish prune. I would have thought, *"Oh, my God, Gram, you look fucking awful, mate. No wonder you're dead."* So I asked, *"Is there a Parsons?"* He said, *"No, that hasn't arrived yet. That will be arriving at 8 o'clock in the evening."* Michael and I got a case of Mickey's and a bottle of Jack Daniel's which we were nipping on. We were wearing

13 Clarence White was killed by a car driven by a drunken lady while loading his equipment in July 1973, only 2 months before Gram Parsons met his tragic end.

our Levi's, cowboy boots, "Sin City" jackets and cowboy hats, which was the wardrobe we had worn on the tour.

We drove to the airport and pulled up at the loading bay at Continental. I said, *"Look, Michael, I'm going to go in there and try and get the body, whatever happens. I may have to hit the guy or whatever to get the body."* As I was getting out of the car, a flatbed truck pulled up with a casket on the back. I walked up to the guy and said, *"Hey, is that the Parsons remains?"* The guy said yeah. I said, *"The family has changed their plans."* This was thinking (and drinking) off the top of my head, so I was at a great disadvantage, but I convinced them. I said, *"The family has changed their mind. They want to fly the body privately by private plane out of Van Nuys."* He looked at me and Michael and our unusual attire. I said, *"Look, man, it's late in the night. We've got a couple of girls lined up, and then we got this call. We want to do this quickly,"* and he said, *"Oh, yeah. I understand. I'll just go inside and get the paperwork."* So the guy went in to get the paperwork.

I was questioning whether we should steal the body right there, and as Michael and I were going towards his truck, the guy came out of the Continental office and said, *"Okay, guys. It's a deal."* He took us around the corner to a hangar where they stored dead bodies. At every international airport, there's a hangar where they store bodies. If passengers are watching a plane load up with their luggage and see a coffin go on, it's a little disquieting. So they actually put the coffin(s) in a container, which is then loaded onto the airplane. That way people don't get upset. We went to this old hangar where they keep stiffs. I was in the office signing the paperwork when a cop car pulled up and blocked the doorway. I thought, *"Uh-oh, now I'm in trouble. I got to get out of here."* I was looking for windows to get out. I said, *"Look, Gram, I've taken it as far as I can."*

The cop just sat there and didn't do anything so I thought, *"Maybe we can pull this off after all."* I told the guy that I had signed the transfer papers (I signed "Jeremy Nobody") and handed over the requisite copies. I walked out waving the papers and yelled to the cop, *"Hey, can you move that car?"* The cop said, *"Oh, yeah. Sorry, man."* Then he helped me shift the casket onto the gurney, then into the back of our hearse. At this point, we were getting a little giddy. I thought, *"Man, we are doing it. We're actually getting the body."* The cop moved his car out of the way.

Michael was driving. You know how big a hangar is? Airplanes fit in it, that's how big. Michael managed to hit the wall of the hangar as we were driving out of it – that's an indication of the condition we were in. We jumped out and the cop looked at us. We said, *"Oh, boy. We're really in fucking trouble now."* The cop said, *"Yeah, I wouldn't want to be in your shoes now,"* and he went away.

We were driving out of the airport. We had Gram. We had our buddy in the back. We were talking to him. We said, *"We got you, buddy."* I took over driving and we pulled out of the airport, pulled into a gas station with Gram in the back. I gave the guy a jerry can and asked for five gallons of high test[14] — this was before leaded gasoline — and the guy looked at the car and said, *"What do you want high test for?"* I said, *"I don't want him to ping."* He didn't get the joke.

I called Kaphy and gave her the code, *"The icing is on the cake,"* to which she replied, *"The preacher is in the pulpit."* We had watched a lot of old movies, as you can tell. Michael and I drove out to the desert, just drinking, singing and otherwise

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14 High test was the marketing term for high-octane graded fuel, also called "ethyl." Modern equivalent is "super" or "premium."

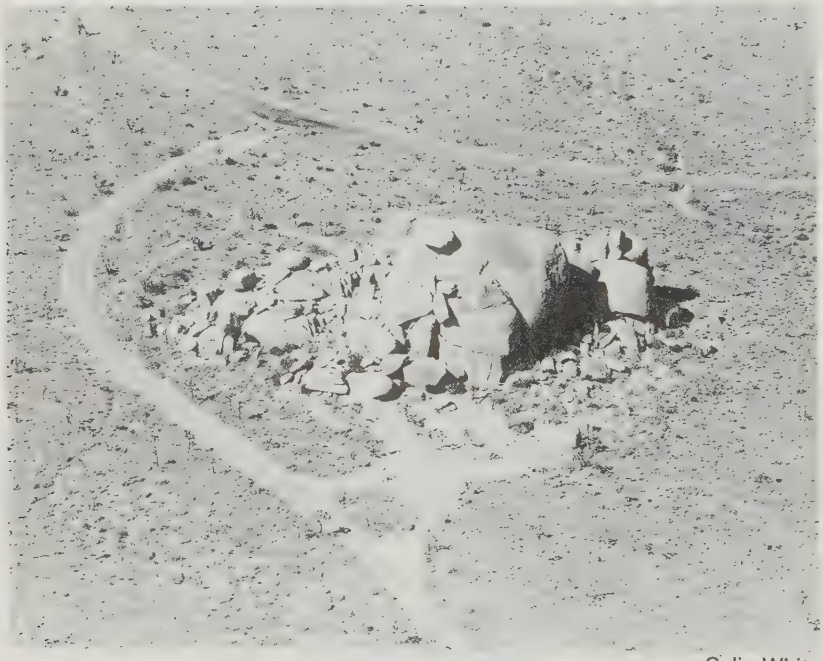
carrying on. If you can believe a hearse with a radio, we were listening to the radio and we got out as far as Cabazon, which is a little gambling town on the way to Joshua Tree. We stopped in Cabazon to get a burger and a beer. We got out of the car and said, *"Hey, Gram, you wait here,"* and we were laughing. We went into the bar and the guy said, *"What you guys got out there?"* We said, *"Oh, some lucky stiff,"* and everybody had a good joke on that.

We had a burger and a beer, then drove through the night. It was very dark. If you've ever been in the desert at night, it's about *f 5.6* out — the stars are so bright. We were driving through the desert and passed the Joshua Tree Inn where Gram had died and said a few silly things like, *"(belch), Oh, Gram."* We were quite drunk. We drove into Joshua Tree National Monument and kept driving and driving until finally I said, *"This is as far as I can go. We're drunk. We're going to have to get out of here."* It turned out we were near Cap Rock. Later on, people said that was Gram's favorite place and Gram wanted to be buried at Cap Rock. The only reasons we stopped near Cap Rock were: a) we were too drunk to go any further; and b) it was a large enough place that we could turn around and make our escape. That's the only significance of Cap Rock. It was a coincidence. Everybody thinks that Cap Rock is a sacred melting place of spirits or what have you. That's not true. We were just two piss-heads who had gone as far as we could take the body. We stopped there.

There were rollers on the hearse. A casket is normally rolled outside and then goes onto a gurney before it's lowered down. We just lowered it down till one end hit the ground, thud, and Michael pulled forward and it went boom. We said, *"Sorry, Gram."* Michael was getting really edgy now. We were both new to the body-stealing business. He said, *"Okay, man. Let's go. Light it, light it."* I said, *"Light what?"* He said,

Colin White

Joshua Tree National Monument, California



Colin White

Cap Rock

"Light it." I said, *"We got to say goodbye to Gram."* He said, *"Man, you're not going to open the box, are you?"* I said, *"Yeah, we're going to see our mate."* The casket had brass hinges. I think there must be some unwritten law in the casket business that says it's forbidden to oil hinges on caskets because when we lifted up the lid, it creaked loudly. "Casket hinges must squeak," I think that's the Dracula Law. It's like a wake-up call for Dracula. When the casket creaks and squeaks open, *"Oh, time to get up."* This one definitely passed the test. It squeaked open and there was Gram lying there naked. As a matter of fact, later on the police tried charging us with stealing jewelry and clothing off the body. I told them he was naked. All he had was surgical tape on his chest where they had done the autopsy, where they had taken out his organs. He was lying there, and I made some crude comment about his little dick. I did the old trick where you say to someone, *"Hey, what's that on your chest?"* and they look down then you snap up to their nose. I did that to him because Gram and I used to do that to each other. Michael said frantically, *"Don't touch him, man. Don't touch him."* I said, *"He's dead. He's dead. Don't you understand?"* So Michael said, *"Come on, let's go."* Then way in the distance, we saw some car lights. We thought it must be the police. I took the gas, poured it all over Gram, and lit the fire.

When high-octane gasoline ignites, it grabs a lot of oxygen in the air. It went whoosh and a big ball of flame went up. We watched the body burn. It was bubbling. You could see it was Gram and then as the body burned very quickly, you could see it melting. We looked up and the flame had caused a dust devil going up in the air. His ashes were actually going up into the air, into the desert night. The moon was shining, the stars were shining and Gram's wish was coming true. His ashes were going into the desert. We looked down. He was very dead and very burned. There wasn't much left to recognize.

We jumped in our hearse and beat it back across the desert. We took the alternate route across the back of the mountains, up over through Big Bear to avoid — I don't know what. It was paranoia. We were too drunk to make the trip all the way back to L.A., so we spent the night in the desert in the back of the hearse. The next morning, it wouldn't start. The hearse was stuck in the desert. Michael, who weighed about 100 pounds, was soaking wet and said, *"I'll go get help."* He disappeared in the desert and eventually came back with a tow truck and a guy who got the car started. We were still quite hung over and drunk. We were drinking warm beer. We went back to the station, had the car fixed, bought some cold beer and made it back to L.A.

I burned all the paperwork for Gram's body. I wish I hadn't destroyed it, but I was paranoid, burning the evidence. I had the toe-tag that was on his toe and all the paperwork for the body. I later realized it would have been of historical interest — or ghoulish interest, depending how you view it.

We pulled into L.A. on one of those horrible, horrible, smoggy days. The air was abrasive. Michael and I were going along the freeway. There was a pile-up, a chain reaction accident that we got stuck in. We ran into the back of a car. A Highway Patrolman came over, looked at us, opened the hearse door and beer bottles fell out. He said, *"All right, you guys."* He asked for our licenses, but got distracted and forgot to take the licenses. He handcuffed Michael and I together and said, *"You two stay here."* Now Michael, as I mentioned, was a real skinny guy. He had been a street junkie in Bombay, living on the streets, begging for money to get drugs. He just slipped the handcuffs off. I put the car in reverse, backed up, drove off the off ramp backwards and we split. I still had the handcuffs on me. Michael was free. We got back to my house and cut the handcuffs off. We hid the hearse and went into hiding.

BLAZING COFFIN FOUND IN DESERT

Rock Singer's Body Stolen and Set Afire

A coffin containing the body of a folk-rock singer was found ablaze in Joshua Tree National Monument Friday several hours after it was stolen from Los Angeles International Airport.

The coffin of Gram Parsons, 27, once a member of the Byrds rock group, was taken from a dock at the airport at 10 p.m. Thursday while awaiting shipment to New Orleans for burial.

Parsons died early Wednesday of still unknown causes after being discovered unconscious in a Joshua Tree hotel room.

Two men arrived Thursday night at the National Airlines dock in an old black hearse and told attendants there Parsons' family had changed its mind and wanted the body flown from Van Nuys Airport.

The body was turned over to the two men after they signed receipts for it and they drove away with the coffin in the aged hearse.

Parsons' relatives later said they had made no change in plans, according to Sgt. John Hamilton of the Venice detective division.

The burning coffin was found about 9 a.m. near Cap Rock by visitors to the national park, in the desert about 200 miles from the airport.

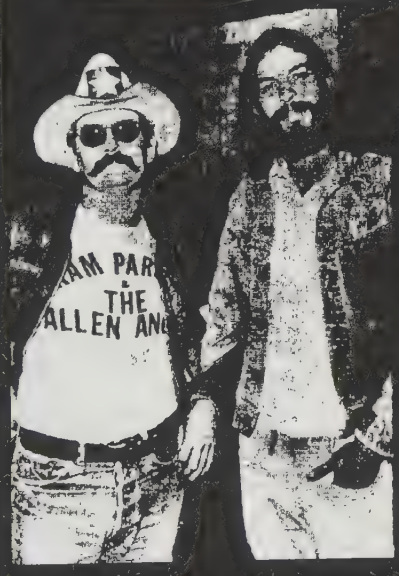
Investigators said it matched the description of that containing Parsons' remains and that the charred body inside showed evidence of having been autopsied.

An autopsy was performed on the body of Parsons after he died at Hi-Desert Memorial Hospital in Yucca Valley at 12:15 a.m. Wednesday. The San Bernardino sheriff's office said death apparently resulted from natural causes, the nature of which remains undetermined.

Sgt. Hamilton said investigators had no immediate explanation for either the theft of Parsons' body or the burning of the coffin in the desert.

Asked if the circumstances appeared ritualistic, he replied, "It kind of looks like it."

Early visitors to the park Friday said that before the flaming coffin was found, an old hearse bearing two white males was seen near Cap Rock.



22 Part I—Tues., Nov. 6, 1973 Los Angeles Times ★

TWO FINED FOR THEFT OF SINGER'S COFFIN

Two men charged with stealing a coffin containing the body of rock singer Gram Parsons were fined $300 each Monday after pleading guilty to a misdemeanor theft charge.

Phillip C. Kaufman, 38, Van Nuys, and Michael D. Martin, 26, Hollywood, also were ordered by West Los Angeles Municipal Judge Leo Freund to pay $708 to a Yucca Valley funeral home for the cost of the coffin.

Kaufman and Martin picked up the coffin Sept. 20 from a loading dock at Los Angeles International Airport where it was awaiting shipment to Parsons' family in New Orleans.

Investigators said the two men drove in a hearse to a spot near Joshua Tree National Monument and set the coffin afire.

Dep. Dist. Atty. Anthony White said police developed evidence that Kaufman had been told by Parsons that he wanted to be laid to rest in the desert area he loved.

Kaufman was the road manager for the 27-year-old Parsons, a one-time member of the Byrds rock group. Parsons died Sept. 19 of a drug overdose in a Yucca Valley motel.

Press coverage of the coffin incident

The next day, headlines around the world twisted the story with things like, "ROCK STAR'S BODY IN RITUALISTIC BURNING IN DESERT." It wasn't ritualistic, it was a couple of piss-heads taking care of business for their mate.

When Gram died, Bruce Wolfe was in the process of filing Gram's divorce. Gretchen had hit Gram with a wooden hanger a month prior and he was deaf in one ear because of this. I had the divorce papers. I was supposed to serve her. Because of my delinquency, I didn't serve her in time. I was going to serve her the next day, the day after he died, not because he died but because it was on my schedule for that day. As fate would have it, I didn't deliver the papers and Bruce pulled the divorce. If I hadn't been so lazy, she would have got nothing, which is what she deserved.

Ironically, Polly Parsons is suing Gretchen and everybody else. Gram didn't generate a lot of money, but he had inherited a lot of money. A lot of that money is going to lawyers now which is a bit of poetic justice for Gretchen.

Gram's sister, Avis, worked for the Edgar Cayce Foundation. Edgar Cayce was known as the sleeping prophet. He supposedly had a vision during his childhood that left him with psychic powers and a gift for diagnosing illnesses from his sleep. He read auras. Gram's sister, Avis, was working at the foundation in Virginia Beach. She told the story that the night that I did the body snatching, Gram's face appeared in the window of her bedroom and his face was half-charred and half-normal. Gram put his thumbs up and disappeared. To this day, it gives me goose pimples just thinking about it.

The funny thing was that Gram's name was Ingram Cecil Connor, III, and when his real dad died — he died from drinking — his mother remarried. His mother married this alligator-shoe, pinkie-ring from New Orleans who was interested in the Snively estate. The Snively estate was from

Gram's grandfather (on his mother's side), who had taken swampland in Florida and turned it into orange groves and lots of lucrative real estate. I think Disney World is on the old Snively ranch. They did very well. But Bob Parsons was just interested in the money. He married her and adopted Gram. Gram became Gram Parsons, Ingram Cecil Parsons. Gram and his stepfather never got on. Bob Parsons was trying to get jurisdiction over the Snively estate to transfer it to New Orleans where he and his alligator-pinkie cronies could control it. At one time, they had Avis locked up in an asylum and he had taken power of attorney over her because he said she was incompetent. But Avis escaped. When she did, I got a call from the New Orleans Chief of Police and from the FBI asking if I knew where Avis was. I talked to Bob Parsons and said, *"Listen, you fucking asshole, don't you ever give the police my phone number again,"* and just laid into him. Gram thought that was great.

Years later, I was sitting on my porch in Nashville and a man came to me. By some mistake, his mail had come to my house and he was coming to collect it. The man was Gram Parsons' uncle and he was the one who had hidden Avis from Bob Parsons during that period. This was off the wall --- out of nowhere; this man came to me. I had his mail. The last I heard, Avis is remarried, very happy and living in Virginia. Gram had a sister named Diane, by Bob Parsons, and Diane really resembled Gram. It was frightening how much they looked alike. They both looked like their mother.

Bob wanted Gram's body sent back to New Orleans. He was trying to establish residency after death. In other words, if Gram was buried in the State of Louisiana, then the jurisdiction for his inheritance would be transferred out of Florida to New Orleans where Bob Parsons could control it. Well, fate being what fate is, Bob Parsons died. Ha, ha.

There is more good news in this story. When Bob Parsons checked out, everything was in flux. Although Gretchen ended up with Gram's share, Polly Parsons, who was Gram's illegitimate daughter, also received something even though Gram denied being her father, to the day he died. (One time, we were in court with Bruce Wolfe to deny paternity. When he was in court, Gram turned around and said, *"Fuck it. I'll take the kid,"* and left. She ended up being his child, but I seriously doubt that she was. He doubted it, too, but he wanted a child and that was the only way he was going to get one.) Avis got her money and Gram's half-sister, Diane, got her money, too. Everybody got their money except me. Gram died owing me, and he still does.

Case Dismissed

After I put Gram to rest, I worked with the Modern Lovers on a record. The police were looking for the culprit who had stolen the body. They had narrowed it down to me. Everybody in L.A. knew who did it, so it's not surprising the cops eventually caught on.

At that time, my home was being used for the film "Night Moves." The police came looking for me, and Kaphy phoned and said, *"The cops are here looking for you."* I said, *"Just tell them to wait. I'll come. There's no sense in hiding out anymore."* I got on my Harley and rode to the house. The movie crew was filming. The police talked to me, took me in the back room where Gram had lived, and asked me if I had stolen the body. I said no. They said, *"We know you did it."* I said, *"What's the charge? Gram theft?"* They said, *"We're charging you with stealing the coffin. The body has no intrinsic value."* I muttered, *"Well, if I had known that, I would have taken the meat and left the wrapper."* They said, *"We won't handcuff you until you are in the car."* It was obvious that they were police and that I was under arrest. The film crew was looking

around and saw the police handcuff me as I got in the car. Arthur Penn and Gene Hackman asked Kaphy what was going on. She related the story to them. Arthur Penn looked at Gene Hackman, put his arm around Kaphy and said to her, *"I think we're shooting the wrong movie."*

When I got to the police station in Venice (the station isn't there anymore), "Don't wait in jail, call Harry for bail" and Bruce were waiting for me. The police booked me and mugged me, and then Harry bailed me out. I appeared with Michael Martin at West Los Angeles Municipal Court on November 5, 1973. (Gram would have been celebrating his 27th birthday.) We pleaded guilty to misdemeanor theft. The judge fined us $300 each and made us pay $708 to the funeral home for the destroyed casket. Dale settled the fine and the funeral home bill, Bruce didn't charge for defending us and Harry Fradkin didn't charge for the bail money. *"Mangler, this one's on us,"* they said. Case dismissed.

The Wake

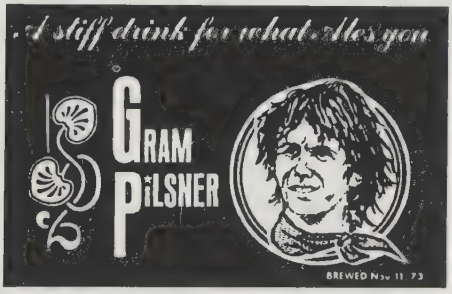
At this point, I was in an awkward situation. I didn't have any money and the chances of employment had never been so slim. Then I got an idea, *"Everybody holds benefits for other people. I think I'll organize a benefit for myself."* I threw a party: KAUFMAN'S KOFFIN KAPER KONSERT. Al Swerdloff designed some labels that read "Gram Pilsner, a stiff drink for what ales you," and we stuck them on bottles of beer to sell. Kaphy sold T-shirts with the same design. The famous Dr. Demento was there and he was our disc jockey. (Dr. Demento has one of the greatest private record collections in the world, including every record made by my grandfather Jack Kaufman and his brother Phil, who I was named after. No, not Jack — Phil.) Bobby "Boris" Pickett and the Crypt-Kickers did "Monster Mash," very *a propo* with their ghoulish caskets, etc. The Modern Lovers sang. Nudie Cohen came in

Bobby Pickett monster mashing

Dr. Demento

"Kaphy" Miles sold T-shirts

The Modern Lovers on the KKKK stage



Gram Pilsner bottle label

his Cadillac and gave me $500. It was a backyard bash that turned out very well. We all got drunk and had a good-time wake for G.P. And that was it: Bye bye, Gram.

Several years later I was in London. I was at a party and I ran into Keith Richards and Anita Pallenberg. Keith saw me, brushed everybody aside and gave me a big hug. He said, *"Hey, you took care of our buddy, pal."* I said, *"Yeah, thanks."* Then he and Anita went to the bathroom. I held the door closed while they proceeded to do more drugs.

Pulse! Presents
MUSICAL LEGENDS OF AMERICA
GRAM PARSONS
"MODERN COUNTRY CULT HERO"
NOWADAYS THEY WOULD SAY THAT HE WAS ANOTHER "ADULT CHILD OF ALCOHOLICS."
THESE ALCOHOLICS WERE SOUTHERN, SUICIDAL AND FILTHY RICH--THEY OWNED A CITRUS EMPIRE.
SNIVELY GROVES
OH DOO-DAH DAY
The budding musician started out as a folk singer/songwriter.
PARSONS WAS ONE OF THE FIRST LONG-HAIRED BOYS ON THE GRAND OLE OPRY STAGE
HE SOUNDS COUNTRY, BUT LOOKS COMMIE!
A DAY IN THE ARMY WOULD FIX THAT!
4-F
HELL, I COULD FIX THAT.
THOUGH PARSONS NEVER HAD A GREAT COMMERCIAL SUCCESS, HIS MUSIC INFLUENCED MANY OF TODAY'S COUNTRY AND ROCK PERFORMERS.
THE BYRDS
THE FLYING BURRITO BROS.
DUETS WITH EMMYLOU HARRIS & THE FALLEN ANGELS
He told THE STONES that Country is "Cosmic American Music."
FAW-CIN-ATING!
IT'S WHITE SOUL.
Though recorded 20 years ago, these duets are still State of the Art.
SEPT. 17, 1973 — THE SUBSTANCES HE ABUSED THAT DAY (AND MOST OTHERS) ARE TOO NUMEROUS TO LIST.
toot
GRAM?
GRAM?
GRAM?
MOTEL
JUSTIN GREEN ©'93
HIS FRIENDS SNATCHED THE BODY FROM THE AUTHORITIES IN A DARING AIRPORT HEIST.
AS PARSONS HAD ONCE REQUESTED, THEY TORCHED HIS REMAINS IN THE JOSHUA TREE DESERT.
A PROMISE IS A PROMISE!
AMEN
The charred coffin was found the next day, then shipped to a LEGAL body-snatcher, Parsons' step-father, who was trying to bolster a claim for the inheritance money.
THAT WILL BE $749.22 FOR THE COST OF THE COFFIN THAT YOU SO WILLFULLY DESTROYED!
YOU GOT IT!
THE CREMATORS GOT THEIR WRISTS SLAPPED IN COURT.
HI, I'M GRAM'S STEP-DAD. (TERRIBLE WHAT HAPPENED TO THET BOY!)
SELF STORAGE
BUT, LOOKY HERE WHUT I DID: I GOT HIM INTO ONE OF THE FINEST CEMETERIES IN N'ORLUNS!

The whole tragic story of Gram Parsons, as recalled in a 1993 issue of "Pulse" magazine. Although the cartoon shows three people attending the Joshua Tree cremation ceremony, only Phil Kaufman and Michael Martin were present.

A Moment to Reflect (1993)

In January, I was going to go see Keith Richards play with his band, the X-Pensive Winos. They were doing a show at the Universal Amphitheater in L.A. I got real lazy that night and didn't go.

I later looked to see who the X-Pensive Winos were. There was Bobby Keys (the great sax player who I had worked with while managing Etta James), Waddy Wachtel (a great, great guitar player who had also played with James Taylor, Rosanne Cash and others, and was almost a member of Gram's Fallen Angels band), Steve Jordan, Sarah Dash, Charley Drayton and Ivan Neville. The band as a whole probably consumes more drugs in one night than a small South American country can produce in a week. They are the people with that incredible rock 'n roll metabolism who so many others try to imitate, and end up dying when they do so. People like Gram. Gram thought that he could do what Keith did. He thought he had Keith's metabolism.

A story went around for sometime that Keith and Anita used to go to a clinic in Switzerland twice a year to have their blood changed.[15] They supposedly did a complete blood change. Get a lube job while you're there. I wonder if they sold the old blood to junkies?

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15 The treatment involved a hemodialysis process in which toxic substances which build up in the bloodstream are filtered out. It is not clear as to the frequency of the treatments, but certainly the Draculean process has never been performed on a regular basis.

5

Road Mangling 2: Keepin' It Goin'

The lure of the contemporary music spotlight is a powerful beam, and Phil Kaufman was caught in its rays. The tragedy that was Gram Parsons did not dim the flame; indeed, the vow he kept after Gram passed away earned him respect and notoriety in both rock 'n roll and country music circles.

The Rolling Stones' apprentice Executive Nanny was becoming an indentured Road Mangler. All he needed was more experience and a honing of character to become Road Mangler Deluxe.

Gettin' Betta with Etta

I've always been a fan of Etta James. She was on Chess Records and had a drug problem for years. The way she tells it, they paid her enough money to buy drugs and keep her writing and publishing. They kept her pretty well under the thumb. She had a great show. She did "Dance With Me Henry," "Stop the Wedding" and "Sunday Kind of Love". She was just a great lady. She was ordered by the court to attend one of those experimental drug rehab programs in the mid '70s, just before I met her. It was like, *"Go to school or go to jail."* She was a user, not a dealer.

The place she was in was a Gestapo-like place. If you came in late, they actually buried you in the ground so you would have a feeling of what it was like to be on drugs and to be dead. All kinds of terrible things went on. You had to piss in a bottle three or four times a day. In order to get Etta to go to a recording session or a gig, we had to sign her out, like in jail. She had to take one of these loonies with her. She would go out, do her thing and we would take her back home everyday, with the loonperson. One time even the doctor came out with us. Etta was a big lady, about three axe-handles across the rear end. We went out one time and I ordered a Chinese meal. Etta had two. As far as Etta was concerned, there was no such thing as take-away. A clean plate was a happy plate for Etta. Being in that hospital with the bad food was probably a factor there. She finally got out of that place.

Eddie Tickner and I co-managed Etta. She had a killer band. It included Bobby Keys (who played with the Stones), Reggie McBride and Steve Mateo (two guys from Stevie Wonder's band) and Buzzy Feiton (a great guitar player).

We were doing a show at a place called The Slave Quarter in San Diego. It was owned by a black guy and our situation

there was a bit dodgy. He didn't pay us. We were staying at one of the Holiday Inns in San Diego, and we had to sneak out of the hotel. Lyle and Lawrence[1] were acting as our roadies. We were sneaking out of the hotel in San Diego, going from the fifth floor down to the basement where the car was parked. We didn't realize the elevator always stopped at the ground floor (facing the desk, probably for people like us). So there we were, all pressed against the wall trying to hide with our luggage. If you were outside the elevator looking in, all you could see was this big butt hiding against the wall. We got out and made our escape. I don't know if Etta ever got paid, but we certainly reduced our costs to a minimum on that one.

I went with Etta and her *"white-boy guitar player,"* Brian Ray, to Germany to play with a big band there (my parole had ended by that time). Just the three of us went. When we got there, the Germans really acted like Germans. They wanted charts — they had to have everything charted and listed, by numbers, in alphabetical order and in triplicate. They really got shitty. They said, *"Eizer get zom charts oder ve're zending you hom und you von't get paid."* That's when they got Etta's attention. When Etta hears a dime drop, she can tell you if it's heads or tails. She can reach in her pocket, feel a bill and tell you what the denomination is. One of the guys in the German band took us aside and said, *"Look, I'll write some charts for you."* He graciously wrote some charts. That night, Etta was doing the song "Misty" for live TV. The piano player did the intro to "Misty" but Etta was silent — nothing happened. He did the intro two more times, then Etta went over and whispered something to the piano player. He played the intro again and she sang the song. Later I asked

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1 See Chapter 6 - "Homeward Bound."

Etta what she had asked the piano player. She replied, *"What's the first line of the song?"* The piano player had said, *"Look at me."* Once she got that, she had it. She nailed it. She was hot. The Germans loved it. She sings on beat 2 and 4 and the Germans clap on 1 and 3. She's the greatest thing since the tuba to the Germans, probably because she's shaped like one. I always liked the tuba, and I'll always love Etta.

We were playing at the Roxy in L.A. one time. She had written a song called "I'd Rather Go Blind." (Rod Stewart later had a hit with it.) If you look at the record, it looks like it was written by someone else, but Etta had used her husband's name so the people at Chess Records couldn't steal her money again. Joe Cocker was in the audience and she had Joe come on stage. He stumbled on stage and proceeded to do his Joe Cocker imitation by throwing up on stage.[2] I said, *"Hey, there's a guy I'll probably be working for in the future."* We helped Joe off the stage and Etta just carried on as if nothing had happened.

Another time we were doing a TV show, "The Midnight Special," in L.A. It was Etta, Little Feat and Van Morrison. Van Morrison is a little ego-Mick. We had a problem with him. He was on stage sharing a mike with Etta but not giving her any space, so she hit him with her hips and knocked him halfway across the stage. She said, *"Cut me some slack, brother."*

We opened for Dobie *"The In Crowd"* Gray at the L.A. Troubadour. (He had just finished that song *"Give me the beat, boys, to save my soul . . ."*) It was a big record company party to break this record. He had the Memphis Horns and Lonnie Mack and lots of people in there for the party. Etta

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2 See "Bacardi Joe," this chapter.

opened and when she finished, the people were standing on the stage screaming, *"Etta, Etta, Etta."* Poor Dobie. I didn't want him to feel degraded. I said, *"It's time to go on."* He was in tears. He said, *"I can't follow HER."* He came out and did his show. He was a good lad, but I wouldn't want to follow Etta, either. I'd rather follow elephants in a parade.

Another time at the Troubadour, there was a wall right behind the stage. It was a very small stage. I was setting up the electric piano. I knew the bartender there and had a few drinks of green Chartreuse. I fell off the stage onto some tables with the keyboard in my hand and everybody stared at me. I've never touched green Chartreuse since then.

Etta also had a big gay following. They just loved her, her bumps and grinds and her soulfulness. We used to play a club in San Francisco called The Stud. The Stud was memorable because it had mirrors in the urinals so that while the men were standing there doing their business, they could all check out each other's equipment all the way down the room. Don't leave home without it.

I didn't see Etta for a few years after that, and then she had the honor of singing the opening blues number at the 1984 Olympics in L.A. There were millions of people watching the show. It was a great show. She came out and the announcer said, *"Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome ETTA BROWN."* She was not a happy camper.

Etta went back to her naughty ways for a while. She was doing things that make you talk fast and think slow. She was getting it at a place down the street from where I lived. She knew I went to bed early, but she would call me at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning and wake me up with, *"Mangler, ha, ha, ha."* I still have a tape of her calls. Here's how I got back at her. There's a strain of parrot called the "African Gray," which is a very rare and very expensive parrot. I put an ad in

the Los Angeles Times that read, *"AFRICAN PARROT, $10 to good home, calls between 6 and 8 a.m. only."* I knew Etta would be going to bed at around 4 a.m., so for about two weeks, her phone kept ringing with inquiries, *"Hey, have you got an African Gray for sale?"* I also put an ad in the paper for *"1965 MUSTANG, $200, must call between 5 and 6 a.m.,"* and gave the drug dealer's number. You can imagine how even I got.

Ironically, I helped Etta get one of her phones. She lived on the corner of a block in the Watts area of L.A. and had been delinquent on her phone bill for years. The phone company cut her phone off and wouldn't give her another number. I noticed that there was a side door that opened onto another street so I put a number on the door there. She called the phone company as if she was a new resident, gave the side-door street number as a new address and got a new phone.

A Joint Venture

I formed Joint Venture — "joint" being a slang word for prison in this instance. The idea was to play prison concerts. It was very much a volunteer thing. There was no real money in it, but if bands were not working, at least they could get concert time, exposure, etc., through it. The Flying Burrito Brothers, Etta James, and Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers all played prisons, but that was as far as it got, because something else came up and I had to go earn a living.

It's just one example of ideas that didn't work out too well because of lack of funds and lack of interest on the part of the people I got involved with.

S-H-F: The Bickering Band

I also worked for a group called Souther, Hillman and Furay. It was David Geffen's attempt to put together another Crosby, Stills and Nash. The band included J.D. Souther (one of the great songwriters for the Eagles, who wrote a lot of their songs, such as "New Kid in Town"), Chris Hillman and Richie Furay (Buffalo Springfield). Completing the band were Paul Harris, who played keyboards (he was the 17-year old white boy playing keyboards on B.B. King's "The Thrill is Gone"); Al Perkins (steel guitar, who played on Gram's album, later with Emmylou Harris' Nash Ramblers); and a great drummer named Jimmy Gordon (who murdered his mother).

I was working with these guys and they just weren't getting along with each other. It was like trying to mix oil and water. It was the stale Burritos all over again, only worse. One of my jobs was to try to keep them from killing each other. I'd come in and say, *"All right, Richie, you'll have to sing on J.D.'s song."* He'd say, *"I sang on his song yesterday. I'm not going to sing on his song today. He's got to sing my songs."* That's the kind of shit I was dealing with.

During this time, David Geffen was going out with Cher. She had just divorced Sonny. I was having a hard time with the band and an even harder time getting money from the record company. I'd just about reached my limit. When David and Cher walked into the recording studio, I said real loud so everybody could hear me, *"Oh, the weather forecast is Sonny today, Geffen tomorrow."*

Within 24 hours, I was unemployed.

Emmylou

I've known Emmylou Harris since 1971. Chris Hillman discovered her. He heard her sing at a folk club in Washington, D.C., where she was living with her young child. He told Gram Parsons about her. Gram went and met her, then flew her out to Hollywood, and the rest is history. She sang with Gram on "GP" and "Grievous Angel." She was a harmonizer with Gram. (When Emmylou first joined Gram Parsons, she would sit in the recording booth, knitting, while Gram and the musicians played and worked out instrumentals and arrangements.) When Gram died, she went on her own.

Phil, Gram and Emmylou (1973)

Emmylou is my favorite lady in the whole world. I've known her since Gram started singing with her, and I've been working with her since then. Her celebrated Hot Band was a classic. We had James Burton, Glen D Hardin, Emory Gordy (all former Elvis-band members), Rodney Crowell and Hank DeVito. There were personnel changes later, but al-

ways top players. At the time of writing, her band is called the Nash Ramblers, consisting of Sam Bush (mandolin/fiddle), Jon Randall Stewart (lead guitar), Al Perkins (dobro), Mark W. Winchester (bass) and Larry Atamanuik (drums). The same formula applies — always the best.

During the Hanoi-Jane era, when Jane Fonda was doing anti-this and anti-that functions, the possibility arose for the Hot Band to do a series of concerts. Emmylou only does "pro" concerts (she has always been a pro, and in more ways than one). When Jane Fonda asked her to do the concerts, she had to make it clear to Emmylou that it was not anti-nuclear or anti-anything but that it was pro-solar. Jane was the head of the organization that was advocating solar energy. Emmylou did the pro-solar concerts and I got a letter from Jane thanking me for my involvement in helping her organize these tours.

Emmylou has used the pseudonym "Sally Rose." She did an album called "The Ballad of Sally Rose." She and Paul Kennerley wrote the songs for it. She got the name Sally Rose while we were in Rapid City, South Dakota (where I had been in the Air Force). We met a little Sioux girl who advised us not to go to a certain Indian bar since it was the day the Indians got their welfare checks and therefore the day they all got drunk. Needless to say, we got in the car and went straight to the bar. I went with my little Indian girlfriend (for insurance). A white lady came up to Emmylou and stared at her for a while. She was fairly drunk and introduced herself. She turned out to be the welfare worker who paid the checks. She got drunk with the Indians ("native Americans," if you must — they looked like Indians to me). Anyway, the lady kept looking at Emmylou. I was hovering around, road mangling, watching after Emmylou. The lady eventually said to Emmylou, *"I know you. Who are you?"* I piped in, *"That's Sally Rose and these are her Buds. It's Sally Rose and the Rosebuds."*

left to right . . .
James Burton, *guitar*
Eddie Tickner, *manager*
Hank DeVito, *steel guitar*
Hallie, *Emmylou's daughter*
Rodney Crowell, *guitar*
Emmylou, *"chick" singer*
Mary Martin, *record exec.*
Phil Kaufman, *road mangler*
Glen D Hardin, *piano*

The Original Hot Band and friends (1993)

She said, *"Oh, of course. I've got all your albums."* From that day on, a lot of us still sometimes call her Sally Rose. I didn't get a credit on Emmylou's "Ballad of Sally Rose" album for giving that name to her, though. Hurumph, hurumph.

One time we were in a motel somewhere in Louisiana. I knocked at the door to talk to Emmylou. She was holding a towel in front of her. We were talking in the doorway and there was a full length mirror behind her. All the guys in the band were standing at the door with me, just gaping. "*What do you guys want? You keep talking to me without saying any-*

thing," she kept asking. We were all standing there looking at her butt. She thought that was very funny after a while — honestly, she did.

Around 1977, Emmylou was doing a show at the municipal auditorium in Nashville. (At the same time that weekend, Waylon Jennings and Mark Rothbaum got arrested for sending cocaine through Federal Excess — sorry, Federal Express — we were buzzing about that.) The year before, our truck had been hijacked in New York. All the equipment and instruments were stolen. We were at the auditorium when I got a phone call from somebody who said, *"I've got Albert Lee's guitar. I know it's his. I'm a big fan. I bought it from a guy who knew a guy. Is there any chance that I could give it to him, maybe come backstage?"* I asked him where he was, sent a limousine for him, brought him backstage, wined and dined him, and Albert Lee got his guitar back. The guy was such a fan that when he saw the guitar for sale, he bought it at his own cost and gave it back to Albert. There are some nice people out there.

Another time we were in Johnson City, Tennessee. I had some friends up there who sold things that you put in your nose, and I don't mean tweezers — I think it was "Einstein's freeze-dried brain." I was holding it. That night, I was very tired so I went to my motel room early and went straight to bed. I heard the guys outside my door but didn't want to be bothered to open the door. They were beating on my door and saying, *"Hey, Mangler, come on, man. Let us in. We know what you got."* I just acted like I wasn't there. I was real quiet for a minute, and I heard one of them say, *"Hey, you guys, how much do you think this door cost? We could all chip in,"* and that was my cue to get out of bed and give them their medicine. They were about to have a whip-round to knock the door down and pay for it later.

Another time I was in New Mexico with Emmylou and a Warner Bros. art director, shooting photographs for an album cover. We were driving along a deserted desert road when I thought of a great photograph. My concept was a picture of me snorting the longest coke "line" in the world. Just as I put my head down, the art director jumped in and put his head down, too. We still haven't finished that line. In fact, we can't even find the damn thing.

We played the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas. We were there for a week, opening for Hank Williams, Jr. To the left of the entrance of the Sands Hotel there was a small, raised bar opposite a row of dollar slot machines. That's where I set up my office. I had a phone there and people knew where to find me. My extension was the bar. We stayed at the hotel. At places like that, Emmylou gets full comp. That means she just signs for everything and it's on the house. The same goes for Mr. Harris. (There is no Mr. Harris, but there was on that occasion — I was Mr. Harris.) The band got 50 percent comp on everything. So I just sat there buying everybody drinks, signing the bills as Mr. Mangler Harris. I was a very good tipper, too, I might add. Once on a Sunday morning, around 8 or 9 o'clock, I had been doing naughty things. I was sitting at the bar by my little telephone and conducting business such as you do on a sunny Sunday Mangler morning. I went over to the slot machines and started playing. It was a very slow Sunday morning. The girl on duty at the slot machines said, *"Machine number 14 has been pretty hot."* I put about $20 in it and hit a hundred dollar jackpot. I gave her $20, sat down and had a few more drinks, Bloody Marys (bloody awfuls, we call them). Then she came over to me and said, *"Slot machine number 7 has been paying off."* So I put in $50, hit $100, and gave her $20. I had one of those popcorn bucket-type containers full of silver dollars. I was sitting there with a drink. I looked across the bar and saw a very attractive woman, obviously a hooker. She looked at me and I looked

The longest line

at her. She moseyed up to me and looked at the bucket of change. She said, *"Honey, you can do one of two things. You can put that in the slots or you can put it in the sluts."* I looked at her, she looked at me, I finished my drink, pushed the bucket over to her and away we went.

Yet another time we were in Park City, Utah, doing a show. As fate would have it, Dan Haggerty of "Grizzly Adams" fame was doing a film up there. I had put him on the guest list but he didn't show up for the gig. About 3 o'clock in the morning, there was a knock on my door. I put a gun through it and said, *"What do you want?"* He said, *"You put that gun down or I'll shove it up your ass."* It was "Grizzly Adams." I let him in my room, he packed my nose, we talked very fast for a short while and then he left. There I was at 3 o'clock in the morning at a little hotel room running around the fucking room with a busy brain with nothing in it. The next day he was supposed to come to the gig but he didn't show. They had one of the stunt men abseil to his room and try to get him out of his room, but he shooed him away. He's cleaned up his act since then, as we all have.

There's a Mangler saying that the French dislike everyone and the Parisians dislike the French. Keeping that in mind, we were in a restaurant in Paris with record people years ago. We ordered our meal. There seemed to be a great delay. The waiters kept running back and forth and I kept trying to get their attention. So finally I started yelling *"Gendarme! Gendarme!"* Finally I got his ear and his ire. He said, *"Pardon me, sir, the word for waiter in French is garçon. Gendarme is policeman."* I said, *"Yeah, I want a policeman. There's a hold-up in the kitchen."* He did not get it, but what do you expect?

Coming back from Europe one time, the customs people decided to check Glen D Hardin's baggage. Glen D, by nature, is . . . impeccable — never a hair out of place, always

clean and tidy, wears starched shirts everyday. The customs guy opened his suitcase and immediately called all the others to come and behold. It was a work of art — his shirts were pressed and folded to perfection, with tissue paper between them; other things were in leather bags, arranged by size and color . . . If he had contraband in there, it would have been filed under "B" for booze or "D" for drugs.

The Nelson Touch

For a long time, Emmylou and the Hot Band were opening with Willie Nelson. The great "Poodie" was (and still is) the stage manager, the number one guy for Willie. I first met Poodie in 1977.

Emmylou's road manager[3] at the time, the drummer and consummate-asshole, had been having trouble with Poodie because we wanted to use Bobbie Nelson's piano. (Bobbie is Willie Nelson's sister.)

Our drummer/asshole couldn't get Poodie to agree to us using the piano. We couldn't have a drum riser either, because we were the opening act. Someone told me to talk to this guy Poodie. After about two minutes, I had a drum riser and a piano. It's just a matter of how you talk to people. Give respect. Poodie and I hit it off. To this day, we're still good friends. Our drummer/asshole got him so pissed-off that he wouldn't let him have anything.

Our piano-player then was Tony Brown, now he's president of MCA Records in Nashville. He was Elvis Presley's

3 I was, and still act as Executive Nanny/Stage Manager to Emmylou, not road manager to her band, although the interaction does sometimes require me to "pull rank."

piano player and was waiting at the airport for Elvis to start a tour when Elvis decided that death was better than touring. (Despite rumors at the time, Tony's piano skills had nothing to do with that decision.) Then Tony Brown joined the Hot Band as our piano player.

Columbia Records was giving a big party and they wanted Willie Nelson in attendance. They flew his band from a date we were doing. Emmylou was going to sit in with Willie. We were all flying first class and had all the first class seats except two. A little old lady and her husband were sitting there. Willie's boys got into a little food fight and were getting into mischief. Chris Ethridge fell asleep and they filled his mouth with whipped cream and things like that. They got into a pillow fight and threw a pillow that hit the little old lady right in the head. Boy, it got quiet and everybody whispered, *"Oh, no."* The little old lady slowly unbuckled her seat belt, stood up with the pillow in her hand and asked, *"Did Willie throw that? Can I keep it?"* Everybody laughed. I think Willie autographed the pillow for her and then everybody carried on being sensible, or tried to be sensible, or tried to be less stupid, or something.

When we did that party, Ray Charles was also there. I was talking to Ray about Etta James, told him that I had managed her, etc. He was a big fan of hers and of course, she was a fan of his. I was having a drink with Ray and I said, *"Hey, Ray, they dressed you funny today."* He said, *"What do you mean, Mangler?"* I said, *"Well, your socks don't match, you're wearing checked pants and a striped shirt, your shirts aren't buttoned right, and you're wearing very offensive colors."* He burst out laughing and said, *"You know, that may be a joke, but several years ago I had a quarrel with the guy that looks after me, and he did that exact same thing. When I went on stage, I looked like Bozo the clown."* How would he know?

On our last date on the Willie Nelson tour, Tony Brown and I wandered on stage during Willie's set. Tony was more drunk than I was. Tony went across the stage on all fours like a baby buffalo. Willie looked up, Tony mooed and went off stage. I was on the other side of the stage miming the harmonica solo in "Georgia on My Mind" with a buck knife while Mickey Raphael hid behind the amp and played the real part. The audience couldn't make it out, but they loved it and Willie loved it, too.

Posing with Tony Brown

Guzzling Guinness

A few years ago, we were touring through Ireland. Emmylou doesn't drink, but I do and everyone else in the band did, too. We were all Guinness fans. We were riding in our tour bus from Shannon to Dublin. They have a thing in Ireland

called licensing laws. Pubs are only allowed to be open at certain times. The earliest they can open is 10:30 in the morning. So we left about 8 o'clock in the morning on this long journey and at exactly 10:30, as if by a miracle, the bus stopped at a pub because we all had to go splash our boots. We got out and ordered eight pints of Guinness, took a pee, drank Guinness for about 10 minutes, then got back on bus. We drove for another 20 minutes and, *"Oh, we got to pee, Emmylou."* It didn't take her long before she realized she was on the "piss-and-pint tour," and she put a stop to it, but not before about 7 pees and 6 pints apiece.

Warner Bros. held a press conference for us in the executive bar at the Guinness Brewery in Dublin. I thought, *"This will be the definitive pint of Guinness."* As you probably know, the saying around the world is: "The greater the distance from the brewery, the less good the Guinness is," so the closest pub to the brewery must have the best Guinness. If you get a good pint in Killarney, they'll say, *"Oh, that's rubbish. You should get it in Kilkenny cause it's closer. It doesn't travel well."* Here I was about to have the ultimate pint. You couldn't get closer to the brewery than where we were. The lady took about 10 minutes to pour it — they like to tease you that way. They pour a little, chat with a regular customer, pour a little more, chat a little more, and so on. All the while you're waiting there with your tongue resting on the floor. I savored it and said, *"This is the definitive pint of Guinness,"* when a little wrinkled Irishman in the corner uttered, *"Oh, it's not that good. It's too far from the vat. It doesn't travel, you see."* Ooooh, the Irish.

Ireland's greatest rock 'n roll guitar player is Phillip Donnelly. He's a very large man. I met him in Nashville years ago. He played on some of Emmylou's records and now plays with John Prine. He's a killer guitarist. He has an unquenchable thirst for pints of Guinness. He used to say about

cocaine, *"I don't like it. I just like the smell of it."* I was told that he had given up drugs and drinking, had married a lovely woman, and bought a castle and a pub. She lived in the castle and he lived in the pub. I was at the last Wembley Festival (Emmylou was playing). Willie Nelson was there — his only trip to Europe, I believe. I went to the loo backstage and was waiting my turn to take a pee. There was a huge man in front of me and I heard a loud fart and somebody taking a toot. He had a can of beer in his hand and turned around. Of course, it was Phillip Donnelly, not on drugs and not drinking — honest. If you ever go to Ireland, you've got to find him. He's the "hostess with the mostest."

Phillip is the great Irishman who said, *"Oi tink, darefore Oim tirsty."*

A Spot of Bother

When you spend a long time touring with a band, there are times when things are not as sweet as you'd like. People get out of hand, some lose direction, personalities conflict, things rub. With Emmylou's band, personnel changes and long breaks between tours have done much to stop the pressure building up, but there have been times when I've had to let off steam.

Wayne Goodman was another guy who was in our band. He lives in Australia now. He was giving me some trouble one time and I had to take my buck knife out and cut him across the stomach just to get his attention.

Another time a good buddy of mine, Steve Fishell, was kind of stepping on my toes. We were at the Roxy in L.A. I grabbed him and punched him out. I knew the owner and he said, *"Do you want me to throw him out, Mangler?"* I said, *"No, Steve and I have worked it out."*

Emmylou and I were flying somewhere with the crew. Normally, our crew didn't travel with us. They usually traveled by truck with the equipment. We were all on the flight and they were getting a little out of hand when they started a food fight. The stewardess said to me, *"Look, if you don't control them, I'll have the FBI waiting for you at the airport."* I did what a Mangler's got to do. I went to the biggest guy in the crew, stood him up, punched him, and sat him down, thereby catching everyone's attention. I said, *"Look. I don't care if you put us in jail. But when you're fucking with Emmylou, you're fucking with me, too. So sit your asses down there and shut the fuck up."* That was the end of that.

Then there was John Ware, who was the drummer. Emmylou asked me not to kill him until after our tour because she needed him until then. The last day of the tour was his last day with the band. We were playing the last day of the Glen Campbell Show at NBC Studios in Burbank. I went across the street to Chadney's afterwards to have a drink and went after John Ware. He jumped in his pickup truck. I chased him through the parking lot screaming, *"I'll kill you, you son of a bitch."* He got away with it, and so did I.

One act of aggression that was unintended involved Don Everly when we were doing a show in Rotterdam, Holland, around 1980. I almost killed him. I was on the 20th floor of our hotel, looking out my window, when I saw Don and his wife walking outside in the rain. I thought, *"Here's a great chance to play a joke on Don."* I got a roll of toilet paper and threw it out the window at Don, like a streamer. As it fell, it gained weight (from the rain) and momentum. It just missed him and hit the ground like a brick. I raced out of the hotel, apologized to him and said, *"I can just see the news headlines: TOILET PAPER KILLS ASSHOLE."*

Ricky Skaggs

Ricky Skaggs played in Emmylou's band. He was just a little country bumpkin who didn't know shit from Shinola. To this day, his shoes still smell funny. He joined the Hot Band and was paid very well for his first day in the big time. He turned into the Monster of the Midway there. The oral majority. He's married to a lovely lady who I really care for. His father-in-law and his daughters are equally lovely.

Most people in the business are more than aware that I don't get on with Ricky, but the main problem I have with him is that he had bad-mouthed Emmylou in a magazine interview. I remember she said to me once, *"Don't be so hard on Ricky."* I said, *"He said a lot of things that are strictly out of order. By not saying anything, you're making a tacit acceptance of what he said."* She said, *"Point well taken."*

Ricky Skaggs, womanizing

Once we were doing a show in Mankato, Minnesota. We were driving to the airport in about four cars. I noticed there was a head missing. It was Ricky. We had to go all the way back to get him. Another time in Hamburg, Germany, we were taking a train and Ricky was left behind at the hotel again. Lord knows I tried to lose him, but he kept coming back.

On his first trip to Europe, we got off the plane in Germany and got in a taxi. He said, *"Mangler, dang. Look! They got Mercedes-Benz for taxis over here."* I told him that the batteries in his Walkman wouldn't work in Germany because Europe was on different electricity. True to form, Ricky bought some new German batteries and gave me the old American ones to look after until we got back on American volts. That's Ricky Skaggs.

Firm, Fair, Frank

I had just finished a tour with Emmylou when I got a call from a friend of Eddie Tickner who had something to do with the Zappa management firm. Zappa's road manager, Ron Nihota, had committed suicide.

The story is that Ron had spent $10,000 of the tour money on drugs and gambling during the first night of a tour. He had done a lot of coke which was a no-no in Zappa's band. And when I say drugs, I mean any kind of drugs. Coffee was the only permissible drug — the Zappa drug *du jour*. Anyway, Ron had cut his armpits, the soles of his feet and his crotch. He was bleeding badly. Zappa had a fellow named "Pancho" who was a bag-man — not the Vegas-type bagman, but he went out and did the luggage. He would pick up everybody's luggage in the morning and put it on the bus and then when he got to the next location, we would take it off, and he'd unload the equipment and put it in the hotel. He

had come around and heard someone moaning inside the room. John Smothers (Zappa's bodyguard) was standing with him. (Frank had been pulled off stage by an overzealous fan a few years before, and as a result had broken a leg.) John Smothers was a big, big, black guy with a bald head. He was very intimidating. (He owned a limousine company in Baltimore.) Pancho and John knocked on the door but couldn't get any response, so they got a maid to open the door. There was a stream of blood from the bathroom all the way to the door. Ron was lying there moaning, and John said, *"Say there, Pancho, you better get some mouth-to-mouth resuscitation there."* Pancho replied, *"Man, he don't need air, he needs blood."*

So I got a call from Zappa's manager, Bennett Glotzer, in June of 1977, asking if I could come that night to Arizona to take over the tour. I said I could make it the next day. They flew me to Baton Rouge where I met Frank. I was handed a briefcase with blood-stained accounts and road gear in it, all of which I had to sort through to get the tour on the road. As I said, Zappa was very, very down on drugs. He never did drugs and if you saw "Saturday Night Live," Belushi and the guys said, *"Come on out, Frank. Let's get high."* And Frank replied, *"No, I don't do drugs."* To this day, Frank uses a line that I gave him. He says, *"I'm not on drugs. I'm on duty."* Thank you, Frank.

We were playing in Chicago and staying at the old Playboy Club. A guy named Tex (a drum roadie who sometimes looked after Frank's kids, Dweezil and Moon Unit) and some others were sitting around smoking grass and they went and kicked in Pancho's door. They were all picking on Pancho. Security called me and told me what the problem was. I said, *"I'm very sorry about this. I'll look after it. I'll pay for the door. Put it on the bill. I'll pay for it right now."* I went back to Frank and said, *"I'm going to fire Tex. He's really taking the piss."* I went down to Tex's room and the guys all gave me a

lot of shit because they thought I was a fresh, new guy. They all knew the old road manager and were taking the piss out of me. I said, *"Tex, you're fired."* I told him, *"I got you a plane ticket for tomorrow morning."* He said, *"You can't fire me, man. I'm Frank's buddy."* I said, *"Look, I've been to Frank and he's backed me up and you're out of here. You've brought disgrace to Zappa."* The next morning he was sitting in the lobby, this big old Texas boy — a clean head (he used to be a redhead). He was sitting there with tears in his eyes. The crew were looking at me like I'm the ass. He was the one who had breached security and put Frank in jeopardy. He was out of order and I did what I had to do.

I looked at Tex, then went to Frank and said, *"I'd like to give him another shot at it. He's a good man, you know. Let's not condemn him."* He said, *"Look, you're the road manager, man. Go for it."* So I went to Tex and we had a little chat. I told him, *"All right, man. I'll cancel your flight. You're on probation."* He said, *"Okay. Thank you. Thank you, Mangler."*

So time passed and we were in Michigan. I was in my room and there was a knock on my door. I answered the knock and nobody was there. I looked down at my feet. The crew had slid two razor blades under my door. Nice guys, huh? Just then there was a lot of shouting in the lobby. One of the guys in the band had picked up someone's wife and taken her to the hotel and the husband showed up in the hotel with a gun. So we just cleared out of that hotel, got in the car and headed for the next gig. We headed for the airport and someone was interviewing me. Frank called me over and said, *"Look, be a legend on your own time."*

I was in one of those sticky situations with Frank once where we were on a small plane flying from somewhere to Ames, Iowa. We were supposed to catch a connecting flight to Minneapolis. We were scheduled to play at Bloomington

at an old, indoor arena there. When we landed at this little airport in Ames, we had to change planes real quick. I had to run inside and get the boarding passes for the next flight. It was really tight. So I got the boarding passes and was handing them out. One of the worst things that a road manager can have is too many boarding passes because it means that somebody is missing. I looked around and I could see Terry Bozzio and Patrick O'Hearn still sitting in their window seats, sound asleep, going off to Chicago! I told myself, *"Fool, you should have been the last one off the plane."* It was a no-win situation. If I was the last one off, everybody would have missed the connecting flight, but since I was the first one off, these two schmucks didn't make it. I ran back inside and told the airline staff what had happened and they called Chicago. I told them to get the two guys on a flight to Minneapolis, ASAP.

We made our connecting flight and got to Minneapolis. Normally, we would go straight to our hotel, but on this occasion Frank said, *"We're going to do a sound check, NOW,"* in order to make me look like the fool that I was. We showed up at the arena and went inside. We heard boom, boom, boom. There was the drummer, Terry Bozzio, warming up, and Patrick was there as well. What had happened was that they had landed in Chicago at a gate next to a flight that was going nonstop to Minneapolis. And the flight that we had connected with had a stop so they had actually gotten to the venue way before us. I just smiled and Zappa said, *"All right, Mangler, that's one for you."* Of course, I gave Bozzio and O'Hearn both barrels of "Manglerese," but in the end, we had a little chuckle over that one.

We got stuck in a bus on the way to a huge concert (125,000 people) in Saarbrücken, Germany. We were playing with Joan Baez, Ten Years After, The Tubes and others. I said to Frank, *"We got to get there two to three hours early*

because it's a small town." He said, *"Oh, fuck that."* So the tour bus got stuck in traffic. We were going through the traffic and I had my Wild Turkey sandwich.[4] I was sitting in the back and having a little drink. I went into the toilet which was located in the middle of the bus. Halfway through my piss, I jokingly started screaming and everybody was looking at me. I cried, *"Frank, why does it hurt when I pee?"* and everybody laughed. By the time we had gotten through the crowd to the venue, he had written a song called "Why Does It Hurt When I Pee?" scored all the parts, given it out to all the guys in the band and made them play it that day. Needless to say, the band told me to shut my fucking mouth in the future. The song is on an album called "Joe's Garage" and if you see that album, you'll find a credit on the back which reads, *"Special thanks to Phil Kaufman for asking the eternal question: Why does it hurt when I pee?"*

Halloween of 1977 found me in New York. I made myself up to look like John Smothers. John used to stand on stage in his karate gear with a broken hockey stick and scour at the audience as he tried to spot people making bootleg recordings with video cameras and/or sound recording units. If he found a culprit, I was sent out to do the heavy bit. But on this Halloween occasion, I had dressed up just like him, with ski hat and everything. I was on the other side of the stage and imitated him. He called me over and told me somebody in the audience was recording. I went out and at first I couldn't find the recorder. I looked harder and spotted two guys on either end of the center aisle and a third guy in the middle with a mixer. They were recording in stereo, and I caught them in the act.

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4 A bottle of Wild Turkey whiskey.

Frank motioned me on stage one day during the middle of a show at the Palladium. I looked at him and said, *"Me?"* He kept waving me on stage. The band was playing in the background. Frank was sitting there having a hundred cups of coffee. He kept an espresso machine on stage. Frank drank coffee only if you could chew it. So he called me on stage and I asked if something was wrong. He put his arm around me and told me to improvise with my trombone, and thrust the microphone into my hands. So I did it. Afterwards, he took the mike back and announced, *"Phil Kaufman, our Road Manager --- The Human Trombone."* The show was recorded. There is a video out called "Baby Snakes"[5] in which the magical sounds of my celebrated human trombone, backed

Zappa, on stage with The Human Trombone

5 Baby Snakes is a two-part video set, released by MPI Home Video. Phil's performance appears on Part 2 (2nd cassette).

by Frank's band, have been preserved for the world to wonder at, or at least wonder what the fuck is going on.

Adrian Belew was the guitar player on that tour, a real skinny guy who would dress up in a WAC[6] outfit. They used fog on stage and he would disappear and play the guitar. You could hear him play it, and he'd emerge from the fog on the other side of the stage. He'd crawl along in his WAC outfit. Those weird Zappa fans were always running up on stage looking up his skirt. Adrian Belew walked up to Frank at an airport once and whispered something to Frank. Frank stopped dead in his tracks, called me over and said, *"Fine Adrian $100. He said the B-word."* What he had done was he had whispered to Frank, *"Hey, Frank, this would be a good place for a BOMB, Ha-Ha."* Frank didn't think it was ha-ha at all. I had to fine poor Adrian $100 for that one.

We were playing in Portland, Maine, and they had just done a two-hour screaming boogie town. The crowd was going wild — you know how it is after a nonstop, two-hour set. The band walked off stage and I was standing in the back saying, *"Nice one, guys. Nice one, Frank."* Frank froze on the spot, turned to Patrick O'Hearn and said, *"That B was sustained,"* then walked away. Sometime during one song out of the long, two-hour set, Patrick had forgotten to linger on one note, and Zappa had caught it. He played the whole set with that in his mind, that one particular note had not been sustained. Firm but fair.

At this time, I had scraggly, long hair and a long beard and usually wore an old World War II coat and a baseball cap (and carried my briefcase with a bottle of Wild Turkey in it). One Monday, I went to a little bank in Bloomington to make

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6 Women's Army Corps.

a deposit. I had collected cash on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, so I had about $25,000 in my bag — maybe even more than that. I went in this little bank in Bloomington. The bank teller looked at me and the way I was dressed, and he panicked. The guard picked up on it and had his hand on his gun and kept an eye on me. All the people were watching me as the line moved up. When I got to the front, I pulled up to the counter. Everybody was staring at me, and I knew it, but I played like I was unaware of the attention I was getting. As I snapped the clasps on the briefcase and reached in, the guard came walking over. I angled the briefcase towards him — it was full of hundred-dollar bills. I said, *"This is a deposit, not a withdrawal."* Everybody was relieved and gave the old "whew" as he walked back. I had a real big chuckle about that.

I was working in a box office collecting money one day in Des Moines, Iowa. Des Moines was a great town, but it had one of the most vicious police departments at the time — you know, a Nazi-type police department. Perhaps they have nice cops in Des Moines now, but at that time, they had capital-A assholes. There was this captain who had caught a student with a little pot. The cops had him back there, and the police captain was giving him a lot of static, *"What do ya think yer doin', boy?"* The kid got a little snotty and said, *"I'm only a student,"* and the cop hit him on the side of the head and said, *"Well, you just failed attitude."*

In one of the places (I won't mention the city), the cops were really nice. At the end of the gig, I took Frank back to the hotel. I took the limo down to a little local bar. It was a rustic little bar. The police had recommended it. They said it was a good place to go and I was kind of a celebrity because of the backstage passes and all the shit that goes with that. Some cops were in the bar. One of them came up to me and sat next to me. We shot the shit in there for quite a while.

The guy left a paper bag for me and said, *"This is for you."* Then he left. He had left me all the drugs that he had confiscated from the audience. I said to the bartender, *"Jesus Christ, is this a setup or what?"* I didn't know what to do. I looked at the bartender and he looked at me and I told him, *"Put this in the bin, mate. I'm not walking out the door with these drugs."* Anyhow, there was no problem. I don't know what the bartender did with the stash, but I wasn't about to walk out with a bag full of drugs that the cops had given me. I may be stupid, but I'm not ignorant.

Carter-Cash

When Emmylou wasn't working, I had to ping-pong and work with other people. I worked for Carlene Carter. Mother Maybelle Carter was her grandmother, and June Carter Cash is her mother. The "Cash" means June married Johnny, so Carlene Carter is Johnny Cash's stepdaughter and her stepsister is Rosanne Cash. Got that?

Carlene was really the wild-child of Nashville, probably of the planet earth, and her good buddy was Annie O'Brian who wrote the cold hit, "Why do I Have to Sleep on the Wet Spot?" They used to terrorize Nashville, and I had been known on occasion to assist them. One night we were out in June Carter's Ferrari. They came to my house on 24th Avenue South. We went out and really drank to excess, and somebody at one of the clubs gave us an XTC pill.[7] I took half. The next thing I knew, I was dancing in a fraternity or a

7 XTC, pronounced "ecstasy," is a synthetic drug, also known as MDA2. Supposedly created to be used for psychiatric treatment, it is also known as "the love drug." It became a very popular recreational drug in the late '80s.

sorority at Vanderbilt University. That was the first and only time I ever took that and I will never do it again — honest.

I also went on the road with Rosanne Cash. She's the stepsister of . . . well, I won't go into that again. Either you've got it or you ain't. She (Rosanne) didn't want to do country. She was pushed into it. Now she has found her own roots. She's definitely a country lady but not necessarily doing country music. She was married to Rodney Crowell at that time.

I've always had a good reputation for working with women and I've always enjoyed Rosanne's work. She and I got along very well. I'm still a pal of hers. She was up-and-coming and did very well. She has always surrounded herself with good musicians and she has always been very picky and choosy about who she worked with. Some people just throw a band together, but she is very meticulous about the people in her band, not so much the personality of the members, but their ability to play her music. She worked with people like Waddy Wachtel and Larrie Londin. Everyone she has ever worked with has always been the best and suited her. I'm sure she's still surrounding herself with top class musicians who are empathetic towards her music.

On Course with Vince

Vince Gill played with Emmylou's Hot Band and with Rodney Crowell's Cherry Bombs, and I knew him from then. I was road manager for Vince a few times when he was the opening act for a band called Pure Prairie League, and I also took him to a record company promotion in Atlanta, Georgia. They were introducing two new acts: Vince Gill and a family team called the Judds (who have since become famous as a family team called the Judds).

For years I always said, *"Vince is the best kept secret in Nashville and someday, in about 10 years, he's going to become an overnight success."* I went away and came back and it worked. This happened with many of the people I worked for. As soon as I left them and went away, they became successful — Vince, Rodney Crowell, Rosanne Cash, and Marty Stuart. People should pay me to work for them so I can go away and then they can become famous.

Aside from music, Vince is an accomplished golfer (with a zero handicap). He has his own tournament. When Vince hits a ball, it comes down with ice on it. When you tee off with Vince, he goes first and waits for you at the third hole.

Vince's wife, Janice, is one of the two girls in Sweethearts of the Rodeo. She also makes Hawaiian shirts, of which I have a large collection (that's a large collection of shirts, not a collection of large shirts . . . although they are that as well).

Mighty Marty

Marty Stuart and I are good buddies. I met him when he was about 13 years old. Lester Flatt (of Earl Scruggs and Lester Flatt fame, the great bluegrass legends, "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" and all that) had this kid named Marty Stuart playing mandolin and fiddle with them. He was a child prodigy. Gram, Emmylou, Michael Martin, bass player Kyle Tullis and I went to Lansing, Michigan, to do a date. The Eagles were playing as our backup band, and they were all great fans of Gram. Anyway, this was my first experience of Marty.

I didn't see him again for many years. He married one of the Cash-slash-Carter girls and Marty and I got to be really close. We went on the road on a mini-tour with Jody Maphis,

Barry Chance, my old buddy Flip and a keyboard player named Anderson. We toured around with Mighty Marty.

On our tour, Marty and I did a lot of press work (Tulsa) and what have you. We played a lot of gigs. If you can picture it (Marty plays at packed houses in big venues now), Marty had booked us in an airport terminal, a little airfield somewhere. We showed up and set up the equipment, and only four little old ladies showed up. Oh, and some guy pushing a broom and pulling a mop. Marty looked at me and said, *"Hey, Mangler, what should we do?"* I said, *"We have an audience here. Let's do it,"* and Marty and his band played the entire show for four old ladies, one mop and one broom. They were probably the most responsive audience ever. They just laughed, clapped and slopped. The broom was swept away. It was a good feeling for all of us.

It was on one of those tours that we were in Little Rock, Arkansas. Marty and Jody Maphis introduced me to a quaint-yet-interesting young lady known as "Sweet Connie," who takes her rightful place in Chapter 7.

Marty has the greatest collection of rhinestones on planet Earth. He probably has a mine on Mars as well. He is Mr. Rhinestone. He has a collection of clothing from all the old, great bands of the '30s and '40s. A guy could retire on the value of all those old band uniforms he's collected. Marty carries on the tradition of the great old rhinestone cowboys from the days when they were really musicians (and not that thin, rhinestone-and-stetson bullshit that came later on). Marty was a great friend, as I was, with Nudie Cohen, the originator of that look. A gentleman (and I mean *gentleman*), Mr. Manuel, was married to Nudie's daughter. Manuel was the tailor and the designer of those magnificently outrageous-to-this-day rhinestone cowboy suits, merging the southern influence with the cowboy influence in his wardrobe and

boots. He has since moved to Nashville where I see him frequently, unless I'm not in Nashville, in which case I see him less frequently. You can always go to Manuel's and get a rhinestone and a good shot of tequila.

When I returned to Nashville in 1993, I hadn't seen Marty for five years. I walked into Bonnie Garner's office. Bonnie Garner was one of the head ladies at CBS Records years ago. Then she worked with Mark Rothbaum (who managed Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings). Now Bonnie Garner is a partner with Mark and runs Rothbaum-Garner in Nashville, and is also Marty's manager. Marty was in the office doing business on the phone. R.J. and Laura Owen helped me set him up: I greeted Marty the best way I could — I mooned Marty. I put my butt in the door and yelled, *"Hi, honey. I'm home."* He didn't see me come in, didn't see my face, all he saw was my ass grinning at him. He glanced at it and carried on with his business. That's my man, Marty, Smarty Marty, Mighty Marty. *He sho' dresses fine.*

Randy's Travesty

I was traveling with a group called Highway 101. We had toured all the way across Canada as the support act for Randy Travis. The two bands got along real well. It had become a kind of a tradition for the two bands to play a trick on each other at each gig.

On the last day of the tour, they rigged Cactus Moser's snare drum with flour and hung some filament wire from a beam onto his microphone. Cactus came out and as soon as he hit the drums, the flour flew up in his face. When he started to sing, the mike kept moving away. The pranksters thought they were hot shit because they knew that when we finished the gig, we had to go. We wouldn't see them again, so we wouldn't be able to strike back.

Highway 101

The Kaufman Rose and Bike Show

We would not let ourselves be outdone. When Randy Travis came out and did his first song, right in the middle of it, I rode across the stage on a bicycle, dressed in shorts, Bermuda shirt and baseball cap, and with a rose in my mouth; got off the bike, walked up to Randy, handed him the rose; got back on the bike and rode off the stage again. It brought the house down, and his manager, too. She exclaimed, *"I'll never work with Randy again."* And so far, she's right.

The Divine Divynals

The Divynals were an eccentric (to say the least) rock group from Australia. The lead singer, Chrissy, spent a lot of time backstage cutting the crotch out of her black tights. On stage, she wore a Japanese school girl's dress and those special black tights and carried a huge executioner's axe.

We were touring with a band called the Cult. The last day of the tour, we had a big party in my hotel room in Seattle. As tradition would have it, I always carried a gun, a loaded .38, next to the nightstand with the box office receipts, the money I had collected. The following day, I sent everybody off to the airport. They all hugged me and kissed me and said, *"Goodbye, we love you."* I went back to the bar and had a couple of wake-up Bloody Marys. I was flying first class — they loved me that much. When I got to the airport, I had a couple more Bloody Marys. Then I went through the metal detector. Bells rang, lights flashed. I had set it off. I said, *"I wonder what that's for? What the hell is this?"* They looked in my bag and found the loaded .38 and the money. Needless to say, I was immediately arrested. As a prank, the Divynals had taken my gun out of my suitcase and put it in my carry-on bag. The joke was on me. I got arrested. I did some real fancy talking.

Crotchless Chrissy with members of the Cult

Not only did I make a flight out that day, I made the same flight. I talked my way out of the situation. The airport police kept the gun, though, and they fined me several months later. When I got on the airplane, I got a lot of respect from the other passengers. They didn't know who that crazy man with the beard, the Bloody Marys and the gun was.

Bacardi Joe

In 1988, I got a call to go to New York. The call was from a friend of mine who was the tour accountant for Eddy Canlis, Joe Cocker, Randy Newman and a lot of other people. Joe Cocker needed a minder, someone to look after him. You know, the big lug that follows a businessman around and makes sure nobody beats him up. I flew to New York and did an interview with his manager, Michael Lang, who had organized Woodstock.

I met Joe and still thought he was a nice guy. (I remembered our brief introduction when I was managing/touring with Etta James.) He never drank during the day when he was working, but when he finished work, he really laid it on. If we had to travel anywhere, he'd always be in the back of the limo drinking and smoking pot. He didn't do anything else, didn't do hard drugs.

On my first day, Joe Cocker and I were on our way to Paris, France, to do press and TV, before the band joined us two days later. We were in New York, about to go to the airport (Joe used a regular limo service for these things). Joe drank Bacardi and Diet Coke — a "slimming drunk." His wife, Pam, always said to keep him away from the booze. So we got in the limo and the driver said, *"Hey Joe, look in the basket."* The idiot had bought him a quart of Bacardi and a bottle of Diet Coke. So by the time we got to JFK, Joe was pretty well oiled.

The flight was delayed and we ended up in the bar, because that's the only place he knew. Everybody recognized him and wanted to buy him drinks. I said, *"No, no, none of that."* Joe told them, *"That's all right,"* and started yelling at me. We finally got on the plane and were flying first class. He had those new Sony headphones that let you really go away with absolutely no outside interference. He had Ritchie Havens on there and was singing at the top of his lungs. I went to the stewardess and told her, *"You don't have any Bacardi."* She said, *"Yes, we do."* I said, *"Listen, you-don't-have-any-Bacardi."* She said, *"Oh, okay."* Joe was getting legless on the plane. He started singing, *"Jews and Darkies and Darkies and Jews."* Fucking hell, Joe! There were some old Orthodox Jews walking up and down the aisles, saying their prayers. I finally calmed him down and got him to sleep, when we landed in Paris.

He had been drunk all night. He woke up hung over and miserable (he's miserable anyway). We got off the plane. He was EEC and I was OTHER, so we had to go through different customs lines. I carried him up to the EEC window, gave him his British passport and pushed him through. I got through OTHER, and he was nowhere to be seen. Gone. The first day of the job and I'd lost him — couldn't find him anywhere. Then I heard someone snoring and there he was, lying on the floor asleep where the bags came out of the baggage claim. All the people were stepping over this big rock star to get to their bags.

Making a point with Joe

I got him up and we met with the record company people. They helped me get him in the back of the limo and we drove to the hotel. He was smashed. I put him to bed, then went downstairs where the record company people were waiting and did all the business: Tomorrow morning you pick us up at 8 o'clock, we go to this station, we go to that

station, we do this, radio, press, TV. I got his itinerary sorted out by about 2 a.m. I was more than ready to go to bed and Joe was waking up. It was 2 a.m. and Joe went down to the bar because he wanted to get drunk. I couldn't go to bed with him up, so I stuck with him till about 5 a.m., getting legless, then I put him back to bed.

Time passed. We'd done about four weeks, then we flew back to L.A. for 10 days. The next leg was Joe and I going to Oslo, Norway, to do the same thing we did in Paris. The day arrived. We were supposed to meet at LAX. (Joe lives in Santa Barbara, about 100 miles northwest of L.A.) It was also the day of the Academy Awards, the Oscar ceremony, so all the limos were booked. Joe had to go on time or they'd pull his limo. His wife called me. She said, *"Do you have Joe's passport?"* Frustrated, I said, *"No. He won't let me have it. He's afraid I'll lose it."* She said, *"We can't find it. We looked everywhere."* So I said, *"Okay. You get in the car and I'll call the British Consulate in L.A. and I'll see if we can't get him another passport."* I called the British Consulate and said, *"Look, Joe Cocker lost his passport and we have to be in Oslo. We have a flight this afternoon. Is it possible to get a passport?"* (In the meantime, he was in the car on his way to meet me.) The girl at the Consulate said, *"Oh, Joe Cocker? Does he sign autographs?"* I said yeah. So when he arrived, I took him to a photo booth to get his picture taken. I had him a new passport in 40 minutes. All these Jamaicans, Pakistanis, etc., were queuing and I got him a new passport in 40 minutes — a world record — all for the price of an autograph.

In the meantime, we'd lost the limo to the Oscars. They sent a van to take us to the airport. We went upstairs to Departures and they were already boarding. We had five minutes till boarding closed, and he insisted on going to the private airline club to get a few drinks. I finally got him on the plane. Same thing again, take two. We were in business

class this time. He had an aisle seat and I sat behind him. Joe was sitting next to a lady with a screaming baby. He was going crazy, so I changed seats with him.

We landed in Copenhagen, Denmark, where we had to change planes. I got him off the plane and sat him down. I said, *"I don't know where the gate is. You sit here and I'll be right back."* He sat in a little beer bar. When I came back, he had four beers in front of him. I took him to the plane to go to Oslo, and we were stuck with the same woman with the same screaming kid. We landed in Oslo, passed through immigration, had a beer or two outside the airport and went directly to the hotel, where . . . he'd lost his passport again. In 12 hours, he'd lost his passport twice, and he wouldn't let me carry it because he was afraid I'd lose it! I've never lost a passport in my life, not even when I was Harold True. They need your passport in Europe before you can check in at a hotel, so I had to go back to the airport to look around and try to find his passport. I found it in the mud. He had dropped it in the mud next to his beer glass. Back at the hotel, he went to bed. I did the same thing as on the last trip — all the work. And once again, I was ready to hit the sack, and he woke up and was ready to roar at 2 a.m.

Joe and I got to a point where he hated me. He tried to hide from me because I made him do things like eat his spinach and change his underwear. I had room service send food up to him. He'd say, *"I don't want any food."* I would reply, *"Joe, nibble."* I had to feed him because he wouldn't eat. He'd go in the shower and I'd sneak food on his table and hope he'd eat it. He liked shepherd's pie; sometimes he'd nibble on it. We had caterers with us all the time, but it didn't help much. I'd take him backstage after every show. He'd towel off, then before he did anything else, I had hot shepherd's pie waiting for him, followed by his Bacardi.

We always traveled together, usually separate from the band. I would sit in the front, and Joe would sit behind me with his foot kicking my seat, *"I want a beer."* I'd say, *"Fuck you,"* and he'd say, *"Fuck you."* The driver would be thinking, *"Why are these two guys yelling 'fuck you' at each other?"*

One time we landed in Switzerland and were taken to the hotel. I got him out of the limo and carried him into the hotel. *"Stand there, Joe, and I'll get your room."* It was the wrong hotel. He threw a wobbler there. I said, *"It's not my fault. The record company was supposed to meet us there but they missed us,"* so I threw a wobbler and they brought me a Swiss army knife as consolation. It does everything but yodel.

Joe was a lovely guy. When you got him on stage, he'd sing his ass off. But his stage performances also had an unseen Mr. Creosote[8] element. In the middle of a song, Joe would walk over to a bucket and puke. I'd hand Joe a towel and he'd take the towel and throw it on the deck because he didn't want me to throw him a towel. *"You asshole!" "You asshole, get back on stage." "Asshole!"* The next day, he'd say, *"I'm sorry. I was a right cunt last night,"* and I'd say, yeah. Then it really deteriorated. We went to Spain and Italy, and everywhere it was just a chore to carry him there. I'd sit in the bar with the band and try to stay away from him. He'd say, *"Fuck you!"* I'd say, *"Why don't you go to bed? I can't go to bed because you're up, YOU DRUNK!"*

We eventually sent for his wife, Pam. She is a good woman. She calmed him down a little. Then it was easier to take care of him. We flew to Madrid where we did a TV show. It was the show of shows. The presenter was a big,

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8 Mr. Creosote is a grotesque character in the Monty Python film "The Meaning of Life," seen vomiting into a bucket in an establishment restaurant.

beautiful woman who was really a transvestite, which was really outrageous for a Catholic country like Spain. Joe didn't know about her/him and I didn't tell him. They went backstage and he said, *"I think she fancies me."* I said, *"Oh, shit."* She laid a big kiss on him, with full tongue, and then I told him. He went crazy because he was hitting on a transvestite. He yelled at me, *"You knew all the time, didn't you?"* I said, *"No, I must have told you — honest!"* Ha, ha.

In Frankfurt, Germany, we reached an impasse. I couldn't handle him. I had had enough of him. He couldn't handle me. I said to the band, *"I'm getting out of here, guys. I'm out of here."* The band said, *"Don't leave us. Please don't leave us with him alone."* The band loved me, but the tour manager and I weren't getting along very well. He was very tight with the money. He was really, really bad news. Whenever I'd ask for money, he would say, *"What do you need it for?"* I'd say, *"Joe and I are going out. I need money. I'll get receipts."* He'd offer an amount which wasn't enough. I usually ended up spending my own money and would have to fight to get it back. The band took me to the airport in the tour bus, carried my luggage, bought my drinks. I had called my mates in London and told them I was really miserable. They are in the Harley-Davidson Riders of Great Britain club.[9] They said, *"We're going to France. We take the Hovercraft over. It's a great Harley run."* I said, *"You got an extra bike?"* They said, yeah. So that's when I quit. I went to France with my friends and stuck around in England afterwards.

Later, Joe and the band played at the Hammersmith Odeon in London. I went backstage to see the band and ran into Joe. He was with John Cleese. Joe looked at me and said, *"I'm a right cunt, aren't I?"* Yeah. He apologized.

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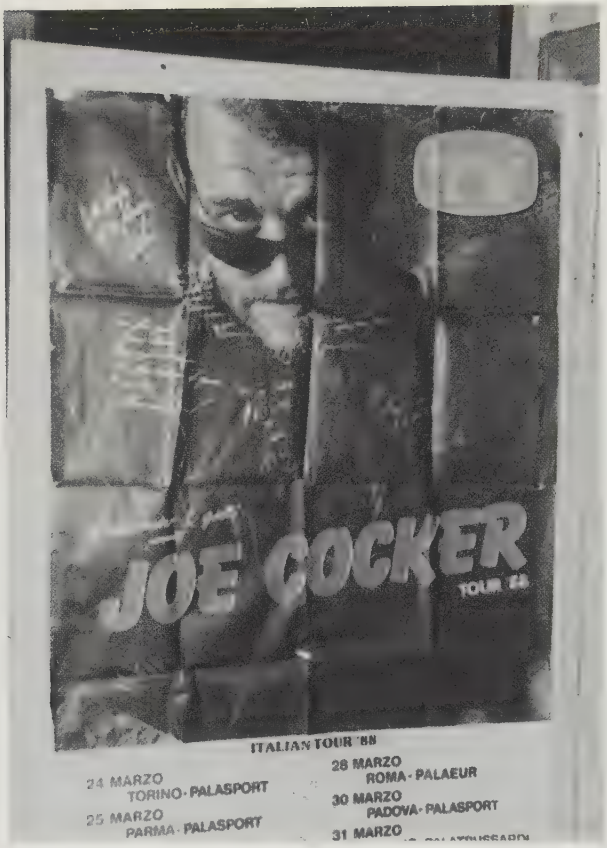
9 See Chapter 7 - "Harley Heaven."



Colin White

My farewell gift from Joe's band - Thanks, guys!

Record company people don't seem to understand their artists. They treat them like cars, fill 'em up, oil 'em and let 'em run. I remember a typical dinner with Joe, his band and record company people. The record people put a bottle of Bacardi in front of him. I looked at the band, they looked at me. We passed the bottle around and we all took some, so by the time it got back to Joe, there was only one drink left. They just didn't understand. Don't give him any booze — you're not doing him a favor by giving it to him.

6

AngloPhil & NashPhil

Phil moved to Europe in 1974, partly to escape from the constant reminder of the Gram Parsons tragedy and partly to spend time with his 4-year-old son. Armed with a backpack each (and very little else), father and son set up unofficial residence in London. Workless and penniless, Phil eventually secured the mother of all biker-jobs: Demonstration Fleet Supervisor for Harley-Davidson Motorcycles.

In 1976, it was back to the States and Road Mangling, to allow Orion to start school. After a spell of duty in Los Angeles and with a career interest still leaning towards

music and film, what better place to continue than Nashville, Tennessee.

Having once again beached in England after the aborted Joe Cocker tour in 1988, Phil renewed his affection with the motion picture industry, albeit in a slightly different form.

Merry England: Take 1

I was over in England in 1974, broke, and caring for my four-year-old son, Orion.[1] I'd never been able to spend much time with him until then. Although I hated to do it, I used to shoplift food with him so that we could eat. On one occasion, I was going to steal some bologna. I thought, *"Well, shit, man. You get the same jail for bologna as you do for steaks,"* so I liberated some inmates of the frozen meat department and stuck them in my pants (oooh, no wonder the dinosaurs became extinct when the ice age came). As we walked out of the shop, my body heat melted the feast, which slithered down my legs: I was leaving a trail of pork chops and steaks behind me. Orion, being the age of natural innocence that defies logic, was running behind me yelling, *"Daddy, daddy, you dropped your meat."* We only just got away with that one.

Orion and I used to take long walks together. We'd find an old beer can and take turns kicking it. We'd walk up to Mick Jagger's house on Cheyne Walk, call in, keep on walking, kick the can over the Albert Bridge, and then we'd go into the park and find another can and kick it all the way back again. One day, I found a little knitted cap in the

1 Orion Ackers, see Chapter 7 "And I Still Love Her" (Janet and Kaphy), and Chapter 8 "Kaphy."

kitchen of the house I was sharing a room in. I put it on my little boy when we went for our walks. People would laugh at us, and I couldn't figure out why they were laughing. I finally found out that he was wearing a tea cozy with his little hair sticking out of the holes for the spout and the handle. But it kept him warm.

A young lady who was squatting in Christchurch Street near Kings Road in the fashionable Chelsea area used to beg/borrow/scrounge money from me (when I had some). She was living with a gentleman named Chris Spedding, who had a hit with a song called "Motorbiking." One time just before I went back to the States, I loaned her £5. That was quite a bit of money at the time. Eventually, she moved on. A few years later, I had to call in at Warner Bros. for something. I saw her picture on the wall and inquired, *"Who the hell is that?"* They told me it was Chrissie Hynde. *"What's she doing up there?"* I asked. *"She's got a group called the Pretenders and they're doing really well."*

I bumped into some old friends of mine in London one day. I first met them way back when I went on the Fallen Angels tour with Gram Parsons. We played Liberty Hall in Houston. That night Linda Ronstadt and Neil Young were playing in town, and they all came to see our show. There was a local Houston boy named Rocky Hill, a guy who could play the strings off a guitar. He was the brother of Dusty Hill, the bass player with ZZ Top. We partied and had a good time. Then I didn't see them for a long time. Time passed, Gram died and all that. I was walking down Kings Road in Chelsea, right outside the town hall. It was November and freezing. There were two cowboys sitting on the bench outside the hall, wearing cowboy hats, short-sleeved shirts, jeans and boots. They were drinking those big quart cans of Foster's. I walked by and saw it was Rocky Hill and John Lomax III. Needless to say, I teamed up with them and helped Rocky

do his record deal, fixing him up with Rick Grech who had been in the group Blind Faith and who had helped Gram with his albums.

When they went back to the States, they gave me some money. They looked after me so Orion and I could live for a while and not have to shoplift.

At times, we managed to scrape together enough money to get across the sea to mainland Europe. We would hitchhike through France and Spain with our backpacks — Orion carried the peanut butter and jelly, and I carried the clothes. In Spain, things got so bad that I sold my blood to get the next meal. They paid by the pint so I kept saying, *"Más, más, más."* And they replied, *"No más."*

Harley Heaven

One thing London life allowed me to do was to devote time to a perpetual love — Harley-Davidson motorcycles. My good friend Tony *"Pops"* Bairstow, the king of Harley-Davidson flathead engines, helped me restore an old 1942 stick-shift, U.S. Army model, in full war regalia, which I rode around town with great pride.

Margaret Thatcher was Prime Minister. Her residence was right across the street from the garage where we were building our bike. During the winter season, the bobbies would come into my garage where they could keep an eye on Her House and I'd give them a cup of tea laced with brandy or rum.

In England, regular cops don't carry guns. The Special Branch, who do carry guns, took over guard duty on Lady Maggie, probably because of the increasing IRA and other terrorist activity at that time. However, there was a period of

Riding the '42 Harley, OEV 622

transition when local cops and Special Branch alternated the duty. It was really funny when they'd come in — the "changing of the guard," if you will. The outgoing cop would take the gun out of his pocket, dust the lint off it and give it to the incoming cop who would, in turn, put it in his pocket. They shared a gun and nobody had any holsters. I don't know who was in charge of THE bullet.

I became the press officer for the Harley-Davidson Riders of Great Britain, who meet the first Thursday of each month. A group of us were racing home from a meeting one night, when we came to one of those British roundabouts that seem to infest every road in the country. I dropped my pride-and-joy on that roundabout. It skidded across the road and came

to a halt some distance from me. The guy on the Kawasaki that I was racing asked if I was okay. I walked up to my bike to check it out. It was on its side, the spark had retarded, but it was still kicking over. I said, *"Wait a minute, man,"* jumped on the bike and continued the race. We raced to Parsons Restaurant (another local hangout, run by two friends — Lawrence Buckley and Lyle Ireland) with other Harleys chasing. I was going across sidewalks and one-way streets. I won the race with a cop car right on my ass, with his siren going full blast. The cop pulled me over and all my mates said, *"Hey, officer, he's an American. He doesn't know any better."* The cop ordered my friends to stand back. He told me to get in the car. He looked at me and said, *"Jesus Christ, Phil, you've got to slow down. You're going to hurt somebody."* It turned out that the cop was one of the guys who guarded the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Northern Ireland from a stool in my garage, armed with a cup of laced tea and half a gun. Once again, the Mangler got lucky.

Another time, coming back from a meeting, I got stopped by a policeman for wearing a World War I helmet. He told me my headgear wasn't accepted by the DOT[2] as an approved protection device. I said, *"You mean you sent our boys off to war and the helmets were unsafe?"* He looked at me and politely suggested, *"Fuck off, Yank."*

The only motorcycle club that I've ever belonged to is not so much a club, but more a gathering of mates with a common interest. (The Harley Riders is not a club; it's a religion.) I was invited to prospect for a couple of other clubs, but declined. (Prospect means undergo a year of hell. It's like pledging a fraternity but with 50-weight oil and more butch.) We are called the "Widows." We have a patch that shows a

2 DOT is the Department of Transport, a Division of the British Government.

spider with eight legs. There are eight of us. There is Jeff *"The Beast"* Murphy, Mark *"Big Bucks"* George, Tony *"Pops"* Bairstow, Martin *"No Show"* Hare, Dave *"Guitar"* Heggs and Road Mangler Me. If you've done your mathematics, you'll see that's only six: two legs stay open.

Phil Kaufman

Widows Martin Hare, Tony Bairstow, Mark George, Jeff Murphy

I used to frequent a little public house called The Beehive where Tony Bairstow was living. One day, I ran into a character called Clayton Day. He was the most educated man I'd ever met, yet he still had sensibilities about him and was a good piss artist.[3] Clayton had studied business at Yale University. He was a sculler and rowed. He came to England and rowed against whoever you row against in England. He went to Oxford University and rowed against whoever Oxford rows against. When he completed his business studies at Oxford, he went back to the States and went to Harvard Business School and rowed on the River Charles against who-

3 Piss artist is British slang for drinker.

ever Harvard rows against on Chuck's River. We called him Commander Chrome. He was the head of Harley-Davidson, Great Britain.

Clayton said there was one thing he had learned in all his years of business school and that was how to keep a good expense account. I believed him. He saw my Harley gear, asked me if I was into Harleys and I said yes, that I had been riding Harleys for years, that I was in the Harley-Davidson Riders of Great Britain, etc. He told me he needed a guy to look after the Harley-Davidson stock he had. I thought, *"Come on. This guy's taking the piss. This is Candid Camera."* But it wasn't. He was indeed the head of Harley-Davidson and did indeed give me a job at AMF Harley-Davidson. We got in trouble because we were always inking out the AMF logo. I have no AMF tattoos, just pure HARLEY-DAVIDSON, thank you.

Me with two beauties outside Harley Heaven

Clayton did well. He dressed well and knew how to drink. He gave me the title of Demonstration Fleet Supervisor. I had 28 Harley-Davidsons, from X-90s up to Super Glides, Electra Glides and Sportsters — I had them all. The most difficult aspect of the job was having to make two decisions everyday: 1) Which bike to ride; and 2) To which pub. Clayton would drive by my pad and say, *"Are you coming to work?"* And I'd say, *"Is today payday?"* He'd say, *"No, it's not."* So I'd say, *"You'll see me on payday."* I'd run-in the new bikes and service them. If they needed to demonstrate one in any part of the country, I would ride the bike to wherever and give the demonstration, trying hard not to fall down (two-wheeled vehicles are very dangerous for drunks). I gave a new meaning to the term "driving."

I remember one day coming around the corner on an Electra Glide in front of the Old Chelsea Potter and all my mates were sitting there ragging me, saying, *"Hey, man, what's happening? You have another hard day at the office?"* and all that shit. I was laughing so hard I dropped the bike. It was so heavy I couldn't pick it up. I just left the bike there on the road, went around the corner, grabbed another one, and came back. They appreciated that. It was the disposable Harley syndrome. Clayton and I tied for who wrecked the most bikes. I got the worst accident award. He smashed up a couple of times. He'd get hit by a car or run into something and just leave it in the road, then Tony Bairstow would collect it and he'd get a fresh one.

Once I was roaring down the M1[4] from Newcastle where I had just opened a new Harley dealership. I led a parade with the American flag and me on a new Electra Glide. It was pissing down with rain. As I approached Newport Pagnell, I

4 M1 (motorway) is the main north-south highway in England.

noticed a cop Range Rover over a bridge. I slowed down to 70 mph, which is the speed limit in England. At that very moment, the front mudguard came off, throwing both me and the bike onto the M1. I was on my back, spinning, and the bike was on fire. Having been a stunt man saved me because I knew not to tumble. I just laid on my back and rode it out. I barely managed to push myself away from it. The bike was a total write-off, but all I got was a little asphalt, a little highway burn on my butt. Tony came, and once again picked me up, and took me back. We junked the bike and, the next day, we went to collect another one. We called in to the local pub for a beer and ran into Clayton. He didn't even say, *"Hey, how are you?"* He just looked at me and said, *"Dropped another one, Mangler? Here, have a drink."* I LOVED that job.

Phil Kaufman

"Bronco" (left) at the nerve center at HD-GB

At that time, I was building antique Harleys in a garage on Flood Street in London. Being associated with Harley-Davidson, I'd send telexes to Milwaukee for special tools and parts. They would reply with, *"Hey, what the hell do you need that for, man? We stopped making that bike in 1943,"* or something

like that. But we tricked them every once in a while and ended up with a good set of equipment.

Clayton was something of a jock. He was a good lad. He was like a blond Sam from "Cheers." Clayton got more ass than a toilet seat. I usually got the other end. Clayton always wanted to be called Bronco. I said, *"Come on, you're not Bronco. If you're Bronco, I'm Leftie."* So he called me Leftie and introduced me as Leftie. There are still people in London who know me as Leftie, but nobody ever called him Bronco. I don't know where he is now, but if you're reading this book, Bronco, get in touch and let's go drinking and drop a few Harleys.

Liberating Europe

I joined the Military Vehicle Conservation Group along with stunt man and friend, Jim Dowdell (who abseiled from a helicopter into a churchyard for his wedding). In 1976, we all went back and re-enacted the liberation of Paris. We assembled in Southampton. With so many military vehicles going back, it looked like World War II after tax. There were British, American, French and Dutch vehicles: trucks, bikes, jeeps, tanks, ducs, everything — no German, although I'm sure they were involved. All the guys were dressed up like World War II soldiers, even though a lot of them hadn't even been born when that war was on. We were the MPs — the military police — because we had khaki Harleys. We had sirens and drove up and down the long convoy heading toward Paris. We'd camp out, bivouac, overnight. We would go in front and stop traffic, let the convoy through and then catch up with the jeeps, tanks, trucks and what have you. It gave me an ideal opportunity to pull up ahead, stop at a bar, put my feet up and have a few glasses of *Chateau la Frenchbière* while the trucks went by, then hop back on the bike again.

The road to Paris

It was difficult getting English beer in France (it can be difficult getting anything English in France). I brought half-gallon tins of Ruddles beer which I'd painted olive drab, and I had stenciled "U.S. 50 WEIGHT OIL" on them. We went through customs with no problems (we were better armed, better equipped, anyhow). At night, people were amazed to see Jim and me sitting by the campfire, drinking gallons of 50-weight oil which, in fact, was Ruddles Rutland Brewery Beer.

To this day, we still have those vehicles and they still do those enactments. I hope to do it again one year. My bike is still in England, waiting — and so is the Rutland Brewery —

although when we got to Paris, we found it had already been liberated.

The Hard Rock Cafe

Another one of my best London buddies was Isaac Tigret. He was one of the two founders of the original Hard Rock Cafe. He and his partner Morton came up with £6,000 each to open up the first Hard Rock Cafe at an old Rolls Royce showroom in Park Lane, on Hyde Park Corner.

Isaac and I became good friends through the years. One time we were sitting in one of his bars. There was an English barman there (surprise, surprise). Isaac and I were having a couple of drinks when suddenly he had to leave. He told the barman, *"This guy's money is no good here."* He said goodbye to me and left. I asked the barman for another beer. He said, *"I'm sorry. I can't serve you."* I said, *"What do you mean?"* He said, *"The boss said your money is no good here, so I can't serve you. You'll have to leave."* I couldn't believe it. I said, *"Let me explain to you exactly what that means. It means my money is no good here. You don't charge me for what I drink."* Sometimes the English are a little s-l-o-w, as in 1776.

In 1976, the U.S. Bicentennial year, the Hard Rock Cafe had a big party and I was a guest of Isaac. The cafe filled up quickly that night. There was a large queue around the block. As soon as it was full, they closed the door and put a "Closed for the Night" sign up outside. We stood around a table wrapped in American flags saying, *"Happy birthday, America,"* and Isaac announced, *"Everything is on the house tonight."* God Bless America.

Homeward Bound

When Harley-Davidson closed the U.K. operation, Lawrence Buckley, Lyle Ireland and I were all hanging out together in London. They were running Parsons Restaurant. They had never been to America and wanted to go there, so we saved up our money. We bought a Mark 10 Jaguar, the biggest Jaguar ever made, a beautiful old 1965 model in mint condition. The reason we bought that particular model was because it didn't require a smog certificate in the U.S.A.. We flew to America, had the car shipped over, and drove across the country. I showed them America and they loved it.

Lawrence and Lyle were also failed smugglers. While Lawrence was in Parkhurst prison on the Isle of Wight, they taught him how to work with bricks — how to make them and lay them.

When we arrived in L.A., we didn't have much money, so we formed a company called Brix. One of our biggest jobs was Penny Marshall's and Rob Reiner's house. We constructed walls and all that. Lawrence, Lyle and I started a patio building business. They seemed to all end up costing $1,000, so to this day, we use the term "patio" to mean $1,000. (When I came back from England the second time, I was broke and Lawrence asked, *"You need a couple of patios?"* He gave me $2,000 to live on. What a wonderful guy.)

Things progressed and we went from bricks to carpentry. Then we got in with some people who were making studios. About this time, Etta James came by and I left to pursue my musical deviation with her. But eventually Lawrence and Lyle tied up with Paul Reynolds, another good buddy, and they formed Waterland Construction. Waterland Construction builds recording studios. They've done A&M Records,

Condor, and lots of other big recording studios in L.A. They've really done well for themselves.

When we first left England for America, they said, *"What do we do when we get there?"* I said, *"Just get a big sack and fill it with money."* They never moved back to England. They're still in America now, 11 years later, these two guys who came over for a weekend. Recently when I was in England, I got a call from Lawrence. He said, *"I've got a problem."* I said, *"What is it?"* He said, *"My sack is full. What do I do?"* I said, *"Get another sack."* He said, *"You always had the right answer."*

Nashville Cat

Despite Nashville's stereotyped image, this haven to the music maven has much to offer to someone who has overdosed on the false hype of urban California and lost his tan under the gray skies of London. Phil moved to where his immediate future lay and discovered a new set of friends, a new set of values. But all would not work out the way it was intended . . .

I moved to Nashville in 1977. It's a great city. It's got a university, several colleges and is the state capitol. It has everything from sinful music to Bible-thumpers, and it all coexists without hassle. People don't seem to get in each other's way. People are very gentle. You can cash a check in Nashville without any I.D, but don't tell anyone. I have an old beat-up car. When I come to a stop sign, the panhandlers look at me and throw money at me. You meet great people there. I did have some reservations about the place at first. I didn't know if I could adjust to a town that had more churches than bars. Happily, Nashville turned out to be "boozer friendly." I feel so comfortable in Nashville. It's the

Cowboy Kaufman (1975)

regular guys, just the people you meet everyday that makes it there.

If Nashville has a litter problem, then the litter manifests itself in the form of demo tapes. If you are even remotely connected with the music industry, people will walk up to you and give you a demo tape. A taxi driver will give you a demo tape. Waiters have demo tapes. When a cop gives you a ticket, he also hands you a demo tape with it. Everybody's got a demo tape. I never buy blank audio cassettes, I just use some from the pile of demo tapes I've collected.

In Nashville in the 1980s, there was a very famous songwriter who hadn't had a hit in a long time. (*"Only one such songwriter?"* you may very well ask.) He rode this big old white El Dorado. (The first thing the "country people" do is get a Jew Canoe — a Cadillac.) I saw him sitting outside a liquor store next to a pizza place. I said, *"Hey, what's happening?"* He said, *"I've got a dilemma here. I'm broke and they've got a sign here for people to deliver pizzas."* I said, *"What's the dilemma?"* He said, *"I don't know whether to apply for the job or stick the place up."* He did neither and has since written another hit.

I had a personalized license plate on my car in Nashville. It read "PH KAUF." There was never any problem with it, bearing in mind the alternative pronunciation. I tried to register the same lettering in L.A. years later, but they never fell for it.

My personalized license plate

Hooter is an old buddy of mine, originally from Patterson, California. He arrived in L.A. with a girl called Kristen Delaure. I had hired her to work for Emmylou, doing baby sitting and secretarial work. She now manages 12th and Porter, one of Jody Faison's clubs.[5] Hooter was doing construction work and I was a road manager. I showed him the ropes of road managing. He got a job as a truck driver for the Everly Brothers, and ended up being their manager and road manager, added his own character to it and became one of the best ever. Thus let it be known to all of musichood that Hooter got his basic training from the Mangler.

One year, we threw a St. Patrick's Day party. We bought 100 pounds of corned beef and a cabbage patch. The party lasted for about three days. It was a party to remember. People in Nashville still boast, *"I was there."* It drew about 200 people, but 400 people swear they were there.

Brown's Diner

The mecca of the Nashville genteel is an establishment known as Brown's Diner. Brown's is owned by a man named Jim Love, of all things. The diner goes back to the 1920s. It's a mecca for songwriters, singers, musicians and drummers. It's very funky, all the original filth you could want.

There are two entrances to Brown's. First and foremost, there's the music people's entrance, where you take your life into your own hands going up the wobbly steps. The railing is like a trick railing; if you lean on it, you'll fall down. Then there's the back or rear entrance, shaped like a toilet, which

5 Jody Faison owns a number of nightclubs in and around Nashville. These include Joe D's, the Iguana, Faison's, 12th and Porter and The Love Pub.

Colin White

Brown's Diner

Colin White

Lube-job parking

Colin White

Chez Brown

we call "Chez Brown." This leads to "The Emerald Room," an add-on section that songwriters and musicians very rarely go into. It's where the hoi polloi go and eat their burgers while us others, we stay on the Brown's side. For all of you Andy Griffith fans, Ernest T. Bass once threw a rock through Brown's window (songwriters' section, of course) and it is still sitting on the bar to this very day.

When you pull up to Brown's, avoid the corner parking place, the one in front of the kitchen extractor fan (you'll know the one from the grease oozing down the wall), unless you need a lube job. In that case, lift up the hood of your car, and when you come out, your car will have been lubricated with burger grease. Inside, the food is equivalent to what's going out the fan.

It's a great place, run by Terry Young. He's been there since dirt was invented. The bartenders have been there forever: Kimbro works Sundays and Gordie works nights. All the great songwriters go there — Nanci Griffith, Emmylou Harris, the Everly Brothers, anybody who comes to town, y'all got to have a burger and a beer at Brown's. I'd been away for over four years and when I came back they yelled, *"Hey Mangler, where you been?"* The same guys at the bar, same attitude, probably the same burger on the grill.

The ongoing theme for Brown's is etched on the men's room wall. It's something we all live by. It says, *"If assholes had wings, this place would be an airport."* That sums it up. It is pretty funky. The toilets in the songwriters' part are even worse. In the ladies' room, my old pal Barbara Thompson wrote above the toilet roll, *"For a good time, call Phil Kaufman,"* along with my phone number and, believe it or not, I got a few calls from that.

The center of culture, charm, charisma and colic, Brown's is the place to go.

Bar Mangler

I part-owned two bars in Nashville. One called "Caps," the old "Captains," was on Hickory and Nolansville Road. I put some money into it, several thousand dollars, then went on the road. When I came back, I went to the bar, my bar, for a beer. I went in and the guy behind the bar said, *"Can I help you?"* I said, *"Yeah. I'm the owner."* He said, *"You're not the owner. I'm the owner."* As soon as I'd left on the tour, my trustworthy partner in the venture had sold the bar and skipped town.

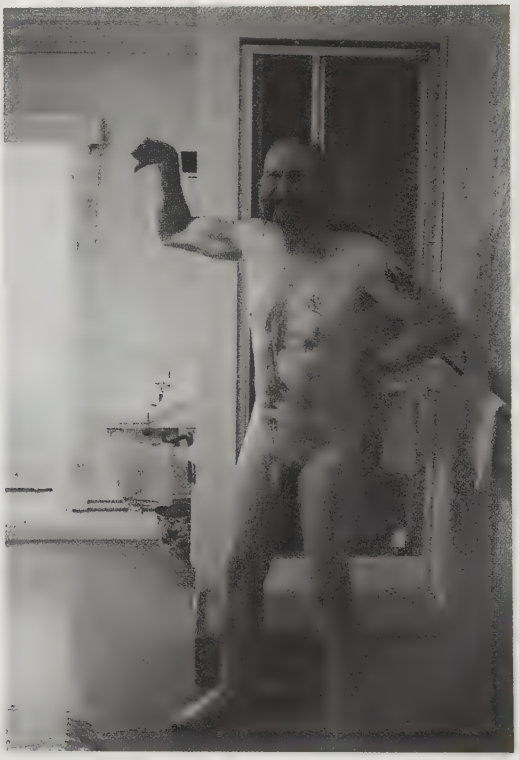
The second bar I was part-owner of, prior to its opening, was the Douglas Corner Cafe. One of the partners and I didn't get on very well. He kept saying he was dying, but I didn't believe him, unfortunately. I made the mistake of selling my share of the business. The partner's name was Mark and he did die. R.I.P.

A Pint-or-two with Pinto

There are more than a few people who have been in Nashville for years and have yet to "make it," but should have made it already. Know what I mean? One such character is Pinto Bennett (Freddy Bob Bennett), as in "Pinto Bennett and the Famous Motel Cowboys." Another guy in Pinto's situation is one Mark Germino. He is a poet, in the sense of Bob Dylan. Then there's Mac McNally, another man who has yet to make it. He's a poet and his music is excellent. It's just further proof that the masses can indeed be asses.

I met Pinto at a now-defunct bar called Maud's Cafe. It was a froufrou bar. I don't know what we were doing in there. We ended up very drunk the first time I met him. We were trying to outdo each other by comparing tattoos. I

showed him my collection, and he looked impressed. But then he opened up his shirt. He had a full peacock tattooed across his chest, so we called it a draw and got drunk. We've been getting drunk a lot ever since, but to improve efficiency, we don't count tattoos anymore.



Phil Kaufman

Pinto Bennett - the naked truth

Pinto comes from a flock of old sheep farmers in Idaho. His father left him a town called Bennett, Idaho. It's halfway between nowhere and nowhere coming back. The town consists of a bar, a rodeo arena and a little post office. The signs on either side of the town read, "Bennett, Idaho. A six-pack and piss away." It's that attitude that has kept Pinto going. He's going to make it one day, even if it's only for his song

writing. He's the author of the great song, "Honky-Tonk Asshole."

There's a lot of people in Nashville like Pinto. They don't lack the talent, they lack cuteness. Country has gone cute now: Clint Black is cute, Billy Ray Cyrus is cute, Lyle Lovett has since become cute. The quality of the music has gone down, but the cute-factor has gone up. On the cute-ometer, Pinto scores a zero, but on the talent-ometer, he's a 10 plus. You can do a lot worse than have a pint-or-two with Pinto.

Gains and Losses

When I first moved to Nashville, I bought a log-house home in Nolansville. It was repossessed. I rented a house in Nashville proper, at 1812-24th Avenue South. The doorbell played Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture. Eventually, I lost my house in Nashville. I lost my credit cards in Nashville. My virginity was lost several years prior to that and I didn't find that in Nashville, either. One day, my collection of flamingos disappeared. All my neighbors helped me try and find them: the telephone installer, the department of water and power, the gas company, the mailman, all went looking for them. A mailman finally found them half a mile away in a Vanderbilt University fraternity house. Some guys had stolen them. I got the cops out to supervise the bust. *("All right. We know you got flamingos in there. Come out with your peckers up.")*

Most of the time I lived in Nashville I was working for Emmylou Harris (although I did other tours and shows as well). She provided the regular employment that I needed to maintain mortgage, mistress, son and supper. Emmylou quit working back in 1985 or 1986. She temporarily retired. It was then that I left Nashville, or rather it was then that I lost Nashville. I lost or sold everything I had. In fact, the garage sale signs said, *"Nothing's too sentimental"* and *"Money talks*

and I walk." Hank DeVito came by and bought a few bits and pieces and wrote me a check for $3,000. I loved that man. I needed the money so badly; Orion was going to school, and the bills were mounting. I moved back to L.A. for a while, did some short tours with other bands, then went back to England.

Now that I'm back in Nashville, I go to people's homes and see a lot of my old memorabilia, bits of the Mangler that I sold off nearly a decade ago. It's good to see that it has been looked after, probably better than I could ever have done — definitely better than I had done.

Merry England: Take 2

After leaving Nashville, and following the Cocker tour, Phil returned temporarily to the world of motion pictures. He was ready to give the British film industry the benefit of the Movie Mangler . . .

I lived in England between 1988 and 1992, mostly in London. I also stayed on Jim Dowdell's farm in East Sussex, down in a place called Robertsbridge, near Battle.

In London, I was a squatter for 18 months. I stayed in one place for 13 months and another one for 5 months. Both were in Kensington, near Shepherd's Bush. I christened one "Sir Walter Squat" and the other "Randolph Squat." I rented the garage out at £50 a week to some people who were storing sports cars. Not only was I not paying rent, I was making a clean £100 every two weeks off the place.

The Advertising World

Jim Dowdell introduced me to Barney Edwards. Barney is known as "Barmy" Edwards. He has a reputation for being a bit of a loony but, like all great artists, he's really brilliant, too. Barney owned EBS Productions, and we were known as "Barmy's Army." Wherever Barney went, we would follow. We did a lot of commercials over there. I was the 2nd Assistant Director and second unit 1st Assistant Director. Complicated, huh?

Then I became the production coordinator for lots of things. We filmed in Israel, Germany and Hong Kong. We made a lot of good commercials. We did Ford commercials in Hong Kong and Israel (the Dead Sea, Jerusalem, etc.). I was Assistant Director. It looks like Encino[6] with guns. Everybody's got a gun. I didn't like it. I didn't like the Israelis. They've been under a state of siege since 1948, and their attitude is understandably pushy.

Just before I returned to the States in August of 1992, we were doing a commercial for the Trustee Savings Bank in England. They had girls and men dressed up as houses for the audience of prospective house buyers. They'd come out dressed as bungalows, town houses, fixer-ups and what have you. All the big banking people, agency people, clients, big cameras and cranes were there. Right in the middle of this very heady commercial where everyone was very arty-farty, walking down the runway (it was a runway like a burlesque show with the girls dressed up as houses in different stages of being built) came the three of us — the two art directors, Liam Leary (world's largest leprechaun) and Tony, and me —

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6 Encino is a city in Southern California with a large Jewish population.

dressed up in drag, carrying six-packs of Mexican beer. The banking people couldn't believe it, nobody could believe it, but we pulled it off. At the end of our act, somebody started laughing and then everybody else started laughing. It brought the house down. It eased the tension because we were under a bit of strain to get that down.

The TSB gig

I worked as Assistant Director to Barney on a film for research on leukemia in children. We were all volunteers. We donated our time, the film, the laboratory, everything was donated. We were working a 24-hour shift one day and, about the 20th hour, we had a male actor who came in and

was diagnosed in the film as having leukemia. He went for chemotherapy. As the film progressed, he lost his hair and went through all the problems associated with that disease. He had a young girl, 15 years old, with him. She was not an actress but was a leukemia patient. After about the 20th hour of this filming, her father came to me and asked me how long we were going to be. I asked Barney how long it would be. He told me to find out what the problem was. I said to the girl's father, *"It's going to be a little bit longer. Is there a problem?"* Her father said, *"Yes, she's having her leg removed tomorrow."* The amputation was part of the therapy and that young girl stayed up and worked for 24 hours just so people could learn the problems associated with that disease. It brought a lot of lumps to a lot of throats.

Barney is very good to his crew, actors, etc. I had a bit of the Hollywood idiocy that complemented his lunacy well, and it all worked out very well. Barney and the EBS Productions army are still out there. Roll on!

When I wasn't working with Barney, I was production manager for Trevor Smith's Animal World in High Wickham. I handled a lot of exotic animals and also did production work for Trevor. We handled everything from mosquitoes to water buffalo. That was fun. Trevor was known as "Clever Trevor" because he was one of the few people who could work well with animals. He always had little secrets that other people didn't know. For instance, in a commercial made at Shepperton Studios for the British Butter Board, there was a scene where a polar bear came out on an ice cap. A rose came out of the snow and the polar bear came over and sniffed it. The dialogue was, *"Suppose you never smelled butter, suppose you never smelled a rose."* Nobody knew how Trevor got the polar bear to do this. I found out later on. He simply rubbed rancid meat on the rose and when the rose

came up, the polar bear caught the scent and went over to sniff it.

Trevor taught me a lot about handling animals, rodents and reptiles. Recently in L.A., I was asked to handle six stunt rats for a studio — rodents have had bad press, like Hitler.

In 1992, I was working for "Uglies," a character actor agency in London. They hired me to go to a boxing arena to work on a video for a pop star. I showed up at the arena in my suit and took a seat in the boxing arena. There was an empty seat next to me reserved for the star. The star turned out to be Chrissie Hynde, and I was playing her date. I remembered her squatting days in London years before, and the way she used to sting me. When she arrived on the set to do the video, she sat down next to me. I leaned over to her and whispered, *"You cunt, you owe me 5 quid."* [7] She said, *"You'd trace me anywhere, wouldn't you?"* We're still good pals even though she wears leather but doesn't eat it.

Soldier

We went to work on a Ford car commercial in Hong Kong. The ad was for a German firm, working out of an English production company, and I was an American. Of course, I wasn't being paid since I was just there to help them out (thank you, Mr. Taxman). I had just arrived, and I met up with Chris Aberdien, "Soldier" to his friends. He was one of the highest paid character models in England. He did the series of Marmite commercials that went, *"Whose mate? Your mate, my mate, Marmite."* Any Brits reading this book will know that one. He also did Budweiser Beer commercials

7 Quid is British slang for "pound," the unit of currency.

(which most Brits won't recognize) and lots of other commercials (that some people will recognize if they've seen them before).

Soldier had a twin sister that was born five days before him. His mother gave birth during the London Blitz in World War II. She gave birth to a girl and they rushed her out of the maternity ward during the bombing. She kept complaining of abdominal pains, and Soldier turned out to be that abdominal pain. He signed up for the Royal Marines when he was 15. He started in the cadet corps as a drummer and bugler, joined the Marines proper at 16, and became a stealth fighter. He did three tours in Vietnam. After the Vietnam War, he transferred to the Australian Royal Marines as a master sergeant. One time he got busted when they were steaming into Sydney Harbor in a submarine. Everybody was standing at attention and this snotty-nose ensign got on Soldier's nerves, so he threw the ensign overboard. Soldier was court-martialed and reduced in rank. He re-enlisted and, because of his war history and all that, they accepted him back. Later, he served as a mercenary in Angola and spent several years in Saudi Arabia teaching the Arabs how to the fight in the desert. He wears a medallion that was presented to him personally by the King of Saudi Arabia. We became good mates when we both worked for "Uglies."

Soldier likes to bend elbow[8] as well as bodies. The British film crews are some of the best piss-artists in the world. The British film industry is the only setup I know of where film crews have a bar on the lot. All the studios have pubs and everyone goes drinking at lunch time. That's standard. But we were in Hong Kong, not London, so every night we'd

8 To "bend elbow" means to drink.

With "Soldier" (who else) in Israel, 1992

give up rolling film and go out and try to find a good bar without the compulsory fried rice.

Soldier disappeared on one such expedition and I went in search of him. I searched all night but didn't find him. The next day, he appeared and told us all that he had found the ultimate bar in Hong Kong. He was right. It was owned by an Irishman who had been there for 40 years. The man was so fat that he couldn't get behind his own bar — he employed a Chinese guy to run the bar, and he flopped about on the customer's side. He had a jukebox that played stuff from the '50s and '60s. We'd go into the place and get *"reg-less,"* and

I mean *"reg-ress,"* and sing "American Pie." We'd be singing and dancing. We had found the only Irish pub in Hong Kong. It's called Thingummy. The Irishman also ran a betting shop in there, so it was even better than a great pub.

In my broke days, which were quite frequent, Soldier proved to be the ideal drinking partner. He knew I was broke and took me to an automatic teller where he took £100 out, handed it to me and said, *"Here. You take it. That's for you."* That's the kind of guy he was. (Of course, we drank it all away.) He helped me pay the rent, when there was rent to be paid. He ended up working for EBS Productions in security — the ideal guy for the job. If it was too heavy for the mule, Soldier would shift it.

The Phil Kaufman Club

I was having a quiet pint one day when somebody came up to me and said, *"Have you seen the NME?"* I said, *"Who is the enemy?"* He said, *"No, no. NME, The New Musical Express.*[9] *There is an article about a club in London called 'The Phil Kaufman Club'."* I said, *"Get outa here."* But it was true.

I called the venue and asked what was going on. They told me, *"Phil, we were trying to find something off the wall. We were looking for somebody to name the place after, somebody who is dedicated. Not 'The Jimi Hendrix Club,' but somebody who is responsible for getting people around, and we wanted to have a club with that name."* They made me an honorary member. It was at the Falcon Pub in Camden Town, North London. I think the club lasted about as long as my sobriety.

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9 The New Musical Express and Melody Maker remain Britain's foremost contemporary music papers.

THIS CHARRING MAN

THE PHIL KAUFMAN CLUB
AT THE FALCON, LONDON, NW1.
MEMBER
ADMISSION NOT GUARANTEED!

The New Musical Express article

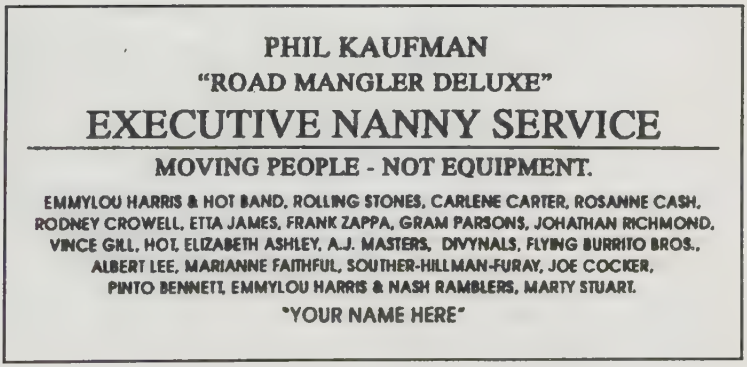
But it was fun. It was listed in the newspapers as "The Phil Kaufman Club."

It was nice to know I had my own club, although it was more like a stick than a club.

Phil Kaufman left London and returned to Los Angeles in late 1992 for approximately 6 months, at which time he started work on this book. In spring 1993, he returned to Nashville to continue Road Mangling and to await publication of his earth-shattering autobiography.

7

Doin' What Comes Naturally


PHIL KAUFMAN
"ROAD MANGLER DELUXE"
EXECUTIVE NANNY SERVICE
MOVING PEOPLE - NOT EQUIPMENT.
EMMYLOU HARRIS & HOT BAND, ROLLING STONES, CARLENE CARTER, ROSANNE CASH, RODNEY CROWELL, ETTA JAMES, FRANK ZAPPA, GRAM PARSONS, JOHATHAN RICHMOND, VINCE GILL, HOT, ELIZABETH ASHLEY, A.J. MASTERS, DIVYNALS, FLYING BURRITO BROS., ALBERT LEE, MARIANNE FAITHFUL, SOUTHER-HILLMAN-FURAY, JOE COCKER, PINTO BENNETT, EMMYLOU HARRIS & NASH RAMBLERS, MARTY STUART.
"YOUR NAME HERE"

Spousal Arousal

I've been married three times. I really had no business being married, as no doubt these three temporary Kauf-spouses will confirm.

The first Mrs. K. (Nancy)

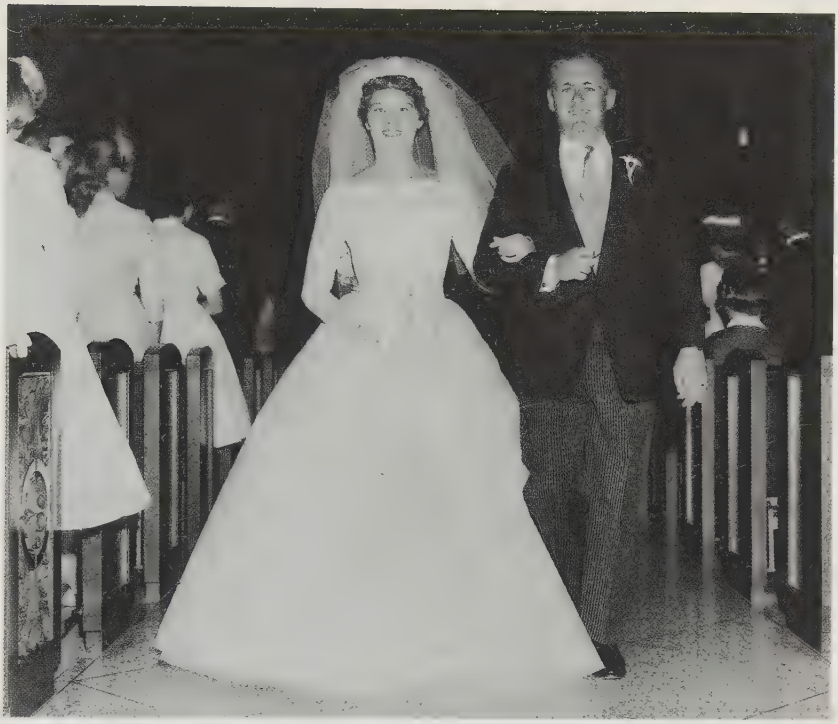
The first marriage was serious. It was to a girl named Nancy Miller, a lovely little girl, and in retrospect, I think we were both just horny. She was a virgin — virgin-on-the-ridiculous when she was on me. It lasted about six months. I was completely irresponsible: It was 1960, I was just out of the Air Force, going to college, working in films, tending bar and just having a good time. The poor girl. She didn't deserve me. Nobody deserves me.

We sat in our house and divided up the property. Then we traded things. Her father hated me so much that he gave me $100 a month alimony. I was going to college at the time and really needed money, so I got $100 a month for one year just to be done with the marriage.

Mrs K., too (Sharon, I think)

The second marriage was even shorter. It effectively lasted about 5 days. Sharon, or Shannon, was her name. Her grandfather was the cook on "Wagon Train" (a popular TV show in the '50s and early '60s) and she was a "stunt-cunt."

Amphetamines were not illegal at that time; you could go down to your local chemist and get a pill or two. We were having a big party at my house one day,



Walkin' down the aisle with the first Mrs. K. (1960)

a great party, with a lot of those little pills to keep your eyes wide open all night. All the Hollywood fasties and smoothies were there. There was a cute little girl that my friend Tony Foutz took downstairs and boffed.[1] Then she came upstairs and looked at me and said, *"Hi, Phil, what are you doing?"* We were all wired. I said to Sharon-or-Shannon, *"Hey, do you want to get married?"* She said, *"Okay."*

We got in the car (my fiancée, good friend Bert Maggio and me) and were driving like maniacs. We

1 "Boff" is British slang and means to have sexual intercourse.

stopped at a gas station and I said, *"How far is Vegas?"* The guy looked at me and said, *"Man, you're going in the wrong direction."* When we finally got there, we had the shakes and were throwing up. We must have been a pitiful sight going into the town hall to get married. I borrowed Bert's wedding ring. We were in there filling out the papers, and my bride looked at me with her cute little eyes and said, *"What's your last name?"* I told her and she said, *"How do you spell that?"* And that was it. After the ceremony, Bert grabbed her, sucked on her finger and took the ring back. Then we went back home and had a big party. That was in 1965. The next week, we split up and had an annulment party. She came with her new boyfriend and I came with my new girlfriend, and the annulment party was twice as good as the marriage party.

We were still legally married at that time, of course. About two or three weeks later, she said she wanted a divorce. I was penniless, so she sold one of her horses and gave me the money for the divorce. Bert and I took the money and went to San Francisco where we got drunk for a week. I spent all the money and forgot to get the divorce. She eventually sent me the papers and got the divorce when I was in prison.

Years later I met her by chance after I got out. It was in the Troubadour in L.A. (I was doing a concert with Etta James.) I walked up to her and said, *"Hi."* She said, *"Who are you?"* I said, *"I was your husband."* *"Oh, yeah, what's-his-name."* She still didn't remember my name. So much for love and marriage in Hollywood. I can't think of her name, either . . . Sharon, or Shannon, or something. I don't know if she had a last name.

The Celebrated Mrs. K. III (Michele)

And then I was married more recently to an English girl. It was a *'wink-wink, nudge-nudge' marriage. She wanted to live in the States. She was a little Yorkshire lass . . . tight as a drum. She'd squeeze a nickel till she got buffalo shit in her hands. I met her in* L.A. with my English buddies. She said, *"I'll marry you. Will you marry me so I can stay in the States?"*

We flew to Las Vegas and got married in 1989. (She said she'd pay all expenses there and back.) We were in the airport and I said, *"Do you have a ring?"* She didn't. They sold wedding rings at the Las Vegas airport. She looked at one and said, *"This is nice, but it costs $20!"* Then she said, *"Here's one for (shock) $17."* They showed her one for $6.77 with tax. I lost my rag, *"Buy the God damn thing! Get the ring!"* She gave me the ring and off we went to get married. Afterwards, we had an hour before the flight and I said, *"Let's go in the casino."* At the casino, I was playing the slot machines and she asked me, *"What happens if we lose, do they keep it?"* She wasn't a very s-m-a-r-t girl.

We got back on the plane to Burbank. I was having a drink and she said, *"You're not going to have another one, are you?"* I said, *"Don't you start!"* I had a couple of drinks on the plane . . . they only cost A DOLLAR each!

I went to England and got my residency. My wife stayed in my house in L.A. while I was in London. Now I'm back here and she's back in England. We're not still married, but I'm still a resident of England. Rule Britannia.

And I Still Love Her . . .

Besides my rather disastrous marriages, I have had wonderful relationships throughout my life. Some of my "old ladies" have already been mentioned as the various adventures have unfolded. To straighten the record, or perhaps more appropriately, to record the straightened, here are the best loves of my life — in order of alphabet, not preference.

Angela . . .

Angela was a lady from London, although she is American now. She had a heart of gold and a mouth of brass. She could talk your dick down. But we had quite a fling and I still see her to this day. And I still love her.

Diane . . .

Another one of my great loves was a nurse named Diane. I was in London and nurse Diane had been a friend of Michael Clarke, who was with the Byrds, the Flying Burrito Brothers, Firefall and is currently with Fall Down. She called me one day. I was living in Terry O'Brian's pub. She came and spent about five days with me, very fun-filled days. We made love and toured England, and toured love and made England. And I still love her.

Ellen . . .

I met Ellen in London when she was 16. She was an American girl, born in Havana, Cuba, where her father was the head of the Latin American division of Paramount Pictures. She spoke fluent Spanish. She was going to high school in London when I met her. I

used to pick her up on my Harley. I was 40, a dirty old man. We had quite a fling. She's a wonderful lady, and is now doing very well in the music industry. And I still love her.

Geraldine . . .

Geraldine, a pretty little Irish girl, came into my life in a pub called The Kensington, in Kensington, London. "Lady Shh" (see later) and I had wound up our act and I was having a few slurps. Geraldine drank a lot — that's an asset where I come from.

I found out that she had been in the same room when her boyfriend had been blown away with a shotgun, right in the stomach. She was still dealing with that when I met her. I was her first lover after the death of her boyfriend. (I sure can pick them, can't I?) We'd be making love, get hot and heavy, and just as we were climaxing, she'd call out a dead man's name. Wow. It was kinky and weird, but I still love her.

Janet . . .

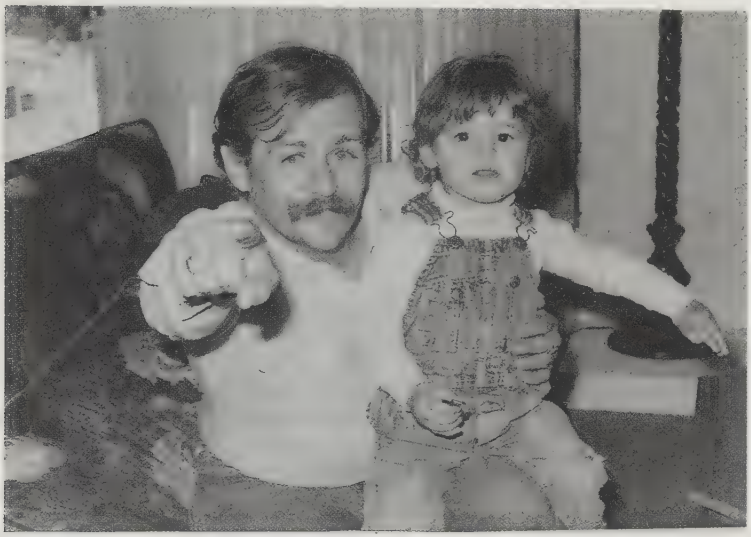
I met her when I came out of prison. My friends had a party for me at Allan Swerdloff's house. Janet Ackers was the lady who thought I was a cop. Janet and I fell madly in lust (after she found out I was far from being a cop). She had a boyfriend, David, who was a musician. He was fooling around on her, she was fooling around on him, so I fooled around, too. When I came out of prison, I really needed someone. I was very fortunate to have Janet be that someone. Janet cared about me a lot and we were great lovers. Whenever I wanted to make love, Janet was there. When you first get out of prison, you have very strange sexual habits. You've had none and you're trying to get back into

With Janet (and "Backdoor" Bill Maxham sneaking in)

the mainstream of fooling around. She was always there to help me. God bless her.

Janet is the mother of the heir to the Kaufman throne (my Last Will and Testicle reads, *"Everything I haven't fucked, drunk or spent goes to my son Orion."*), heir today, gone tomorrow — "heir today, gone to Maui," I should say, as they are both in Hawaii now. By the time my son Orion was born (1970), Janet and I had split up. She had a new boyfriend. She was in England when Orion was born, and so was Orion. At first, I didn't know if he was a boy or a girl. I got an incorrect message, and for three weeks, I thought I had a girl. When I first met Orion, he was six months old. I was waiting for Janet and Orion to clear customs and immigration at LAX. The doors opened and all these angry people were coming out. I didn't know what the problem was. Then came Janet with this scream-

ing kid. It was a riot. She said, *"Here's your fucking kid."* I didn't see her for a couple of days. She needed a little time off. Our little boy is now nearly 6 feet tall and weighs about 220 pounds.



Here's lookin' at you (my son Orion with his dad)

Janet was, and still is, "beige." There are a lot of fair-skinned people in her family. Her brother, Timmy, is whiter than I am and has blond, curly hair. There was some hanky-panky in there as well as in my family, so Orion's traits are a continuation of that.

When Janet went off to England years ago, I took up with a lady called Juliet. We had quite a fling. There was a child at issue which Juliet held me to believe was hers — sorry, mine (I know it was hers). Through the years, I always had doubts about being the real father because Juliet had had an affair with a friend of mine around the same time that we started taking up. Juliet went out with this other guy for one night and I'm sure that this is his child. She thought he was a bit of a jerk.

For years, I thought I had two sons. My father thought he had two grandsons. As the child (Ian) got older and I saw both him and his real father, the similarity was striking. The kid looked as much like me as much as I do a Klingon. So it was not my child. I have one son, Orion, and he is my main man. Love him to death. But Ian is not my child. Janet was one of my greatest loves. I still love her and she sure makes good baby — that's B-A-B-Y (singular).

Kaphy . . .

Kaphy is, or was, Kathy Miles Logan. Now she's Kathy Miles Kelly. At the time she was with me, we all called her "Kaphy" in imitation of Orion's pronunciation of the name. She was my old lady at the time Gram Parsons died. We had a very bad falling out at that time and split up. Bruce Logan, her husband, (the English gentleman who filmed "Airplane" and "2001") and another friend of mine, "Backdoor" Bill Maxham (if you had a girlfriend, you had to lock the backdoor or Bill would be sneaking in to her), came to my yard one day. I had been over to Bruce and Kaphy's and did something to offend them.

The two guys came to my house that night to do me harm. I had been drinking pretty heavily. When they came in my yard, we had a knife fight, and I cut them up pretty bad. My son was with me. I went back to bed pretty beaten up from the gravel and all that. I was so tired that I didn't even know that a SWAT team had been sent to my house. The police came into my yard armed to the teeth, looking for me. My next door neighbor, Allan Swerdloff, asked them what was going on and the cops explained, *"Stand back. This man cut up some people."* My neighbor said, *"Well,*

listen. I was here. I heard the whole thing. They attacked him." The cops, helicopters and SWAT team left and I never knew they had been there. The next day I woke up and everyone in the neighborhood told me about the excitement.

Kaphy and I had a big fight. Her brother came over and we had a fist fight. Then years went by. I went away, came back, called Kaphy, we had a chat, worked things out and we have remained very good friends since then. When I came back from England in late '92, I called Kaphy, went over and saw her. She's doing very well. She's doing make-up and hair on the TV show "L.A. Law." She's got a nice house and has done very well, probably because I was the one who introduced her to the film business. I told her I needed a car and she said, *"Here, take this one,"* indicating the one in the driveway. She gave me her car.

And despite all the aggravation of the past, I still love her.

"Krazy" Kathy

"Krazy" Kathy Kingston was the first girl I ever actually lived with. That was in Panorama City, California, in the '60s. She was a big-breasted little girl. We were taking a lot of uppers and being sensible. I decided to go to Hawaii to visit a friend of my mine who had a bar there. Kathy and I were bartenders and had both worked at The Brother's Three in North Hollywood. (The bar is no longer there.) There were cheap flights from Burbank to Hawaii, so I took Kathy.

We got to the old Burbank airport terminal and, thinking we were booked on a direct flight, went up-

stairs to the tower room to celebrate. We drank a lot of martinis, and Kathy took some downers because she was frightened of flying. I got her on the plane and she passed out. We landed in Oakland where we had to change planes and there I was with this slobbering, drunk, pill-head on my first trip to Hawaii since the military, carrying her around the airport. She was falling down, her stockings were falling down and that was it.

We finally got to Hawaii. She ran off with a Hawaiian guy to live on a pig farm. I don't know where she is now, but I think I still love her (and her pigs).

Laurel . . .

Laurel was living with me in my house on Chandler Boulevard in L.A. "Backdoor" Bill Maxham was living in the back house. True to form, Bill used to sneak in and service Laurel whenever I wasn't looking. One day she got up and snuck in with him. When they woke up the next morning, they couldn't get out because I had nailed my backdoor to his backdoor. I thought about setting the place on fire, but decided it wasn't worth that much bother.

There's an old song, "I fall in love too easily." I think it's true, and I think I still love her.

Lyse . . .

Lyse was a working cowgirl. She roped and did things cowgirls do. We had known each other a long time and then got together in Nashville. We fell in love and decided to go steady, or rather to give steady a try. Unfortunately, she graded on the curve, and I didn't make the short list. She's gone, but I still love her.

Margaret . . .

Margaret Fisher was Gram Parsons' girlfriend when he died. After he died, she moved in with me. Kaphy and I had broken up. It was a very ugly situation for a while. Margaret had always had problems with drugs and Gram, and Gram had drugs.

Years later when I was touring with Marty Stuart, I went to a hospital down in Florida where she was a patient. I took her out and we spent the day together. I found out she had a chemical imbalance in her system. It wasn't the drugs that were causing her troubles. She had a physiological and chemical problem. Beautiful girl, so misunderstood. I loved her and she loved me, and I still love her.

Paula . . .

Then there was Paula. I met her at the Tavern On The Road in Nashville. She was applying for a job. She was a great songwriter and a redhead (as opposed to a redneck). I asked her if she was a natural redhead. She said, *"Honey, the hat and purse match."* We went out to dinner, went to my house, had a couple of drinks and got in bed. We were just about to make love when she looked at me and threw up all over me. We cleaned up our act and got back to the business at hand. She and her 12-year-old son moved in with me.

She left me for one of her son's playmates, a boy about 18 or 19, but I still love her.

Rocky . . .

In the '70s in L.A., I had a live-in lady named Rocky. Rocky took the stage name of Elise Hudson and I was Clark Edsel. Hudson and Edsel. We didn't do much.

Rocky was on "The Gong Show." She sang Willie Nelson's song "Crazy," wrapped in a straight jacket. The week before, she had won first prize in a talent contest at the Palomino. Because of that, she got a deal with Universal Pictures where she did the film "Melvin and Howard" about Howard Hughes and Melvin the gas station attendant. In the film, there's a song she does on TV. She wrote it for me. It was called "Motlow's Lament," Motlow being Lem Motlow, the "Proprietor" of Jack Daniel's. The hook of the song is, *"You took me to the dance, but Jack Daniel's took me home."* And I still love her.

Lady Shh . . .

And then there was . . . . . , who I shall refer to as "Lady Shh" to give the book an element of intrigue, mystery and smut. Lady Shh is an American girl who lives in London. I met her in a pub in London one night when I was house-squatting in Kensington. I asked her, *"I'm going to a concert. Would you care to*

Having fun with "Lady Shh"

join me?" We went to the concert, then I dropped her off on a corner by the pub. She said, *"Do you mind if I come home to your place and have a drink?"* I thought about it for one millisecond and said, *"No. Why not?"* She stayed for 13 months. I didn't know what she did, but a beeper kept going off in the middle of the night. I would say, *"What is that?"* At first she told me she sold beepers, but later she confessed, *"I'm a whore. I'm a prostitute."* I said, *"Oh, shit. Do I owe you anything?"*

Lady Shh likes to tell the story about the time she had just come back from a business engagement. She was on her way back to the flat, the squat. She stopped off at an off-licence[2] to get a bottle of champagne. She gave the gentleman in the shop a £50 pound note. The guy looked at it carefully, then announced, *"This note is counterfeit."* She said, *"My God, I've been raped!"*

She called me a "pussy-holic" and accused me of being a "hobo-sexual," i.e., a bum fuck. She told a friend of mine, *"Fucking Phil was like playing with yourself but having somebody to talk to as well."* Someone else asked her once if I was a good lay and she said, *"Not really, but he has a cute little way of getting on and off."* I got a call from her recently — we talked international smut for ages. She is a very funny girl. I lived off her body for over a year, and I still love her.

Trish . . .

Trish Warr's daddy owned and still owns the original Harley dealership in London. Trish's father and I never did get along very well, but she and I got on

2 Off-licence is the British term for liquor store.

(and off). She was about 16 or 17 and I was 30-odd. We really got it on (and off) if you know what I mean. One time when her folks were away, we went upstairs and made love on her father's bed. When we were finished, I threw the condom under his bed. Everybody in England knows that story. It was symbolic because Fred had fucked everybody else for so long, and I knew the reciprocation would be appreciated by my motorcycle mates. I still love her, too.

Vitinia . . .

The most thrilling love of my life was Vitinia, which is Fijian for Virginia. Virginia McCue is her name. I met her when she was 16 and fell in love with her. We went our separate ways, and when I went back to New York some years later to do an interview about the Charles Manson thing, we fell in love again.

Then years later I was doing a show in Australia. She was in San Francisco. As fate would have it, she was heading towards New Zealand and I was heading back to the States. We decided to meet in Fiji and spent ten

Vitinia in Fiji

of the most magnificent days making love and scuba diving. We kept going down, and not always in the water. And I still love her.

The Mansonettes . . .

Then there were the Manson girls. In fact, I did it with all those girls who turned out to be murderers. I loved them then, but I don't love them anymore.

Well, I guess this shows that me and my ex old-ladies are still tight — and I hope they are, too. One of my favorite females at the moment is Zoey. Zoey lives in L.A. and jumps on top of me whenever I'm there, never nags and is docile and obedient. What else could a man want.

Laurie Boucke

Best of friends - Phil & Zoey

Comin' Up . . .

I got into skydiving at the time I was starting in the movie industry. Can you imagine? We'd get wired and jump out of airplanes and do really sensible things like that.

My first jump was at Lake Elsinore, California, and my first instructor was Tony Lima, also known as Leaping Lima. Tony Lima, the leaping postman. Back in those days, they weren't very strict about skydiving. Officially, you had to do five static line jumps, then you were allowed to go out and do a jump and pull, then you would progress to greater heights and longer delays before you had to leave your parachute. On the day in question, Tony had been putting people out. When it was my turn to go, he said, *"We're out of parachutes packed with static lines. Do you want to do a free fall?"* It was my first jump. He said, *"Just do the same things I've been teaching you. Jump out, get stable, grab the rip cord with both arms, pull it out and then open it."* I was the last one out. Normally, you're the first one out if you're the student. We were at 3,000 feet. The pilot said, *"Okay, we're coming over the drop zone."* He looked at me and said, *"Where is your static line?"* I said, *"They ran out of them."* He said, *"You shouldn't jump,"* and just then, I jumped out of the airplane. I think I'm the only skydiver that never ever made a static jump.

Another time, I was with my buddy Tom Prendergast and we had been drinking. We tied my girlfriend up in her bed, stole her car, and went skydiving. Tom only had enough money for him to go to 7,500 feet (which is a 30-second delay), and I could only afford 5,000 feet (a 20-second delay). We were drinking in the plane. The higher you go, the more drunk you get (at altitude, the oxygen is thinner). So I was sitting in the doorway of the plane in my parachute, and we were getting closer and closer, and Tom was spotting, looking out the door for the target area, giving the pilot

instructions as we approached the landing zone. We got over the target area and he said to the pilot, *"Okay. Cut the engine,"* then turned to me and said, *"Okay, Phil, out you go."* I said *"Oh, no man, No jumps today, I'm too drunk."* He said, *"No, you're going!"* then put a boot to me and kicked me out of the plane. I was on my back, looking up, and he was looking down and waving his finger at me. After a few seconds, I turned over, pulled the rip cord and fell into a clump of shit on the ground. I'm still living happily ever after.

Yet another time, we were skydiving and only one of us had an altimeter. A jumper named Bob Bouquor[3] was photographing Tom, his cousin Ernie and me. All of a sudden, we looked down. It's insane. When you're skydiving, people often ask, when do you pull the cord? I usually answer with, *"When the people look like ants, it's too soon and when the ants look like people, it's too late."* Well, the ants were starting to look like people, so we pulled our rip cords and were on the ground in about eight seconds. It was very scary. We got grounded for that one. Rightfully so, the clowns that we were.

. . . Goin' Down

After a while, I changed sports and became a scuba diver. I completed my first course, my "Open Water," in Hawaii, although it wasn't quite planned that way.

Emmylou and her husband Brian were divorcing and fighting over child custody. All divorces are ugly. Nobody says, *"Boy, did I have a great divorce. How about you?" "Yeah,*

3 Bob Bouquor died at Malibu pier, California, while skydiving. He became entangled in his harness, landed in the ocean and drowned.

mine was fine." They're all ugly (except for mine, of course). Emmylou had made arrangements for her and her two daughters to stay in Hawaii for 10 days. Meghann was about 3, Hallie was about 13. At the last minute, Brian refused to give her up Meghann. Emmylou was in a quandary about what to do. She had to go because the thing had been paid for, and Hallie really wanted to go. I got a phone call from an upset Emmylou, begging me to please go to Hawaii, for free. (God, what a rough job, the things Manglers have to do . . . somebody had to go . . .) I explained to her that I was in the middle of a scuba training course, and she graciously said, *"When we get to Hawaii, you can continue your course there and I'll cover it."* And she did. We all had a good time. Hallie and I swam, Emmylou sunbathed and read. It was very relaxing. I had to go to Hawaii — MY BOSS MADE ME GO!

I took my scuba course and got certified there. I progressed further after that. I've taken a lot of PADI courses working towards Professional Association of Diving Certificates, including Rescue Diver, Advanced Diver, Deep Diver and Wreck Diver. I am now a PADI Divemaster.

Connie-service

Sweet Connie is the groupie of all groupies. To put it bluntly, Connie likes to "fellate" fellows. She's the blow-job queen of rock 'n roll and of country & western, swing, Beethoven, whatever. Groups fly her to locations to service people or to service the band, or what have you.

I first met Connie in Little Rock, Arkansas, while I was road mangling Marty Stuart. Jody Maphis, God bless him, introduced me to the wonderful lady. Bands would fly Connie to them or just visit Connie when they were in town. Quite recently, Van Halen had her flown to Mexico City to service somebody. Bands automatically put her on the guest

list. Elvis and Connie were both on everybody's guest list. She's still on everybody's guest list, but I'm not sure about Elvis, though. The bands usually invite Connie to be somebody's birthday blow job. They fly her out and she blows out his candles, if you get my drift. God bless her.

Over the years, some of the groups made up their own T-shirts about Connie. One, for instance, reads I KISSED CONNIE AND LIVED. Another reads I CHOKED CONNIE. You know, charming things like that.

She came to Nashville once and stayed with me. I took her to the Bluebird Cafe. The Bluebird is noted for its hush-hush tones. It's like the mecca of folk music. It's the bottom line, their greatest club. Connie walked in, had a few drinks and a few snorts, and started talking loud. I tried to silence her, shh-shh, and she turned around and yelled, *"Fuck you! I've sucked everybody's cock in here."* Then all the gentlemen ducked under the tables because she had indeed serviced most, if not all, of them.

Connie came to London in 1992 while I was living there. She was over for The Sun newspaper to do one of their scumbag exposes. Of course, she stayed with me, serviced me, serviced my mates, then flew on back from whence she came to service the rest of the music industry. Another thing about Connie, she accused President Clinton of hitting on her and having his secret guys try to get her "backstage" (when he was Governor of Arkansas). She was on quite a few TV talk shows and in magazines, but Clinton denies the encounter. I tend to believe Connie . . . don't you?

Now she's back in Little Rock where she was a popular inner-city schoolteacher for years. She would get every backstage pass in the world and that's how she got control of her pupils. She'd go out on call and come back and give the kiddies T-shirts, key chains, frisbees and tour jackets. I should

imagine she was a great teacher (in more ways than one) . . . she's a great cock sucker.

I spoke to Connie recently — she's still at it. She said, *"I've got to be in your book, Phil, 'cause you're in my book!"* Sweet Connie, *la coq-suquerette suprême.*

Marty Stuart

With Sweet Connie, in her favorite outfit

The Monster Stash

Richard Mikesell and Bobby "Boris" Pickett, who I have mentioned previously, were worse smugglers than I was. They came to me at the Chandler Boulevard house one day with a crime scenario.

"This is a hypothetical situation. We are going to hypothetically commit a crime and we want you to play the policeman and see how you would bust us so we can see

where the scenario goes wrong. We're going to buy a Jaguar. Bobby is going to drive the Jaguar to South America. When he's halfway there, Mikesell will fly to Colombia, meet some people, buy some illegal substances and then we'll stash it in the gas tank. Mikesell will fly back, I'll drive back, and no one will be any the wiser."

I said, *"First of all, what's in the gas tank?"* They didn't know. I told them to go buy a Jaguar gas tank. They bought one, torched it open and found inside that it was all baffles. They couldn't have gotten anything in it except fuel, so they altered the tank. Then I asked, *"What are you going to put the stuff in?"* They suggested plastic. I told them to get some flour, put it in plastic bags and submerse the bags in gasoline. They did and within an hour, the smell of gasoline permeated the flour. To rectify this, they bought space age hoses, put some flour in a space-age hose, sealed it, put it in a bucket of gasoline and left it there for a week. The gas didn't permeate. *Voilà*, they had a successful hypothetical crime.

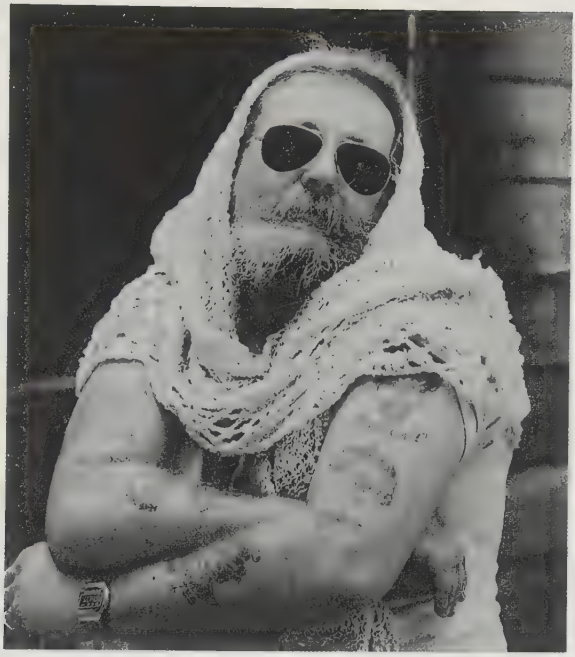
Shortly after, Mikesell and Bobby left town. I later heard the following story. Mikesell flew to Colombia and Bobby drove the car down. They made their alleged deal. They put all the stuff in the gas tank, Bobby drove back, and Mikesell flew back. On the way back, Bobby got stuck in a sandstorm in Mexico. Every square inch of paint on the car was blown off, and the car was stuck in Mexico. They had to hide the stuff somewhere until they eventually had the car towed across the border with the stuff in it. The cops at the border tore the car apart but didn't find anything. Bobby got the car back to L.A., removed the gas tank, extracted the "flour" and sifted it through the screen door of a certain house on Chandler Boulevard. They did, in fact, come back with lots of the stuff and that's what Bobby appeared to have done with his second bout of "Monster Mash" money. I don't know what they did with the alleged profits.

The Painted Malady

My tattoos get a lot of attention from people. I've got quite a collection now. After partying one night, I woke up on someone's front lawn, with rubber bands round me. They thought I was the Sunday funnies.

Here is the Kaufman tattoo tour. Some of them have a story behind them, but most of them have quite a few beers behind them:

- On my right arm at the very top, there's a rose with the Roman numerals XX. It is a dedication to Vitinia. We made love 20 times in Fiji.
  The next tattoo is the first one I ever had. It's a skull and cross bones. I got it in Texas when I was 17. The words *"Harley Davidson"* over it were added later on when I became a bike junkie.
  Below that is a little Harley wing right near the elbow. (There's one by the left elbow as well to balance it.)
  Then there's an obligatory "Live to Ride" tattoo. It's a wheel with wings.
  Below that is the Gibson girl, which covers a scar.
  On the inside of my right arm is another "Live to Ride" and another pair of wings and below that is the Diver-Down flag.
- Moving over to the left arm, at the very top is a flaming skull with the word "Harley" on it.
  Below that is a thing that looks like a bunch of purple bananas, but actually it's the iron head of a flathead. It says *"45's forever."*
  Then the other wing.
  Next is a Wallace Berry tattoo, although Wallace Berry would prefer a little sailor girl.
  Next to that is name of my son, Orion.



The tattoo collection (before I had the rest done)

My cock, hanging below my knees

Colin White

Next to that is name of my ex-son, who I found out was not mine, after the tattoo had been done. On the inside of the left arm is my scuba man.

- On my right calf is a rooster with a noose around its neck. When I went to get that tattoo, Rocky insisted on paying for it because she wanted to be able to say that her boyfriend had a cock hanging below his knees.
- Moving around to the *derrière*, we have your name. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, everybody out there, I have indeed got your name tattooed on my butt. If you want to see it, call me.

I met Willie G. Davidson once when I was in England. Willie is THE Davidson. He does a lot for them: publicity, design, celebrity spokesman, everything. I asked him why he didn't have "PHILIP KAUFMAN" tattooed on his body since I have "Harley-DAVIDSON" on mine. He said he'd think about it.

Discussing tattoos with Willie G. Davidson

Queen Elizabeth

Elizabeth Ashley of "Evening Shade" (with Burt Reynolds) had the misfortune of being on the cover of LIFE magazine dated November 22, 1963, the day that John F. Kennedy was assassinated. She was an up-and-coming actress and has been married to George Peppard, and others. In 1978, she had a book out called, "Actress: Postcards from the Road." She and I proceeded to terrorize "Good Morning America," "Good Morning Dubuque," "Hello Pittsburgh," "Seattle A.M.," all those different shows, and we were on the round at the same time as Norman Mailer and Pavarotti. Our paths kept crossing. We were all selling books. Acting as Executive Nanny on a book tour is not so different from road mangling bands — there's the same amount of good shows, bad shows and assholes *en route.*

Elizabeth and I drove to San Diego in James Coburn's Rolls Royce for a book signing. We took a bag of hash and some coke. It turned out to be a drugs-and-limo tour. The limo would pick us up, we'd puff-and-snuff and off we'd go, talking our brains off; or rather, she would talk her brains off at the signing, and I would talk my brains off in the limo.

We were flying from Cleveland to Detroit at about 3 a.m. (The original flight had been canceled.) When we got to the hotel, the keys weren't there. Elizabeth was pissed off and talked in this low, grouchy voice, *"Mangler, get me a fucking room."* I went down, got the keys, got her a room. We were supposed to be picked up at 6 a.m. At about 4 o'clock, I called the TV station and explained the situation. I told them that Elizabeth couldn't make it, that she was shattered, exhausted. She and I at that time were sharing a suite. We each had our own bedroom. The instructions were that only my phone was to ring. She said, *"Mangler, I don't give phone,"* and

told me that it was my job to answer the phone and sort everybody out.

We got to bed about 4:30. At about 5:30 she came screaming into my room and said, *"Mangler, get dressed. We're leaving."* I said, *"Holy shit. What the fuck's going on?"* We got into the limo and had a couple of bumps[4] which got her talking and me listening. I listened fast. She talked fast and said, *"Some S.O.B. faggot phoned me direct and called me unprofessional and said there's no reason why I shouldn't be there . . . WE'RE GOING."* So we got to the studio in Detroit with just minutes to spare. They took her straight into make-up. She went on and was interviewed by a woman about her book while the host took a break off-stage. I asked for the guy who had made the phone call. I found him and pinned him against the wall. He was turning blue. I nearly choked the shit out of him. *"You son of a bitch. Don't you ever call her unprofessional, you ever pull that shit again . . ."* you know. Then the security guys pulled me off and I told him, *"Listen, you fucker. You're just lucky I got to you and she didn't."* When she came off stage, she stormed backstage and said, *"Where's that cocksucker?"* I said, *"It's O.K., Bessy Mae,"* (Bessy Mae is her nickname) *"I got him and took care of him."* She said, *"Thank you, Mangler."*

We ended up in the very ritzy Carlisle Hotel in New York. We stayed in the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's suite, they having previously deceased from their suite. Bobby Short was playing. He'd been playing in the grill there for years. That's where all the Round Table used to go, where all the hip writers used to meet. It was a very hip, posh, hotel. In fact it was so ritzy, they wouldn't allow me in any of the restaurants or bars because I was not properly dressed. One day I came into the hotel and the elevator op-

4 Bump is a snort of cocaine.

erator, you know, the black gentleman dressed with the white gloves, looked at me and said, *"Is sir a guest?"* And I said, *"No. Sir is fucking paying! Take me up to my room."*

Elizabeth decided we should eat in the room. She had all her friends up there. There was an array of food carts covered with table cloths. In the morning when they came to clean it out, it looked like there had been a slaughter. The food carts looked like gurneys decked with corpses. Love her.

We went to a restaurant called Raouls, in Soho, New York. It belonged to a friend of mine. They used to have a big table in the back and whenever I'd call, they'd save it for me. It was a very trendy restaurant that everybody wanted to go to. We were having dinner with Jimmy Buffett and his wife Jane, then we were going to a night club. When we left, Mick Jagger was waiting to get in and I told the waiter to let Mick have my table. We each had our own limousine. We made a bet of about $100 to see who could get to the club first. We had the limos drag racing through New York City.

Elizabeth was one of the original ladies in Jimmy Buffett's song "Cheeseburger in Paradise," which was written at The Select bar in St. Barthélemy.[5] She hung out with Jimmy's crowd there. The Select was a hide-out for all the rock 'n rollers in those days and is in the Mangler "Top Ten (honky-tonk) Bars of the World" and run by one of the "World's Top Three Bartenders" — Eddie.

Elizabeth asked me to fly her dogs down to "St. Barf." This was a pretty good deal. It was Christmas and New Year of '79. I flew down there and had a great time scuba diving and looking after her dogs. Then her son, Christian, who is

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5 St. Barthélemy is one of the Leeward Islands, in the Lesser Antilles.

the son of George Peppard, flew down. He's a lovely, nice guy, quite a lad. I had my girlfriend Rocky fly down with him. She had never traveled anywhere. She had never been outside of North Hollywood, I think. She forgot her passport and got stuck in Puerto Rico, of all places.

I have a great autographed photo of Elizabeth. It says, *"To Phil — Fuck You!"* She's a great gal.

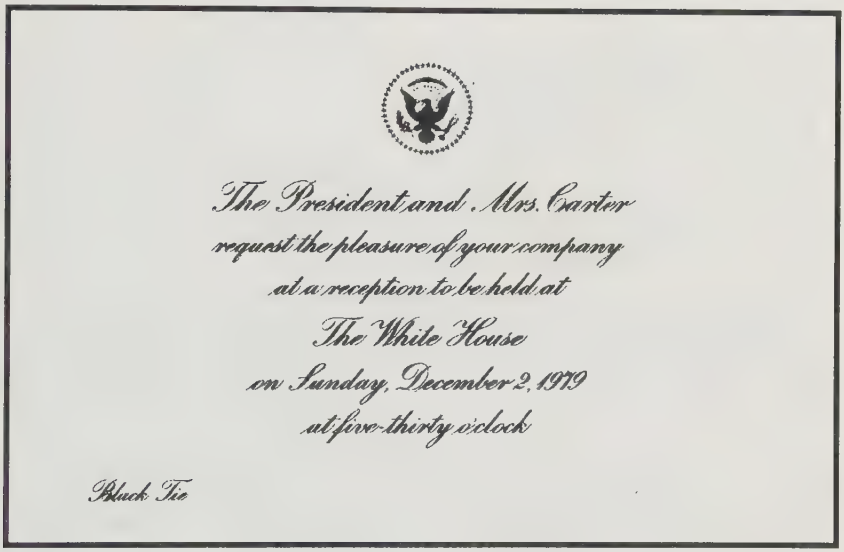
To Phil - Fuck You!

The White House Requests . . .

I went to the White House (the one in D.C.) twice. The first time was with Willie Nelson and Emmylou Harris, to have lunch with President Carter.

Then I went back again with Elizabeth Ashley as her escort and as part of the "Actress: Postcards from the Road"

book tour. It was a cocktail reception, and I wore a tuxedo, my beard and my cowboy boots and hat. One of the Marines said, *"Can I have your hat, sir?"* And I said, *"No, you can't have my hat. My head's inside it!"*


The President and Mrs. Carter
request the pleasure of your company
at a reception to be held at
The White House
on Sunday, December 2, 1979
at five-thirty o'clock
Black Tie

My invitation from the Carters

Carter's mother, Miss Lilly, didn't allow hard liquor in the White House so it was all white wine and beer. When they asked me who I was, I said, *"I'm the stand-by plumber. You know how old this place is and you know how hard it is to get a plumber. If the plumbing goes, they have got to have somebody right away."* The guy said, *"Oh, really. You're the stand-by plumber?"* and let me through. This was at the time when Hamilton Jordan[6] had supposedly done cocaine at Studio 54 in New York. Carter's son came down and I said, *"Excuse me. Can I use your bathroom?"* He looked at me as if I was some

6 Hamilton Jordan was the White House Chief of Staff during the Carter Administration (1977-1981).

kind of lunatic. He said, *"Er, yeah!"* So this black gentleman and I went to his bathroom. We were going around saying, *"Hamilton, Hamilton, are you here?"* We had a pee and a little bump, then rejoined the party. The next week I had a T-shirt made. It read, I PEE'D IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Car-rent Affairs

We in the music business are probably solely responsible for the term "rent-a-wreck" because after we return rental cars, that's what they usually are.

I was doing my first trip with the Flying Burrito Brothers and we were getting ready to leave New York City. I carried the equipment in a rented station wagon and the band argued in their own car. I pulled up to the club in New York, Steve Paul's The Scene, to collect our equipment. There was no parking. I left the lights flashing and the door open, ran downstairs, brought up an amplifier and the car was gone. I called Hertz and told them that the police had towed the car away. I said I needed another one, went and got one, returned to the club, went downstairs, got some stuff, came back and the second car was gone. I looked down the street and saw a cop on the corner with a radio. I got a third car. This time I paid a local wino to sit in the car while I got the gear. Lesson: If you leave a car with no one in it, it's called "parking." If someone is sitting in it, it's called "standing." Two times a loser, two times a fool.

Emmylou Harris and I flew into San Diego, California, late one night for a gig. We jumped out of the plane, dashed into a rental car, drove to the gig and from the gig back to the hotel. When we got up in the morning and went to the car park, it was full of rented cars. Nobody could remember which rental cars were ours. We looked all through the parking lot. We used to put the keys on the sun visor so we

wouldn't lose them. We might lose the car, but what the hell, we could always get another one of those. We couldn't find the keys so we had the hotel drive us to the airport. I explained to Hertz that we had lost the car. The guy looked at me and said, *"You're not the first one."*

Another time, I went to San Francisco for three days with Harry the Bastard, his partner Paul Reynolds and a guy named Gus — Moaning Gus. In San Francisco, we got a rental car, drove to the hotel and proceeded to get soused. Every morning or afternoon, we'd get up to go out and say, *"Let's take the rental car,"* then say, *"Oh, no, man. We'll be drunk soon."* So we'd take taxis and come home at night, go into the garage at the hotel, piss on the rental car and go to bed. We had the car three days but never drove it. We'd just come home and piss on it.

There are some great things to do in a rental car if you're with friends and driving more than one. If the rental in front of you is at a light, you get behind it, put your bumper to it and push it into oncoming traffic. Then, of course, you can have food fights from one rent-a-car to another, across the country. If you've just left the hotel, stop at a truck stop and get handfuls of Twinkies and things like that. That's all Twinkies are good for — food fights. You shouldn't eat them. They make you kill mayors and gay people in San Francisco.[7] That guy in San Francisco shouldn't have eaten the fucking things. He should have thrown them at the

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7 A reference to the 1978 slaying of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and gay Supervisor Harvey Milk. At the murder trial in 1979, Daniel James White claimed the "Twinkies defense," arguing "diminished mental capacity" through eating too much junk food. The jury bought it and found him guilty of voluntary manslaughter.

mayor and at the fag. Rental cars (and Twinkies): Can't live with them; can't live without them.

The Amazing Mr. Ed

One guy who I've known since I started Road Mangling and who has helped me get work on numerous occasions is Eddie Tickner. I've mentioned Eddie here and there already. He was the original manager of the Byrds, with Jim Dickson who did the producing. Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman put the thing together. After I managed the Flying Burrito Brothers (or mismanaged the Flying Burrito Brothers, as Jimmy Seiter would say), Eddie Tickner took over. They trusted Tickner. He had a reputation in Hollywood for being "incurably honest."

Eddie has managed a lot of country people, including Gram, Emmylou, Marty Stuart and Mark Germino. (Emmylou credits Eddie with charting her career, putting her on a long-term career move.) Eddie got a lot of other people into the business, and then they'd piss off and hire some hot-shot manager who would get them big record deals and then take all their money. Eddie was the opposite. He was never one to make a fast buck. He did things his way, and it usually turned out to be the right way.

Eddie Tickner is now retired. He is one of those guys who, if you ask him what time it is, will tell you how to make a watch. He can really go on. He's going to move from Nashville to Tucson, Arizona. Possibly by the time he reads this book, he'll be in Tucson reading it with his lovely wife Dolores, who was once married to Roger McGuinn. Good luck, Eddie. Thanks for everything you've done. You've been good for the BUSINESS we call SHOW.

Housesitter Deluxe

I've managed to live a large part of my life without paying rent. This is not part of any grand design, it's just the way things have worked out. I've already mentioned some episodes — my time in prisons where they never charged me rent; the house on Chandler Boulevard that I would "sublet;" squatting in London . . . these are but some examples. On a lot of occasions, people have asked me to housesit for them.

One of my most memorable and favorite housesitting gigs was for my good buddy Terry O'Brian. He owns and runs the Kings Arms, one of the best pubs in London, in Covent Garden. It's a show business pub. They have lots of pictures of celebrities on the wall and mine is right in the middle. Terry also had a pub in Battersea called The Somers Arms. He had some partners who were running it, but no one was living there full time, so they asked me to stay in the pub, a dastardly deed indeed. It was terrible having to get up at 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning and go downstairs to make up my mind what I was going to drink for free. I stayed there for about six months. I gained some weight there, too. I can't think how, maybe it was an excess of vitamin G (Guinness).

Terry came over to Nashville in 1993. He was so impressed with the place that he's thinking of selling his pub(s) in London to come over here and open an English/Irish pub in Nashville, tentatively named O'Kaufman's or Nashphil's.

Again in England, I stayed with Jim Dowdell out in the country. I looked after his house and didn't pay rent. Another time, I squatted in a lovely Mews flat in London for 18 months and didn't pay rent. Then I stayed with Louie, who owned a couple of restaurants in London. I didn't pay rent. I would just hang out, not a strap hanger because I contributed

in one way or another. I cooked, cleaned, kept them laughing, kept them crying and kept them safe.

I lived with Eddie Tickner in 1993. I didn't have to pay rent, but I cooked and hung out. I was a companion, I guess you might say. I housesit/housesat for Emmylou, for Mary Martin (who signed Emmylou to her first record deal and who introduced me to Elizabeth Ashley) and for a couple of directors in England. When the owners come home, the house is cleaner than when they left it. I'm a very good cook — I'm not a chef. The difference between a chef and a cook is that a cook washes his own pots and pans and dishes.

When I housesit, I don't just housesit. In fact, Colin and I completed the first draft of this book in the kitchen of Mary Martin's home in Nashville while I was housesitting for her.

Coda

Through the years, Emmylou has given me credibility. I go off and do something stupid, then I come back and work with Emmylou. When she takes me back as her road manager, it lends credibility to me again. To be able to say, *"I worked for Emmylou,"* no matter who else I worked for, to me it seems like ears perk up and people pay attention. I hope she doesn't read this book because it will embarrass the shit out of her, as well as it does me right now. Anyway, there I was again, in late 1992, living in England, not having any direction in life and getting on in years and beers, and I got the call from Emmylou and her manager, Monty Hitchcock, *"Do you want to come back?"* I said, *"You bet your ass I do!"* Once again, she's lent her credibility to an old road dog.

If I've offended anyone with the memories that I have recounted, I offer my sincere apologies. If anyone is embarrassed by being mentioned in this book, it's your own fault

— you shouldn't have done what you did. If I spelled anyone's name incorrectly, I wish you had kept in touch or had written it down for me. If I left anybody out who should have been included (such as John *"Big Boy"* Baeder; A/1-C McGuire; Tami, who rides a gold-plated Harley in London; Susan Antone, who runs Antone's Night Club, *Austin's Home of the Blues*, in Texas; poetess Rosie Flores; Ralph Murphy; Amy Kurland, owner of the Bluebird Cafe in Nashville; and all the rest), I didn't do it on purpose — and perhaps you're relieved. If you don't like the subject matter or my attitude, why are you still reading this? Finally, if you don't like the presentation and layout, blame Colin, not me.

Singer/songwriter/poet John Prine recently pleaded with me, *"I wanna be in your book. I'd even write a song to get in your book. Of course, I'd have to give my manager, Al Bunnetta, his 99 percent cut!"* (Al also managed the late, great Steve Goodman.) So to help John's career and Al's accountant, I won't mention John.

Two days before this book was scheduled to go to print in September 1993, I learned that Gram Parsons' sister Avis and her teenage daughter had been tragically killed in a boating accident off Virginia Beach. I went to the funeral with Emmylou — it was a sad, sad affair for both of us. I can only hope that this is the last tragedy to befall those who Gram loved and who loved Gram.

With this book, I'm celebrating my 25th year of Road Mangling, or a quarter of a century of no progress, as my father would say. He looked at my business card once and saw all those names on it. He said, *"What's the matter, kid? Can't you keep a job?"* Jules Kaufman — someone obviously unclear on the concept of Nannying Executives and Mangling Roads.

8

The Empire Strikes Back

In this final chapter, we threw the field open to the people who have helped make this book possible. Not the production assistants who have been acknowledged in the introductory passages, but the friends, acquaintances and celebrities that have employed, worked with, suffered under and loved "Mangler." We contacted a wide selection of traceable characters included in this book. Most were very receptive to the idea, and the results are included here.

Elizabeth Ashley

We start with an edited transcript from Elizabeth Ashley's[1] interview on Johnny Carson's "The Tonight Show," broadcast in 1977, and follow with an update interview held in August 1993.

1977 . . .

I've been having a simply wonderful time. I've just done 20 cities in 5½ weeks on what is known as the great American institution of The Book Tour. My body is here, but my brain and my spirit have been left across America. The road is room service roulette, Kentucky Fried TV, etc.

One thing I've always envied so much in the rock and rollers is what is known in the trade as road managers. They're the people that load the amps, do room service, deal with hotels, and deal with limo drivers.

There's a guy in rock 'n roll known as "Mangler." I knew the name long before I ever saw the guy. "Mangler" is a bastardization of "road manager" into "road mangler." He has worked for the Rolling Stones, Willie Nelson, the Flying Burrito Brothers, Zappa, and everybody. I'd always heard that Mangler was the man. Emmylou Harris is a good friend of mine, and I was once backstage about two years ago at her concert in Denver. I saw this guy who looked like the worst kind of Hell's Angel you've ever seen in your life.

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1 Elizabeth Ashley features in Chapter 7 - "Queen Elizabeth" and "The White House Requests."

He had hair to his shoulders, a cowboy hat and aviator shades. He's got tattoos everywhere, all over him, and lots of filthy jokes about them that I can't tell on television. He has a Harley-Davidson earring in his ear. I saw this guy and I thought, "Who is that?" I saw him when he came up to Emmylou and he said, "Okay, don't sit down. Don't sit down because your dress will get wrinkled, and you've got to go out there . . ," and this, and that, and the other. After Emmy went on stage, I went over to him and said, "Excuse me. Who are you?" He whipped out a business card that read "PHIL KAUFMAN, EXECUTIVE NANNY SERVICE."

Let me tell you this: This is the only man in the world who, when you're on the road, knows where to get lip gloss and panty hose at 1:30 a.m. in Poughkeepsie!

1993 . . .

Mangler is utterly legendary. Generally in life you find a few people that are terribly funny, mythological and charismatic, and then there are the other people, the majority, who get the job done and who are the nuts and bolts in making any enterprise work. Mangler's the rarest of people in that he combines both of those things. He is the sort of spiritual outlaw that this culture needs more of.

The reason that I got Mangler to work with me on my book tour is that I had already been on the road with plays and shows as an actress and I had seen great writers like Norman Mailer on street corners, bending for a taxi with an itinerary in one hand. I didn't want to go through that. I needed someone who knows about the road, someone who is road-smart and can handle that kind of stuff for me. When people in the publishing business first saw Mangler, they would have called the police if I had not been with him and assured them that he was with me and was the best in his business.

We had one of the most successful book tours ever because Mangler understood things that I don't think anybody in the book world at that time understood. First of all, Mangler is an "advance" man. He's what every political candidate needs. He already knew where we were supposed to be, he had transportation lined up and all of that so that our energies went into doing what we were supposed to be doing, not dealing with the red tape of getting from A to B. People that aren't road people don't understand about stuff like that. Civilians tend to think that a limo is a perk, but it is, in fact, a work tool because it becomes your mobile home and office.

Mangler revolutionized book-touring in many ways. Before we even arrived in a town, he got in touch with the Teamsters and the warehouse union stewards at the places that shipped the books to the stores. He would get their names and, whenever possible, that would be one of our first stops, if not the first, when we hit a town. I would autograph pictures and books and that meant that, like it or not, when my books were delivered to the bookstore, count on it, they were piled up right in the middle of the floor. The book stores had no choice. My book was the most visible around. Mangler had always been in the music business and understood about selling records, so he applied the skills of promoting and selling records to selling books.

Performers live a nomadic life. In a way, we are gypsy people, and Mangler has lived that lifestyle, too. He puts both you and himself on the clock of whatever the gig is. The week before you go, he starts putting you on the right time schedule so no time adjustments are needed when you start the tour.

Mangler is absolutely terrific with women. He turns into a great mother hen. He can cook, shop and iron. I was sort of a hippie chick and didn't care if my clothes were ironed or not. Mangler would not let me get out of the hotel room without ironed clothes. He's truly astonishing for morale.

Covering the book tour with Ms. Ashley

Tony Brown

Tony Brown,[2] president of MCA Records in Nashville, is as much the stereotype corporate executive as Phil Kaufman is a priest. Our fears that Tony would not be available to contribute to this chapter were completely unfounded . . .

Phil has definitely influenced my life. I met him in September of 1977 after Elvis died. Emmylou was trying out piano players for the Hot Band, someone to take Glen D Hardin's place, so I flew from Nashville to Los Angeles for the tryouts. I was told to look for a guy in a cowboy hat at the airport and that he would

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2 Tony Brown appears in Chapter 5 - "Emmylou" and "The Nelson Touch," and elsewhere in this chapter.

be impossible to miss. I saw this guy wearing a large straw hat with feathers and a big Emmylou Harris backstage pass on the front of it. He was dressed very, very loud. I thought, "This has to be Phil Kaufman." And it was. When we got in the car, he was introduced to me as "the Mangler," not as Phil Kaufman. My life has never been the same since that day.

Phil was road manager while I was in the Hot Band. He was really a great road manager in the sense that there are road managers who are so thorough that they're boring. Being a road manager is as much of a spiritual thing as it is doing basic bookkeeping. Mangler's calling is he's able to take care of people and handles people really well.

He always had interesting characters hanging around with him. People would show up at a concert and, if they were Mangler's friends, they were always characters. Of all the people I have met in the entire music business, he's definitely one of the coolest and most colorful of them all.

If the Mangler had a weakness, it was that he was sometimes a little bit "loose" with some things. For example, one time after a performance, a couple of us were going down the hall on the way to our rooms and saw a piece of paper in the middle of the hall in front of one of our rooms. Mangler had dropped the check for payment of that night's show. We picked it up and gave it to him, and he made some joke about he how was just "trolling" to get us all back to our rooms. We never said a word to anybody about the check because he always took care of us and we always took care of him.

One incident really sticks out in my mind. When we were on the road, there were always things that guys in the band were doing to amuse themselves from tour to tour. There was usually some sort of tape that we would play and mimic on the bus, whether it was a comedy, a music tape or whatever. Our party tape for the tour with Willie Nelson was the "Derek and Clive

(Live)" tape.[3] *Every time one of them made a comment, the other would say, "You fucking cunt." They said this back and forth to each other. They'd say, "You're an arsehole." "Well, you fucking cunt, you're an arsehole, too, you fucking cunt." We were in New York or Connecticut that night. Someone from "Soho" magazine came backstage to interview Emmylou at the concert. She was really excited because it was a big publication in the New England area. It was a very prestigious thing for Emmylou. Her mother used to read it and Emmylou was excited about that. The interview started and every time Emmylou would say something to us, Mangler would switch into "Derek and Clive" mode. Emmy would say, "Phil, get me some water." He would reply, "You fucking cunt," to her. He repeated it over and over. We didn't think anything about it because that's just Mangler. The article came out while we were in New York City. The interviewer spent as much time focusing on Phil Kaufman's comments and how gross he was as he did on Emmylou. It just crushed Emmylou. It didn't make her mad, but her heart just failed. Every time they quoted Phil, it was in capital letters. I learned a lot from that one experience about what not to say backstage and about what jerks interviewers can be. This interviewer's angle was that Emmylou had a bunch of wild asses on the road, as opposed to just interviewing her about music.*

We all loved Mangler. He was one of those kinds of guys that could be crude and it was okay. In fact, we wanted him to be that way because he was so funny all the time. Once in a while he got drunk and screwed up which resulted in a scolding by Eddie Tickner, Emmylou's manager. Phil would pull back a little bit and be more responsible and serious. We didn't like the Phil Kaufman character --- we wanted Mangler back. We would al-

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3 Derek and Clive (Live) is a hilariously obscene audio recording of extremely intoxicated Peter Cook and Dudley Moore ad-libbing sketches. Originally released by Island Records Ltd., in 1976.

ways encourage him to return to his alter ego, the Mangler. It might not have been cool to people who didn't know him, but to those of us around him, we thought he was pretty funny.

He's famous in the industry. There have been just a handful of road managers through the years that I remember as being famous, and I think Mangler is one of those people. He had, and still has, that sort of Hell's Angel kind of thing about him. When necessary, he is there to protect. He has always been concerned for Emmylou. Her first husband used to come to concerts and harass her. I saw that real protective side of Phil when the guy would come around.

Once, we were standing around Mount Rushmore. (We were playing near Mount Rushmore.) Maybe because of Mangler, we all ended up becoming comedians to each other. Hank DeVito was the resident photographer. Phil took Polaroids and Hank took 35 mm. There is a photograph around of me levitating a trash can (the trash can was actually mounted on a metal thing sticking out of the wall) that Hank took. I took the moment for my photo op there — it's a very "Kaufman" photograph.

Tony Brown levitating trash Hank DeVito

I have seen him sad at times but don't remember any specific incidences. Maybe it's because I've blocked it out of my mind. He's one of those kind of guys you don't want to see that way, but I have seen him that way. I know that he is a compassionate, regular kind of person at times.

I own a Harley-Davidson and I let Phil Kaufman ride it. To me, it's an honor to loan him my Harley because he's such a Harley nut. I learned a lot about motorcycles through Mangler, and about how proud a real Harley owner is. A long time before I got the Harley, I bought a brand new little 175 Honda. I was really proud of it. I drove it to the studio and Mangler walked outside, sneered at it and pissed on it. It was so funny. You couldn't get mad at him. There's nothing he can do to you to make you mad.

Rosanne Cash

Rosanne Cash[4] took a break from business to reminisce about Mangler memories . . .

I met Phil in 1978 or 1979 when I first met Rodney Crowell, Emmylou and that whole group. I first started recording with Rodney Crowell. He had just been in Emmylou Harris' band, and Phil had been out on the road with Emmylou. We were all recording and hanging out at Brian Ahern's and Emmylou's place on Lania Lane in the Coldwater Canyon area near Beverly Hills, California. The house had a 24-track recording Enactron truck parked out in front. We recorded in a lot of rooms in the house — the living room, kitchen, one of the bedrooms and even around the pool. It was pretty wild at the house. There had been some murders in that house and I think that everyone was con-

4 Rosanne Cash features in Chapter 5 - "Carter-Cash."

vinced that it was haunted. I remember seeing a ghost there one night and I know other people did, too. You have to take into consideration that most of us were doing a large quantity of drugs during that time.

When I did my first tour after the record came out, Phil went with me as my road manager. He went on one or two tours with me. Phil was insane and everybody knew it. He was incredibly entertaining to be around, but it was also exhausting to be around him. It was work to go out with Phil. He's never "off" because he's always "on." He's always funny and is always positive. He always makes the best of every situation, but he's nuts. I think it came in part at least from his vaudevillian background.

Pam Springsteen

Rosanne Cash

Once we were walking through Los Angeles airport during a tour. It was when the Hare Krishna people could roam the airport. One came up to him and tried to give him a flower. She said, "Would you like a flower?" Phil countered with, "Well, I'd rather have a blow job."

I used to run into Phil every once in a while, but we haven't seen each other for a long time. Once we bumped into each other in London. When he moved to Nashville one time, I saw him when he came into town. He came over to my house, and we got together on a few other occasions.

Phil says that I resisted country music at first, and this is true. I had a lot of ambivalence about doing country music at all in the early years. I didn't see that I was a traditional country artist. I was living in L.A. *and had purple hair. I was pretty rebellious and I just didn't like the image or think that I wanted to buy into the country scene.*

Sweet Connie

Sweet Connie[5] was working on her own sweet book when we contacted her to request an input. She contributed the following during a telephone interview from her home in Little Rock, Arkansas. Her book, tentatively titled "Confessions of a Rock 'n Roll Groupie," Shapolsky Publishers, New York, is scheduled for publication in 1994 . . .

I've been going to concerts since I was 15 and have kept very detailed diaries the whole time, much to some people's chagrin. I'm known pretty much for "giving head." My name was in a

5 Sweet Connie licks her way through Chapter 7 - "Connie-service."

1973 song by Grand Funk Railroad. In the lyrics, I'm called "Sweet, Sweet Connie." I first met Phil in the early '70s, going to concerts. He used to be a road manager and he still is for Emmylou Harris. It's sort of awkward at times for a woman to have a man working for her but Emmylou trusts him a lot. There are times she's out on the road and he has to take care of a lot of female things for her. And he gets her where she's going and makes sure she's safe. One time he flew me to Nashville to stay at his house and we made love. He's a pretty amorous guy, but he needs to lose a little weight. He's a good lay. You can say that in the book. He eats real good pussy.

I had a little incident with Bill Clinton back in August of '84. He came on to me. I was at the Riverfront Hilton in North Little Rock laying out by the pool. He sent one of his staff members out to the pool to get me. I knew the guy that came out to the pool. His name was Mike. He said, "Pardon me, ma'am, but the Governor would like to meet you." I said, "Mike, it's me, Connie." He hadn't recognized me because I had on my sunglasses. He said, "Oh, Connie. Come on. Bill wants to say hi to you." I said, "Well, I've met him before." He said, "That doesn't matter. He wants to talk to you again." So I got up off the chaise lounge and went into a hallway that somebody led me to, and there was Clinton. He said, "I just want you to know you made my day being out by that pool in that purple bikini." I said, "Well, I've met you before." He said, "Yeah." As we were talking, the guys that were with him started walking off, and Clinton said, "Where can we go?" I said, "Well, Governor, I just snuck in here to use the pool. I don't know where we can go." He said, "Well, I want to get with you. Where can we go?" He started opening the doors to the hallway. I said, "I'm willing if you can find a place. Why don't you get one of your guys to rent a room and I'll meet you there." He said, "Well, I got to get back to the Capitol, but if we don't get it on today, I'll give you a call." We were fondling each other during this whole time. He has denied all this, just like he has denied everything he ever did. But it did happen exactly

the way I said. I had an interview that was in Penthouse, the January 1992 issue. It talked about my encounter with Clinton quite a bit.

I was a substitute teacher for 13 years. I taught elementary, kindergarten through 6th grade. I got a lot of publicity from the Penthouse article. I was on a bunch of talk shows that Penthouse arranged for me. Here in Arkansas, a lot of people didn't want me teaching after all that publicity.

I went over to London to work with an author on my book. This was in January of 1992. I got over there and I didn't like the woman at all. She wanted me to stay in England for about three months while she wrote the book. I said, "I hate it here. I hate the weather. I hate the food. I don't particularly like a lot of the people," and I decided I was going home. I called up Phil (he was in London), and he came and got me, rescued me in London. He got me out to Heathrow. My ticket had been bought in advance and I couldn't leave for a while. He took me to the American Airlines ticket counter and got it all fixed so that I could go home and not have to stay in London. I was just sick of the place.

Phil and I have mainly been together at his home or at somebody else's home, rather than at concerts. One time in Nashville, we went out to a place called the Bluebird Cafe where some of his friends were playing. He doesn't share me. When I'm at a concert, I'm usually with a whole lot of different guys in the back of the bus or something like that, but when I'm around Phil, he's not really into sharing me with everybody like most people do. He's a very sweet person.

The way I get together with guys is that usually somebody is coming to town to do a concert. If they are coming to Little Rock, they know I'll be there. I'll always try to be there unless I'm out on the road with somebody else or in New York doing TV *shows. I've been on "Geraldo," "The Joan Rivers Show," "The Maury Povich Show," "A Current Affair," "Hard Copy," "Jenny*

Jones," and an MTV *documentary about groupies. This all happened in late 1991 to publicize the Penthouse article. Magazines usually come out about a month ahead. So they had me doing all those* TV *shows in December to promote the article. I was taping something almost everyday and doing lots of radio interviews. On* TV, *I discussed the article, going to concerts, giving head, and making lots of friends through the years. I took a lot of heat at some of these shows, you can imagine, from the audience. The hosts were pretty nice, but not the audiences.*

I'm working at a maternity shop these days.

Rodney Crowell

Rodney Crowell [6] ***spoke of his admiration for Phil's professionalism and style from his recording studio in Nashville . . .***

I first met Phil in London in 1976. I was in Emmylou's Hot Band. We flew over there and Phil met us at the airport on his Harley. He blazed the trail out front on his Harley and led the limos to the hotel. What a character. I had heard about him from Emmy. He turned out to be just as colorful as the stories she told.

I remember a party one night at a Greek restaurant in London. It was one of those plate-smashing dinners. Ringo Starr and Keith Allison were there. Phil wasn't a road manager then, but he was there hosting us around London. We ran up a bill of about £1,000 smashing plates. Warner Bros. in Europe had to pick up the tab. Phil was leading the circus that night. It was a lot of fun.

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6 Rodney Crowell appears in Chapter 5 - "Emmylou."

I was with Emmy in her band for three years. Then I had a band called the Cherry Bombs after that, and that's when Phil was road manager for me. He was road manager for the Cherry Bombs for a couple of years in the early 1980s. That was a band with me, Emory Gordy, Hank DeVito, Larrie Londin, Richard Bennett, Vince Gill and Tony Brown. We toured quite a bit. Phil was squiring me around on the campaign trail. I was doing the press and get-to-know-me artist stuff. I put Phil on the back cover of my third Warner Bros. album, along with pictures of the Cherry Bombs. He was just like one of the Cherry Bombs.

I remember one time we were in a limo with the windows rolled down. We were at a corner and some girls ran over and screamed, "Oh, oh, are you the Grateful Dead?" Phil looked at them very dead pan and said, "No, we're the Fucked Living." They said, "The Fucked Living? Haven't heard of them before."

We worked pretty hard on the road, always moving along with Phil road managing us. He always got everybody to wherever they were going. It seemed that whenever we had a day off on the road, Phil always had the room next to mine. I don't know how this would happen or where the women would come from, but it would be like a rodeo in his room next door to me every time we had a day off. Somehow he always had women on our days off. I would hear the damndest ruckus coming from his room. I don't know how he did it. He manifested these wild women, strictly on days off. I came to expect it on his days off.

Mangler takes care of his band in a strictly humorous way. I remember one time we were doing interviews. There was a television crew filming Emmy on live television. Phil said to the crew, "Okay, you've got 5 minutes and that's it." The guy said, "Okay, that's all it takes." So Phil was sitting there watching his watch on live television. Emmy was talking when Phil stepped right in front of the camera and said, "Your time is up." The TV guy threw his hands up. He couldn't believe that Phil did that.

Being with Mangler is a laugh a minute. I've never seen a funnier man. Probably the closest I've ever come to laughing as much was with Tony Brown. One night I was opening a show for Emmy. It was at the old Waldorf in San Francisco. Tony played piano. The piano ran from the side of the stage off behind the curtains, so Phil and I could stand at the end of the piano and throw paper and things at Tony while he was playing. We had been taunting him the whole night, egging him on, drinking beer and messing with him. It came to the peak moment in the song and Phil kept saying, "Come on. Jump up, jump up. Jerry Lee, Jerry Lee Lewis." Finally at the peak of the song, Tony jumped up as high as he could off the piano, then came down and shattered the piano bench. He went all the way to the floor. He was still playing the piano with his back to the audience. Phil and I just fell over. We had succeeded in egging Tony beyond human limits. I'll never forget Tony's face coming back up from having disappeared down on the floor after shattering the bench. Right when he came up, Phil had a big spit wad. He threw it at Tony and zapped him right between the eyes, adding insult to injury.

The only time I think Phil ever screwed up in getting everybody together was with Mike Bowden. Mike used to sleep on the bus. He was a bass player for Emmylou for years. He would stay up all night and sleep all day on the bus. He was always in his bunk sleeping. On the day in question, the bus stopped at a truck stop somewhere on the road. After the stop, everyone got back on the bus and the bus pulled off, leaving Mike behind at the truck stop. Luckily, he had his credit card and bag with him. He found a state trooper who took him to an airport. He flew to the next town and got a taxi to the hotel and arrived at the hotel at about the same time the bus did. He was livid. Phil got off the bus and said, "Hey, where are your bags?" Even when Mangler screws up, it's funny. He's one of a kind, and I've never seen anybody ply his trade the way he does. The man's a poet. He's poetry in motion.

Dr. Demento

Dr. Demento[7] took time off from his radio show to relay the following . . .

Phil is a crazy man (and I mean that as the highest of compliments). Today's music scene would be a heck of a lot poorer and less colorful without him.

I spent time with Phil many years ago. The main thing that sticks in my mind is his benefit party. I had never seen Bobby Pickett in the flesh before. That was exciting. His song is one of the biggest things in the history of the show. I also saw the Modern Lovers whose music I perhaps didn't fully comprehend at the time, but it was a thrill to see them for the first time, too. I never had the privilege of knowing Gram Parsons personally. I saw him play a couple of times, but it was nice to be able to make some sort of a posthumous connection at that party, and I really felt that I had. I haven't seen Phil much in recent years. He was somebody who would strike you at first meeting as somebody who might be off his rocker, but it seemed like his instincts were always true and he managed to get some good things done. I wish I had had the chance to see him more often. A couple of times in the last ten years, he has sent me demo tapes of people he felt would be good for my show, and he's generally right about that. They were not people who were huge stars on the show, but I thank Phil, anyway. I played the stuff a couple of times.

I own a copy of the Charles Manson "Silverhorn" demo disc that Phil put out before the LIE album. He gave it to me years before the murders. For some time, it hung proudly from my living room wall until I got married and my wife asked me to

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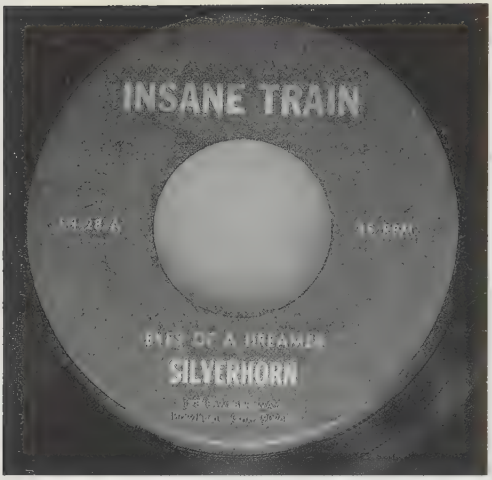
7 Dr. Demento appears in Chapter 4 - "The Wake."



The "Silverhorn" demo disc (B-side, Look at your Game Girl)

Dennis Keeley

Dr. Demento

take it down! For some reason, she'd rather have nice artwork on the wall than scratchy old records, especially ones by convicted murderers.

For the last 23 years, I have been the host and producer of the Dr. Demento show which is a nationally syndicated program of mad music and crazy comedy.

Hank DeVito

Hank DeVito,[8] veteran steel guitar player, is now mainly active as a songwriter and record producer. He volunteered a few of his Mangler stories from his home in Franklin, Tennessee . . .

I first met Phil in 1975 when I was a musician in Emmylou Harris' Hot Band with Rodney Crowell, James Burton, Albert Lee, Glen D Hardin and others. We were touring in England and met up with Phil there. He knew Emmy from the Gram Parsons days. Phil was working at the Harley-Davidson place in London. He joined our tour, but used his own transportation — he followed the bus around on his motorcycle. I typically remember driving down to Brighton in the pouring rain and looking out the back of the bus and there was Phil on his trusty Harley-Davidson, following us in the rain, rocking out. He went everywhere on his bike.

After the Hot Band, I played with Rodney in his band, the Cherry Bombs, then with Rosanne Cash and with the Everly Brothers as well. One time I was playing with Rodney in Philadelphia, around 1980. We finished our two shows and were walking back to our tour bus when Phil spotted an artificial leg

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8 Hank DeVito appears in Chapters 5, 6 and (elsewhere in) 8.

(from the knee down, with the shoe and sock still on it) in the middle of the street. Phil took the limb on board the bus. We all said, "Phil, we don't want that on the bus. Get rid of that, please." He'd hide it from us and bring it out when we weren't expecting it. We'd be walking along and all of a sudden the artificial leg would appear out of nowhere. Sometimes he would close up the equipment truck and drive away with the leg sticking out the back, or else hang it out the window of the tour bus. It even appeared on stage and in our beds. When the bus was parked, he liked to position the leg under the front tire. That's par for Kaufman.

My favorite Phil Kaufman story was when he was in prison. He got a job on the prison newspaper and, in order to maneuver around the prison fairly freely, he started a column called "Guard of the Month." He would go and interview a guard each month for the prison paper. If one of the guards stopped him and asked him where he was going, Phil would say, "I'm just going to interview guard so-and-so over there," and they'd let him go. The "Guard of the Month" is the most outrageous thing I thought he ever came up with because it was a brilliant ploy to be able to get around the prison without having to explain where he was going. Apparently the guards were vain and always looked forward to Kaufman writing his article.

Phil's story is probably "The (second) Greatest Story Ever Told." Nobody is going to believe it. Phil is always up to something outrageous, hilarious and irreverent. I'm always getting zany captioned postcards from him from everywhere around the world. I've kept them all. One of them is of a 3-D head of Jesus on the Cross. You can tilt the card and make the eyes move. On the back it says, "Too Jewish," which is a line from the Mel Brooks movie Blazing Saddles.

The best thing about Phil in terms of being a road manager is when you put a bunch of guys out on the road together for most

of the year, sooner or later people are going to have arguments with each other. Tempers flare. Phil always had a knack for cooling the situation by making everybody laugh. That's his greatest gift in terms of being an Executive Nanny.

Vince Gill

We managed to catch Vince Gill[9] between golf games and concerts to contribute some of his Mangler Memories . . .

I met Phil when I first moved to Los Angeles toward the end of 1976. I was spending time with Rodney Crowell and other folks at that time and was playing with a guy named Byron Berline who was the fiddle player and mandolin player on several of Emmylou's records. It seemed like Phil was always road managing either Rodney or Rosanne Cash when I was out touring with them as their guitar player. Phil was always there for everybody when they needed him.

I took Phil out on tour with me a few times in the early '80s. He did a few dates with me, basically whenever I could afford him — and I don't mean that financially. At that time, I worked in clubs and did openings.

I think Phil's greatest asset is that he never lets you get too down or too serious about anything. He has a knack unlike anybody I've known to always keep you laughing no matter what is going on, while still getting the job done. That knack to keep everybody laughing is great, as life can get tedious on the road.

For my favorite story about Mangler, you have to remember that his business card says that he moves people, not equipment. I

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9 Vince Gill features in Chapter 5 - "On Course with Vince."

was working with Rosanne. We were checking into a hotel somewhere and the lady[10] *that was singing with Rosanne showed up. It was a short trip, about three days, and this lady had eight or nine suitcases of stuff — her pillow, her make-up and everything else. Everybody else just had an overnight bag. We pulled into the hotel and her stuff was sitting by the bus. I think she expected Phil to take the suitcases to her room. She said to Phil, "These are my bags here, Phil, and I'm in room ...." Phil replied, "Oh, yes, and they're very pretty, too." He left her standing there with all her bags. That was Phil. He knew his job description, and he didn't waiver from it.*

One time I was playing with Rodney and the Cherry Bombs, and Phil was our road manager. Larrie Londin was the drummer — he passed away last year. It was a really, really hot gig. We were on a stage and it was probably 200 degrees up there. Larrie was melting up there. He was just hotter than ever and screamed at Phil, "Go get me a fan!" Phil went out in the crowd, found a girl with a Cherry Bombs button on her shirt and brought her on stage. He brought Larrie "a fan." It was nonstop with Phil. He would go to any length for humor.

Emmylou Harris

Emmylou Harris*[11] *offered the following from some of her hotel rooms along the road of her 1993 Nash Ramblers World Tour . . .

I first met Phil in 1973 when I came out to Los Angeles to rehearse for the Fallen Angels tour. (Phil thought we should call the band the Turkeys.) He showed up at Gram's house wearing

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10 Rosemary Butler, who sings with Bob Dylan, James Taylor and others.

11 Emmylou Harris features in Chapters 4, 5 and 7.

shorts and Nudie boots, a cowboy hat, a Harley vest, and driving a pickup truck with an enormous Great Dane called Big Head riding in the back. Then began a 20-year friendship with "The Mangler" which has brought many highlights, including a VIP (Phil) Tour of the Harley-Davidson factory in Milwaukee, a press party at the Guinness brewery in Dublin and having my picture taken with him and his Harley three-wheeler in "Easy Rider" magazine, just to name a few.

Those early days in Los Angeles when I first flew out were really special for me. It was the start of a blossoming into whatever I am now. I felt like it began there and Phil was a big part of it. We all cared about each other and certainly Phil cared about Gram. He might make light about stealing the body and all that, but he took a big chance. Although he might be the last one to admit it, he did it out of friendship because he felt a commitment to Gram. I think it was Phil's way of grieving.

Everything that happened with Phil was memorable. He moved to England shortly after Gram's death. When I got my band together, Phil was in England. I was working with another road manager at the time. A few years into the tour, Phil started working for me again.

Phil is one of the funniest people I have ever known. Everybody in the world is straight compared to Phil. I like people who are funny, so he made a big impression on me because of his humor. Phil is also incredibly bright. You have to be very bright to be that witty and that quick. He's always a step ahead of everybody else.

I remember one tour when Phil collected used Harley parts at every stop around the country, stashing them in the equipment truck that was several hundred pounds heavier by the time it arrived back at the home in Los Angeles. The resulting cycle that he put together resembled Johnny Cash's Caddy in "One Piece at a Time," except that Phil's vehicle was real. It must be obvious by

now that Phil is very pro Harley. He calls a Honda "the world's fastest hair dryer."

When Phil is on the road, you can walk down hotel hallways from Pittsburgh to Petaluma, from Stockholm to Stuttgart, and see the Bible lying outside his door — a reassuring sight that he is on duty and will handle any situation from the most ordinary to the most absurd with his irascible irreverence for everything and everyone. More than once, I've seen him throw someone out of the dressing room who had overtstayed their welcome, whether it was an overzealous fan, a high-profile DJ, a member of the press or a record executive, and they all exit laughing. His humor is the great equalizer.

For all his eccentricities, though, I've always been able to count on Phil. He once got a police escort to deliver him and my laundry through rush-hour traffic right to backstage, just in time

Caroline Greyshock

Emmylou Harris

for me to don the freshly-washed items and walk on stage for the downbeat of the first song. It's good just knowing that he's going to take care of everything. He puts everybody at ease, no matter what the situation, because he speaks the international language of humor. I can't think of any place where he would not feel comfortable.

Phil has spent a lot of time overseas and has worked with all sorts of people. He really knows the turf. In fact, I would say that the whole world is Phil's turf.

Etta James

When Etta James[12] contributed her working memories of Phil Kaufman, she was completing her own book "Rage to Survive," soon to be published by Random House. The book is co-authored by David Ritz who has produced biographies of Ray Charles, Marvin Gaye and Smokey Robinson.

I started singing when I was 5 and I've been singing professionally since 1954 when I started making R&B records. I first met Phil in 1976. I was in rehabilitation at a psychiatric hospital in Tarzana, California. The record company that I was with knew that I needed somebody really strong and somebody that could really watch me because I was a little too slick for my own britches. So they put me in touch with Ed Tickner and Phil Kaufman. (Ed was such a laid back guy, such a nice guy and so cool, and Phil Kaufman was Ed's right-hand man.) I was told by the record company that Phil especially liked female artists and wanted only two. He wanted a rock 'n roll singer and he wanted

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12 Etta James features in Chapter 5 - "Gettin' Betta with Etta."

a country singer. He already had Emmylou on the country side, and she was his main thing. I became the other artist.

Phil would visit me at the program and find out if everything was all right. I was going out on gigs and had to take "support" — someone to go with me. Phil was the one that would go and make sure that there were no drug dealers around and that I wasn't calling any drug dealers up. He was real cool. I really love Phil. He took a good interest in me and protected me from a lot of people that didn't necessarily want to see me straight. Phil was right there with his big dagger. He would jump in somebody's face in a minute if he thought somebody was around trying to offer me drugs. He was very good at his job.

One of my first gigs on the road was at a club called The Boarding House in San Francisco. I was still in rehab but they let me out for a week. Phil Kaufman was my "support." The band members and I were all backstage at The Boarding House when Phil walked into the dressing room. I wasn't doing any drugs, but the guys in the band were doing whatever they wanted to do. (They had a separate little room off to the side.) Phil walked into their dressing room and said, "Hey, you guys, the police are right outside the door. You guys better cool that crap." Everybody freaked when they saw Phil standing in the middle of the floor with his arms out, blocking the way. I said, "Really?" He said, "Hey, man, the police are out there." So I cracked the door to peek outside. I wanted the guys to have a chance to get away and take all their drugs with them. Sure enough, there were some guys who looked like cops out there. I said, "Hey, man. It sure is. The police is here. It's them. The cops want to bust us. I know that's what it is." And suddenly the band was gone. They snuck out the dressing room back entrance. And I'll be darned if Phil Kaufman didn't sneak out the door with them. Then he circled around to the front entrance of the dressing and knocked on the door. As I went to open the door, I heard Phil on the other side, "Open the door, Etta, it's me. I got the police here." I opened the door and who did

he have with him? Michael Douglas, who at the time was only known as the policeman with Karl Malden in "The Streets of San Francisco." I was terrified. I could only relate Michael Douglas' face to the police and narcs because of the TV show. I didn't relate to Michael Douglas the actor. Phil said, "Etta, it's the police," and I looked at him and thought, "This man is bringing the damn police in here." Then he said, "Etta James, meet Michael Douglas." Now when I hear about Michael Douglas, I think of that event.

We worked at the Performance Center in Boston. I had two horn players. They were doing backup ensemble work and all of a sudden I heard this third horn, which was a trombone. And I'll be darned, I looked around and Phil Kaufman was standing in the middle of these guys with an air trombone, playing the third part to the arrangement. Bobby Keys was there playing tenor sax, Steve Mateo was on trumpet and Phil Kaufman was on the air trombone, on the stage looking like he looks, with his jeans, his suspenders and his funny hat — the whole trip.

Phil was with me the very first time I went to Germany. The Germans were very strict and very hard-nosed guys. When I got there, they wanted blood. They wanted me to do everything but shine the floor. I was only supposed to do two songs and a small interview but when I got there, there was a live audience of about 500 people. It lasted two days. Nothing was the way we had agreed. They wanted everything their way. I didn't have any charts with me. The Germans were playing polkas — om-pa-pa, om-pa-pa. They went on and on like that. And all I wanted to do was just go back home.

Phil had been there before and he knew what it was all about. This German guy was speaking from the sky somewhere, and he told me to stop sweating. He said, "Stop sweating, Etta." I was really getting pissed off with all this. I was one of those hot heads. I said, "Hey, I don't need to take this. I don't need to be down

here. These people got people watching me. We're supposed to be doing two numbers and I didn't know it was supposed to be in front of an audience and then they want to talk to me in German and have a translator." It freaked me out totally. Phil took me aside and said, "Hey, let me tell you something. These guys here will take us to the showers. You want to know about them making lamp shades out of our skin? That's what they'll do." He was so funny. He said, "Look, just go ahead and do what these guys want you to do, okay? Let's just get out of here alive." I said, "Who is this guy who's telling me to stop sweating? How can you tell somebody to stop sweating?" Phil kept saying, "Hey, that's God." The guy spoke from the ceiling and kept giving the order, "Stop svetting. Etta James, you stop svetting. We cannot get der rolling of ze film." Phil joined in, "Yeah, stop sweating. Stop sweating, Etta. Stop it." Nobody is like Phil.

Phil Kaufman did so many things. He's like a little Katzenjammer Kid.[13] *He's like all of them wrapped up in one. Phil did so much stuff. He would knock people out. He was the epitome of a road manager. When they say "roadie," they're talking Phil Kaufman. I've often thought that the movie "The Roadie" should have been Phil Kaufman's life story. I would think he is the role model for all the roadies. Phil Kaufman didn't bar anything and nobody. He wasn't scared of nothing.*

One thing about Phil — if you ever do anything to Phil, play a prank on him or cheat him somehow, he is going to get you back. Make no mistake about that. I can remember that I had made a bunch of prank calls to his phone in the middle of the night. I would talk in this animated voice. The thing was, he didn't know that side of me, the animated voices, the little voice

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13 Katzenjammer Kids, a newspaper strip cartoon which featured a German family with two mischievous children. It originally ran from 1897 to 1918 and was revived in 1938 as "The Captain & The Kids."

like a little girl, a little boy or a little animal. He didn't know who was calling and cursed me to amazing grace. I must have done this for about two weeks. He lived about four houses down from a chick I was visiting named Angie. We were like vampires — up all night. Phil had turned into a Bobby cream cheese for a while and was going to bed early. I'd come from my gig and call Phil from Angie's house. I would see him in the daytime and just act like nothing had happened, "Hey, Phil, how are you doing?" I guess Phil eventually vibed the look on my face and figured out it was me because he got me back.

One time I left my make-up kit in the car. He broke into the car and stole my make-up kit. He didn't touch anything else even though there were costumes and other things in the car. I was totally freaked when I found out where my make-up kit was. It was in the cage with Phil's boa constrictor. He had this fenced-off area for the snake in the yard and set the make-up kit in that cage. Now how could I get my make-up kit out of there? Phil knew I was afraid of snakes. I didn't have the make-up kit for about a week.

Also, there was a time when he got mad at somebody. He Superglued them in their house. He glued every lock on every door, every window and every gate, and also their car locks. I don't know how they got out of the house.[14]

When I was in the rehab program, they were taking me through intense therapy and what they wanted was people that were going to be around me to come and be with me so I would have some "family friends" in therapy. They said, "We want Phil Kaufman most of all, because Phil is crazy. We'd really like to get Phil Kaufman in here." I said, "Phil, for you to be working with

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14 This incident refers to a payback targeted at Kaphy and Bruce Logan - see Kaphy's story, this chapter.

me, they have to screen you to be part of the family. The only way you can hang around me is to let them talk with you." Really they wanted to put him in the game[15] *where they could send him through some changes. He said, "Hey, I don't want to be a friend of the family. I just want to be a pal." That's Phil Kaufman.*

I remember a couple of times my mother got stranded in different places. She was one of those casualties of her times and Phil would just give her $100. I thought that was very sweet of him. He was always nice to her and he has always been nice to everybody, as far as I'm concerned. Phil would give you the shirt off his back, and there was nothing ever too good for anybody with him. He is a legend. He is one of the jewels of the United States. As far as I know, this guy's going down in history!

Kaphy

Kathy "Kaphy" Miles*[16] *still lives in Southern California. She readily agreed to relate her memories of the Chandler Boulevard era and, in particular, her life with Phil before, during and after the death of Gram Parsons . . .

I first met Philip Kaufman in 1970-71 in Venice, California. Juliet, a previous girlfriend of Phil's, introduced me to him. He invited me to dinner at his house, cooked a fabulous meal and soon won my heart. He's a great cook, fantastic cook. I moved in with him and was with him for about two years. I was 22 at the time, a young kid, and was awestruck by the company he was keeping. Gram Parsons was almost larger than life, but very

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15 "Game" was the term used to describe Etta's therapy program. "Family" and "family friend" also had specific meanings within the scope of the program.

16 Kaphy appears in Chapter 4 - "Gram Theft" and "The Wake," and in Chapter 7 - "And I Still Love Her."

down to earth. I thought he was very much the southern gentleman. He was very soft spoken. Emmylou came into the picture. I met a lot of rock 'n roll and country people.

We had an old Greyhound bus for the Fallen Angels tour. We traveled around the country. Before the tour, the only two states I knew were California and Arizona. I suddenly found myself touring the country and mixing with rather famous people. In New York, at Max's Kansas City Bar, lots of people came to visit us including Dave Mason and Linda Ronstadt. I remember sitting in a chair in the band room. All these famous people were sitting at my feet, picking and singing. I listened to all these fabulous people sing, tell stories, and talk about what it was like. I met a lot of really far-out people.

Emmylou was very well received. In Texas, they brought dozens of yellow roses and laid them on the stage at her feet. She was awestruck by this. She was just a little country folk singer and all of a sudden she was with Gram Parsons. Emmy was very quiet when we traveled. We two would knit and crochet through our whole bus ride (we stopped at yarn shops along the way) while everybody else would be drinking and taking drugs. The whole band traveled on the bus. One time in Tennessee, Gram got drunk and was a little drugged up. He didn't want to leave the bar, so he picked up a chair and a fork and was fending off the bartender around 2 a.m. They called Philip and he had to go to the bar, talk Gram down, bring him up to the room and settle him down. Emmy was sound asleep, being the little angel she was.

Philip usually made me carry the money after they paid us at the end of the gigs. I would carry it in by boot. He figured no one would search me or hassle me. I also took care of Emmy and made sure she was happy, went with her when she went out. I took care of her daughter when she traveled with us. I had to keep Gretchen busy at times. That was a nightmare. She was very jealous of Gram, very insecure. She would invent things in her

mind. She thought he was fooling around with groupies. He was usually too loaded and too drunk to do that sort of thing. We tried to get rid of Gretchen. She was very jealous of Emmy. She thought Gram and Emmy were fooling around all the time, but in actual fact they weren't. Their relationship was strictly a professional one. Gram and Emmylou were in love with the songs they were singing and their harmonies, their work. It was a love affair, but strictly platonic. I don't know if they ever did anything after the tour was over, but it was that way when I was with them.

There was a pedal steel guitar player called Neil in the band. He was gay in the days before it was fashionable to be gay. All the band members shared a room with somebody and Philip arranged the rooms. Neil said to Phil, "Oh, Phil, I don't think this is going to work." Phil couldn't figure out what he was talking about. "Why isn't this going to work?" "Well, because," and he started telling him about how he was gay and needed his privacy. Phil immediately changed the room arrangements.

That was the only tour the Fallen Angels did. Then came the "Grievous Angel" album. My name is on the back of that album ("Kaphy"). It thanked me for assistance and spiritual guidance, that sort of thing.

Philip and I were growing marijuana in the back of our house, as was our next-door neighbor, Allan Swerdloff, who had a spaced-out guy called Michael living in the back house. Early one morning around 7 o'clock, Allan got busted for growing marijuana. The cops went over to Allan's house and spaced-out Michael, for some reason, opened the gate for them. The cops were nosing around in his backyard, and they were sure to see my pot plants. Allan called me and pretended I was the bail bondsman. He said, "Yeah, Harry Fradkin Bail Bonds? This is Allan. I've just been busted. The cops are still in my backyard. You need to meet me and bail me out." He was telling me to "get out of

Dodge" because the cops were there and would soon be coming over to my house. I had Philip's son and a few friends with me. (Philip had gone to Arizona on a movie project as the 1st Assistant Director.) We hauled ass over to Janet and Bruce's house — they lived a couple of blocks away. I went over there and called Philip and told him what was going on. He told me to come to Arizona. "I don't care how you do it. Get here." I didn't have any money so I called Gram and told him the whole story. His only questions were, "How much do you need? Where are you? How can I get you the money?" The plane ticket was $25 (a lot of money back then) and I wanted to take my dog, so I borrowed $50. He asked where I was and said, "I'll be right there." My dog and I went to Arizona, and I helped Philip with the movie. That was my first movie experience. I was the 2nd Assistant Director (unpaid, of course). He made me do all the dirty work. Whenever he had to get a signature from actors about their out time, I had to do it. I got the actors to do whatever the production company needed them to do. It was a non-union, low budget movie.

This whole thing with me-and-Philip, Janet-and-Bruce, Philip-and-Janet and me-and-Bruce was very incestuous. Janet was with Philip for a long time. She was also with Bruce Logan at one time, and I was married to Bruce at another time. Janet and Philip had a son together, Orion, who is 22 now. Janet was with Philip when he was with the Stones. There was a rumor around for a while that Mick Jagger had written "Brown Sugar" about Janet, but it's not true.

One time, we were having a party at the house. The candles caught some lace curtains on fire. We didn't notice the fire, but Bruce was on his way to the party and saw the blaze from the street. He came running in shouting, "Fire! Fire!" Gram looked around and saw the curtains on fire. I was sitting in a chair and he was on the ottoman. The curtains were ablaze behind me. In his way of saving my life, he grabbed me, threw me down on the floor and covered my body with his so I wouldn't get burned.

Gretchen was sitting somewhere else in the room screeching, "What about me, Gram? Save me," but he tried to save me. Gretchen was nasty and evil.

Through all the time that Philip and I were together, Gram and I had a silent love affair. I was very much in love with Gram. I think in his own little way he loved me, too, because he would always say, "When are you going to be mine?" And I really felt that he meant it. There was a time at our house when he was shooting up and fell down. I ran into the bathroom and saw him half in, half out of the bathtub. I saw a needle and all that stuff and freaked out. I started screaming at him, "Why are you doing this to yourself?" I was crying and hysterical. He saw that I was extremely upset. He put his arms around me and, with blurred speech, he promised he would never do it again. He said, "I'm so sorry," over and over again. He said, "I will never do this again." I said, "You have to promise me you won't do this again. Don't do this to yourself. Don't do this to me. You mean too much to me." I had never been in a situation like that before. I had done tons of acid and other drugs, but I had never been around anybody shooting up and doing speed balls. I knew people died because of it. Then two weeks later, he went down to Joshua Tree and did it again and died. I felt very, very betrayed by the whole thing. I loved him.

When Gram died, several of us sat around the table at Philip's Chandler home trying to decide what to do. It was the same table where we had sat with Gram and made a promise to cremate his body in Joshua Tree, should he die. He had always said he would die before he was 30 years old, but we hadn't really expected him to. We had sealed the promise by stacking our hands one on top of the other, palms down. So that night after he died, we sat around talking about what we should do about Gram's body. "We made a promise. We all promised. This is what we have to do." Philip was the actual one that carried it out, but we all egged him on. At first, he dressed up in an old pinstripe suit but it

looked so ridiculous. He looked like a 1930s gangster. We were all laughing and got him to change into his normal attire, and off he went in Dale's hearse.

On his way back from the body burning, he called me and told me, "Our friend has been taken care of. Gram is happy," and Phil was on the way home. When he got home, he was very excited. He was talking about it a lot. He had a big adrenalin rush and felt really good about what he had done. We all knew that he had done the right thing.

After the body burning, a couple of cops and Larry Burrell came to my house. I called Bruce Wolfe, Philip's attorney, and told him there were cops at the door. Bruce said, "Are you hiding anything?" I said "No." He told me to let them in. I asked them what they wanted and they said, "We're looking for Gram Parsons." That totally freaked me out. It was late at night and they were looking for Gram's body. They were opening drawers. What did they expect to find in drawers? I told them he wasn't in the house. They searched the house anyway. Eventually the cops caught on to what had happened to Gram. Word was out that they were looking for Philip. He turned himself in while a movie was being shot at the house.

Philip and I broke up a short while after the court case. It was a very difficult period for Philip. Gram had been his livelihood for a few years, and all of a sudden it was taken away from Philip. He got very nasty, angry, resentful of life in general. He set Bruce Logan and I up. Bruce was English and wanted a green card. Philip said, "Why don't you and Kathy get married?" Our marriage was basically a business arrangement. We fell in love before we got married so we did marry for love, but it was originally a business deal. He's a very, talented director of photography — and he's also another asshole.

Right after we broke up, Philip took all of my stuff and had a yard sale. He was selling all of my antiques, things that I had

been collecting. When Philip kicked me out of his house, he took the things he wanted me to have and put them in the dirt in front of Bruce's house and locked me out of his house, changed the locks. He did some very bizarre things. Then he was angry that he had kicked me out and wanted me back. I told him I couldn't hang with his bullshit and mood swings anymore. I told him I was going to stay with Bruce and marry him. Philip came to Bruce's place and picked a fight with him. Janet and I were in the house. I was hiding but heard everything that went on. Philip demanded to know where I was. They told him I wasn't there. He wouldn't leave. He started swinging at Bruce and beating up on him. Philip was really going through a very difficult time. I don't mind if you write any of this. It's the truth. When I heard the ruckus, I came out. I didn't want to stand by and let the others take the blame for me. I heard the fighting and the scuffle. Bruce and Philip were going through the house fighting and tumbling. I came out and said, "I'm here. Leave them alone. They have nothing to do with this. Here I am." He came over to me and punched me in the face and split my lip. I left because I knew he would come after me and leave the others alone. He came after me and was very apologetic. He saw the blood pouring out of me, saw what he had done and said, "I'm so sorry. God, I never meant to hurt you." He got down on his knees, really feeling bad. But I couldn't take it anymore. The bad outweighed the good. That was the straw that broke the camel's back.

He wouldn't let me have any of my crystal, my china, my antiques or anything, including two depression-glass plates that Gram had bought for me in Palm Springs. (They were the start of my collection of depression glass.[17]*) Philip was trying to sell all my things. Bruce, "Backdoor" Bill Maxham and I got together.*

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17 Depression glass is glassware of many patterns and colors, manufactured in great quantities in the '20s and '30s during the Great Depression.

We went over to Chandler late one night. The gate was locked and chained. Bruce and Bill jumped over the fence. Philip apparently was lying in wait with a knife. He said, "Don't come any further. I'm going to cut you up." Bruce and Bill went back there. Philip leapt out at them. He stabbed Bruce in the sternum and the shoulder. The only thing that saved his life was the sternum. He stabbed Bill in the back of his shoulder. There was a scuffle. Bill had to actually pull Philip off of Bruce. We couldn't get any of my stuff back. We went back to Bruce's house. The guys didn't know that they had been cut. Bruce took off his leather jacket and there was a lot of blood. Then I searched Bill and found his wound. I took them to the emergency room. The doctors wanted to know what had happened. They asked Bruce if he wanted to press charges and he said no. (Orion was staying with Philip. Bruce didn't want anything to happen to the boy.) They asked me if I wanted to press charges and I said, "Yes." They stitched Bruce and Bill up and both of them were fine. Bruce has got scars, Bill has a scar, I have a scar, everybody has a scar.

My brother Frank was also going to help me get my stuff on the day of the yard sale. All I got back were the depression plates that Gram had given me. Philip threw everything else away. All my pictures were gone, all my school pictures, childhood mementos, all my stuff that he deemed I didn't need anymore. Philip and Frank got into a scuffle. He beat Frank up pretty bad. The cops were called and they came while we were there. I explained that these were my things, but the cops didn't intervene. Frank and I didn't speak for several years because of that.

We didn't go to Philip's house to "do him harm."[18] *We went to collect my things. He probably perceived that we came to do him harm. He was very, very stressed out at the time, emotionally distraught. He may not cop to the fact that he was*

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18 See Chapter 7 - "And I Still Love Her."

emotionally distraught because Philip is this Hell's Angel, biking biker, manly man-type guy who has never shed a tear in his life, which is bullshit. He perceives himself as a very strong, centered person, but none of us are strong all the time. Everything just totally fell apart for him.

Philip's a good guy. I love him dearly and I have very fond memories. He had just that one very rocky period after Gram died. It touched all of us very deeply. Gram was the first person I lost that I had very deep feelings for. I had lost friends through drugs but nobody that I was directly involved with. Even though I didn't have a sexual relationship with Gram, I had a very intimate relationship with him. We used to sit and talk a lot. His death threw everybody into a tailspin, especially Philip. He would get angry and lash out, and he always lashed out at the people he loved. Everybody has their own remembrances of how things happened. Konrad Adenauer said, "We all live under the same blue sky. We each see different horizons," and that's true. Everyone's version of a story is different because everyone's perspective is different.

Philip has had an angel on his shoulder most of his life. He has always pulled himself out of the depths of the sewer, and eventually he did over Gram.

After Gram died, Philip went off to England. We weren't talking. I didn't want to have anything to do with him. At the time, that was the ugliest experience I had ever had in my life. I heard from him several years later. We had mutual friends who kept me informed about Philip over the years. Philip has always kept in contact with certain friends. Philip used to call me "Mrs. Jones." There is a song "Me and Mrs. Jones." It was about an affair that a guy was having with a married woman. Although I wasn't married, Philip called me "Mrs. Jones." He would always sign his postcards and letters "Mr. Jones." Every time I hear that song, I always think of him, and I think he always thinks of me.

Kathy Miles Kelly

"Kaphy" in 1993

Philip called me after he got back from England. We talked and saw each other. He has helped me through some hard times in my life. Most of his ex-lovers are friends of mine. I remember sitting in a room with four of them. We were all part of Phil's stable. Philip walked in, took a look at what was going on, "Whoa there," turned around and walked right back out. But we all got along very well together. There is no animosity between any of us women at all and we don't have any animosity towards Philip. Philip and I worked out what we had to work out. He calls me every time he comes to town. There is nothing I wouldn't do for him as long as it doesn't put me in jeopardy. And all the people that know him feel that way, too. I don't think there is anything he wouldn't do for me or anybody else.

Philip always comes away from things basically unscathed. He is a fun guy. When he is having a good time, everybody has a good time. When he's in a bad mood and not having fun, nobody has fun. Most of the time he's in a good mood. He's got snappy dialogue, but it's getting a little dated. I tell him that all the time. "Get a new writer, Philip. Get some new dialogue." He's fun to

be with, he's a funny person and he's always got interesting stories. He doesn't have to make things up because all the things that happened to him are really interesting and unusual adventures.

I'm a TV/movie make-up artist now. I got into this field basically by being in the right place at the right time. Philip and I had broken up, and I was with Bruce. He was a Director of Photography. I have done a lot of movies and some TV series. I did make-up for two of the "Nightmare on Elm Street" movies, "Bugsy," "Toys," "The Abyss" and a lot of blood-and-guts films. I did the last few shows of "Ferris Buehler's Day Off," then I started with "L.A. Law," and this is my second year on "L.A. Law." I also do make-up for Crosby, Stills & Nash.

And, yes, I also had a fling with "Backdoor" Bill. But not while I was with Philip.

Dale McElroy

Dale McElroy[19] was pleased to recount her memories of Phil. She also spoke about the mid '60s and the death of Gram Parsons.

Phil has had a lot of lives. I met him in 1964 when he tagged along with Bert Maggio to help us clear the brush from our hillside in Laurel Canyon. Somehow with a joint hanging out of his lips, you knew right away he didn't do yard work for a living, but for $5 an hour, people would do a lot of things in those days. He and Bert were a couple of wise-ass cronies — just West Hollywood guys who were filled with a lot of snappy patter and irrepressible silliness. You could **not** *take yourself or anything*

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19 Dale McElroy appears in Chapter 4 - "Parsons' Folly," "Gram Theft" and "Case Dismissed."

you were doing seriously when Phil was around. It just wasn't allowed. His wit was faster than most people could register, so he made an art-form out of commenting on anything that moved. It was all done in good fun, but if you were hanging onto any ego-vanity-image shit, he'd flatten you. He was the fastest gun in the West. Those were the days when we drove around in a Maserati with a vase of gin-and-tonic between us.

Through one set of circumstances or another, Phil and I have managed to keep running into one another either in the States or out in the world and, like most people who have miraculously survived their infamous excesses, we are always glad to meet and warm up some old stories.

From 1968 to 1971 I was a wandering ex-pat, living mainly in Ibiza, Goa and Katmandu. Early 1973, accompanied by Michael Martin, an Australian I had met in India, we stayed in the States to have a look around. After being together on the road more than a year, we needed a break. So at a party Phil and Gram Parsons were having out on Chandler preceding their departure on the Fallen Angels tour, I suggested that Michael get on the bus with them and see America. Phil thought it was a great idea because he needed a drug-wise babysitter to keep Gram from walking out in front of a bus. Apparently the three of them bonded like glue because they came back a couple of months later the best of friends.

Back in Los Angeles, Michael and I bought a cherry 1960 Cadillac hearse to go camping in and, while at the Department of Motor Vehicles, we ran into one of our friends from Goa, Ken Moss, who told us he had just bought a Boeing 707. We knew he was wealthy from his earlier days of being a whiz-kid on Wall Street, but I wondered what this guy was going to do with an airplane. He painted it puppy-puke brown, called it Freelandia and spent most of his time trying to find loopholes in the Aero-

nautics Board rulings in order to land the thing. We wished him well and went off to visit friends in the western states.

By September, Michael and I, having become restless with the static fog of San Francisco, called Phil and complained of a need for clear air. He suggested that we go out to Joshua Tree in the high desert for a week and soak up some warm rays. Then he called us back and said while we're at it, why don't we invite Gram to come along and meet us out there. Phil said Gram loved Joshua Tree --- the town, the monument, the bars, etc. --- and knew a motel where we all could stay. Personally not finding Gram one bit interesting, I begged off and said maybe some other time, but Phil insisted that it would be good for Gram to get out of Los Angeles, and Michael could be his watchdog in case Gram got cute. What this meant, I wasn't sure. Michael seemed to understand and agreed.

Gram drove down in his Jag with Margaret Fisher, and we met him at the motel the next day. Recovering from a case of hepatitis, I was in no shape to party around the pool so I kept a low profile and mainly stayed in my room. Gram never stopped drinking from what I could gather, and he insisted we all four go out to the local bar where he sat in with the band. Not being able to drink, I become bored with these honky-tonk revelers and left early. By Monday the 17th, Michael left for Los Angeles to pick up some more smoke and told me to keep an eye on Gram while he was gone. I wasn't intrigued by the antics or the personality of this obviously desperate guy and said so. Around one o'clock, Gram and Margaret came by my room and said, "Let's go out for lunch at the airport." The Joshua Tree airport? There is such a thing? "Yeah," Gram said, "They know me out there." I didn't want to go, but Gram insisted. He had noticed my reticence to drink and mistakenly thinking me some kind of a purist, tried to goad me into drinking with him. I told him I was recovering from hepatitis and I couldn't. He tried to get Margaret to drink

with him, but she also refused. So he proceeded to order a gang of doubles and simply drank his lunch.

After we got back to the motel, I disappeared. I just didn't want to be around some lumbering drunk. A few hours later, Margaret rushed up to my door in a panic and told me that Gram had overdosed, to go get some ice cubes and meet her in Room 1. I did what she asked and arrived at this other room to find Gram on the floor unconscious. Margaret quickly took down his pants and pushed two or three ice cubes up his ass. To my astonishment, in a matter of seconds, he had regained consciousness, had made some joke about what we were doing with his pants down, had gotten up and was walking around the room. I'd never seen anything like this in my life. I had no idea that's how you got someone out of an overdose situation. I saw how completely wrecked Margaret was and asked what they had taken. She told me it was morphine. I asked who lived in Room 1 and she said the connection. Gram and she then wafted back into their room and disappeared. I faded back into my own room, panting from what a close call it had been, never realizing that the effect of the ice cubes couldn't possibly have any lasting effect. It was Wednesday, September 19th, 1973.

After an hour or more, Margaret came back to my room and told me she wanted to go out and get coffee and some food for Gram. I told her she still looked real loaded, and figured I better go instead. I was afraid of her getting noticed by some cop in a coffee shop, but she insisted. The last thing she said was to keep an eye on Gram. I asked her why. She said, "Just go in and sit there with him until I get back." What I didn't know is that you never let an overdose go. You just keep them walking and never let them sleep until you know that the booze and drugs are walked out of the system. Having had no experience with an overdose, I agreed to stay with him.

I took a book into the room and found Gram passed out on the bed. I sat on a chair nearby and read, noticing that his breathing sounded normal. After about 20 minutes, his breathing started to change. It become very labored and I became scared. I wondered what to do — should I get some help or just stay with him and give him artificial respiration? I remembered that the motel people closed the office real early and I hadn't seen anyone else in the motel at all that day, so I didn't think there was any point in calling out to anyone. His breathing got deeper and slower and turned into a guttural rasping sound. I leaped on his back and pressed air into his lungs from that position, and when I felt there to be no significant change, I flipped him over and gave him mouth-to-mouth. This all went on for what seemed like 20 or 30 minutes and I was getting tired, but he was still breathing. My mind kept racing as I tried to figure out whether to stay and keep him breathing or to leave and get some help. There was no time — I figured if I ran for help, he might die. I found out later that there had indeed been other people in the motel at the time. Had I yelled out, somebody else might have been able to get an ambulance for him and Gram might still be alive today. The fact is, I didn't scream; I simply stayed with him and kept pressing air into his lungs. There was no doubt in my mind that I was losing him, and the more that become evident, the harder I worked on him until it was useless to continue trying. In my estimation, it was the only thing that made sense. I made a mistake and the guy died.

Just as I was facing that fact, Margaret pulled up to the motel room and barged in the room. She just stared at us. I was all pushed out of shape, scared out of my wits and furious for being left with him. I told her to go wake up the people in the office and get an ambulance down there fast. They arrived quickly and with them come the police. Gram was taken to a nearby hospital where they continued trying to revive him while Margaret and I were interrogated in an adjoining room. It was still so painfully obvious that she was loaded, and I figured the police would hold

her for sure. I was as silent as a tomb as I tried to figure out what to say to these goons. After considering the ramifications and the consequences, I realized that Phil had to know what had happened, so I used the hospital phone to call him. I woke him up, told him we had a dead body on our hands and that I believed it was one of his. Also that there was a man standing next to me with a dark blue uniform on who would like to know what the hell was going on. With this, Phil whipped out his tone of no-nonsense-officiousness and proceeded to calm the sheriff into believing that everything would be answered when he arrived. Margaret was nodding out, and I was exhausted from anxiety. I was sure the heat would try and book us for something, but we were allowed to remain at the motel until Phil got there. Faster then a speeding bullet he arrived. He whisked us into the Volkswagen van and headed back to L.A. without calling the police. He had obviously thought about it on the way up there and had come to the conclusion that getting us out of town was the first thing on the list — a favor I haven't forgotten. Act now . . . speak later. Phil is a very resourceful guy when in a tight spot.

Michael awakened the next morning at Phil's to find that Gram had died in the night. He was furious, but Phil was much more understanding, insisting that Gram had in one way or another tried for years to gain attention through his abusive excesses and that, had it not been that night, it surely would have been another. Two days later, just before the body was to be shipped out to New Orleans where Gram's relatives lived, Phil called and said, "Hey, lady, you got a hearse that I can borrow for a couple of hours?" I said, "Listen you son of a bitch, what have you got in mind?" He said that maybe it would be better if he talked to my old man. Ten minutes later, Michael pulled out of the driveway in the hearse, off to do what I didn't know.

Unbeknownst to me, there was some dumb pact between these three guys that Gram had made them swear to. Gram had apparently insisted that he wouldn't live past 30 and had made Phil

and Michael agree that in the event he died, his body should never be turned over to his greedy, hypocritical relatives to "mourn" over. So Phil and Michael donned funny hats, went down to the airport shipping area and successfully talked someone into releasing the body. They got pissed as farts, drove up to Joshua Tree monument and burned up the casket and body.

On the way home out in the middle of nowhere, Phil and Michael dropped a fuel-pump which someone miraculously replaced, and they also got into an accident on the Ventura Freeway, somehow managing to escape this fracas as well, simply by driving off. After dropping Phil off, Michael returned to the house in Laurel Canyon and collapsed after missing the gate and crashing through the garden wall. The body had been discovered smoldering away up in the desert, and Phil suggested he and Michael go hide out in my apartment in San Francisco until things calmed down. Several days later, they come back to Los Angeles and turned themselves in. I bailed them out, paid their fines and asked Moss to get Michael and me out of the country. Freelandia was just leaving on its first flight to Europe, filled with journalists and assorted famous freaks and, with Michael's visa long expired, I thought maybe it would be easier to avoid trouble. We left the Cadillac with Phil, and he planted it in his backyard. Michael eventually returned to Australia where Phil has visited him on at least one occasion.

Phil came to visit me in Ibiza the following summer with his son Orion and in as short a time as possible, broke all existing records for outrageous behavior. There's no question. Life would surely be a lot less interesting without Phil Kaufman's humor around, as I'm sure most people who have met him would agree. He's loyal to his friends, generous to people he likes and doesn't give a damn about image-conscious assholes.

Now how can you dislike a guy like that?

Reunion of rock body-snatchers

IT was Sydney's most bizarre meeting — the reunion of the Body-Snatchers.

Phil Kaufman flew in from Nashville and Adelaide-born Michael Martin headed home to Wollongong from India.

Kaufman, tour manager for Emmylou Harris, took his mate for a ride on a luggage trolley, recalling how they loaded the body of country rock star Gram Parsons in their hearse.

Kaufman and Martin, both 35, made international headlines on September 19, 1973, after taking Parsons' body from Los Angeles Airport, to cremation at a desert.

Parsons, only 26, had died of a massive drug and alcohol overdose.

The duo was later arrested at Kaufman's home. Kaufman and Martin were fined $300 for theft of the coffin.

★ PHIL Kaufman (rear) and Michael Martin

Blacks are trumps

ORIGINES are becoming card sharks, according
tional Aboriginal Conference spokesmen.
nthropologists and professors claim cards are further
Aboriginal traditions.
president Mr Vince Forrester said Aborigines didn't
any more than other people.
ere may be some problems in the future because
ing can affect home life," he said.
Aboriginals have very little money to gamble with."

Australian newspapers reported the Kaufman/Martin reunion

Rocky

Rocky Elise Hudson[20] still lives in L.A. She agreed to contribute to the book while it was in mid-creation. She provided an audio cassette containing the following testimony . . .

I met Phil Kaufman in 1973 in Van Nuys, California. The first time I saw him was during a softball game between the Oily Skarf Wino Band and the Gram Parsons Fallen Angels All-Stars. I was with the Oily Skarf Wino Band. I sat down under a tree and watched the game with some friends. A guy sat next to me and was pestering me. He became physically intimidating, so I motioned to my girlfriend to help me out. She had noticed that this guy had been talking to Kaufman earlier in the day, so she walked up to Phil and asked if he would call off his friend. Kaufman walked up, lifted the guy up from the ground by the collar, and decked him in one punch. He said, "Leave the lady alone," then walked off. I thought that was a really grand gesture, very chivalrous rescuing a damsel in distress, so I asked somebody, "Who was that masked man?" Someone mentioned that he was Phil Kaufman, Gram Parsons' road manager. I didn't know what a road manager was or who Gram Parsons was.

I saw Phil again at a party at his house. It was a party to raise money after the Parsons body-burning incident. There were a lot of women around him. I was attracted to him, but figured he was definitely out of my league.

I met up with him again at a Christmas party. We were drinking a lot and he asked me if I had a ride home. I thought he was concerned about my transportation arrangements so I

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20 Rocky features in Chapter 7 - "And I Still Love Her."

Oily Skarf - NOT dressed for softball

From left to right . . .

Back Row: N.D.Smart III, Gram Parsons, unknown, Bert Maggio, Phil Kaufman, Bill Sutton, Guy Baron, Bruce Logan.

Front Row: Michael Martin, Bobby Lichtig, Bill Maxham, Gerry Gottlieb, Jon Miles.

Gram's "Fallen Angels All-stars" softball team

turned him down because I had a ride home. Eventually we got together at another party. I woke up the next morning and couldn't remember anything that had happened at the party. Phil was lying beside me, and I felt wetness. We looked at each other and I said, "How did you get here?" He said, "Don't you remember?" We felt soaking wet and were about to call "The Guinness Book of Records" to report the biggest wet spot in history, but it turned out that my water bed had been leaking.

I dated Phil surreptitiously. I would go over to his house when it was dark and leave before dawn. For a long time, people didn't believe that I really existed and thought Phil was having another wet dream. Then he went to Europe for a few years. When he returned, we got together again. In 1978 or '79, we started living together. Phil didn't really catch on to the fact that we were living together. He thought I had lost the keys to my apartment and wondered after a while why I was still there. Eventually he just introduced me as the woman with whom he lived in sin.

You don't just live with Phil Kaufman. You work for him, too. He's pretty strict --- fair but strict. He got me a job working for Emmylou, made me the president of her fan club, the keeper of the grounds and the feeder of the dog. I served as a personal secretary for Phil. Sometimes for no apparent reason at all, Phil would not take calls from certain people. I had to come up with excuses. At one time, Phil wasn't speaking to Patti Davis, the Reagan's kid. I never knew why. They were real good friends, but for a few months he was avoiding her. One evening, we were watching the 1980 election returns and when it became evident that Ronald Reagan was going to be the President of the United States, Phil turned to me and said, "Put Patti Davis on the guest list for the next four years."

Phil is influenced by the people for whom he works. When he was working for Frank Zappa, he got real strange. When he worked for Souther, Hillman and Furay, he was grumpy. When he worked for a disco group called Hot, he punched out one of the Village People. He is really at his best when he's working for Emmylou. She has a very good influence on him. Elizabeth Ashley has also been a good influence on him.

Phil and I were engaged for a while. We actually planned a wedding, although it was more of a show we were planning. It was going to be a really massive happening at the Palomino Club, a theme wedding. We were going to be wearing matching

straight jackets, and the theme of the wedding was total commitment. When the question was asked, "If there is anyone present who thinks that this wedding should not take place, let him speak now," we were going to have Etta James sing "Stop the Wedding." We never did get married. Somewhere between planning the guest list and choosing our silver pattern, we chickened out. We still see each other when he's in town. We get along great.

In summation, I would like to say that Phil Kaufman is a good friend, a great humanitarian, a wonderful human being and a good fuck.

Phil and Rocky in fancy dress (honest)

Marty Stuart

Marty Stuart [21] ***broke from his concert travels to relay an important message, "Tell Mangler he ain't that interesting!" He amplified the comment with the following anecdotes . . .***

I first met Mangler in 1972 or '73 with Gram and Emmy at Michigan State where Lester Flatt had a show. I met Mangler backstage. You're nobody until you've been kicked around backstage by Mangler. I saw this totally free, wonderful spirit that was belligerent and just incredible. How could anyone not like Mangler after being in a room with him for ten minutes? He has a great way of moving the whole world around, under his terms, and you don't even know you're being moved because he's smiling at you the whole time.

You bump into people up and down the road, and I saw him a few times over the years. The Mangler really came into focus for me when I started trying to get a solo career going. He was my first road manager. We played Kansas City, Tulsa, some Kentucky shows. I remember the first two places were Kansas City and Tulsa because they sent us ahead, me and Mangler, to do a regular promotion thing. Those were a pretty interesting couple of days. We really got to know each other during that time. He amazed me one time when we went into this little lounge one night. There were two black cats and a white lady playing trumpet, playing all these old jazz standards. He went up there and told the band we would buy them a beer for every song he couldn't name. He sat there and sang and named every song they played. I couldn't believe it, and that's when I discovered what his background was, what his father was. Mangler is a world of

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21 Marty Stuart features in Chapter 5 - "Mighty Marty."

knowledge on a lot of different levels and I thought that was pretty cool.

He was my road manager for . . . long enough. I think maybe the summer of 1986. That was the long, hot, drawn out, never-ending summer of '86. Actually, he was living in Nashville, but then he left for either the West Coast or England or something. He had a yard sale and moved.

I've always felt that Phil Kaufman and Emmylou were put on this earth to be together. I've always thought that Phil was put on earth to take care of Emmy. I've seen her go through some other road managers, but it always makes sense when I hear Phil and Emmylou are back touring together again. I hear he's doing that now and I think it's great. I think they've about got each other raised. I saw him one time when he walked into the office of Eddie Tickner — another picture-perfect pair. Phil handed me Eddie's business card. Phil had scratched Eddie's name off and put his own name on there, and he was using Eddie's phone. I thought, "Well, perfect."

Mangler always puts up this front, which he has perfected, of being the belligerent old rascal, but I saw him do something that really touched me. We were playing in Daytona. He went up to the institution where Margaret Fisher, the girl that was with Gram when he died, was a patient. She was in an institution or hospital in Jacksonville at that time. Mangler went up and got her. It was quite a drive for him. He rented a car, went up and got her, brought her to the show that night and took care of her. I think his message was he just wanted her to know that he still cared. It showed a lot of heart in Mangler that I had never quite seen before. That touched me. He just wanted to make sure that everybody was safe.

I noticed that at the time when Mangler came back to Nashville, country music exploded. We couldn't have done it without him. The cool thing about Mangler is he knows everybody and

everybody knows him. He could get anything done anytime of the day or night. I think he should start a University for Road Nannies. He could teach them all.

When you talk to him in person, tell him I love him and "KISS MY ASS!"

Randee St. Nicholas

Marty Stuart

Harold True

Harold True[22] is a victim of the '60s. His experiences with an ongoing battle to fight drug addiction have left him weak, rambling and somewhat bitter. However, he does remain a politically-aware social commentator, as can be deduced from this synopsis on Phil Kaufman, held at Harold's home in mid-1993 . . .

Towards the end of the '60s, I was a student at UCLA. I was into the kind of things UCLA students were into towards the end of the '60s. I was active politically, and there was the pharmacology of the time. Everybody had their choices, their favorites. At this particular time, I did a lot of speed. I started taking LSD in 1962 when it was still legal. Although I was at UCLA, I had a lot of friends up in Berkeley and we would just go back and forth. One of the people we met was Osley, Stanley Augustus Osley, who made all the acid in the '60s. The Jimi Hendrix song, "Purple Haze" — that was his acid. There was "white lightening," "purple acid," "blue cheer" and so forth. Phil was peripheral to the UCLA scene, but I knew him. We helped each other out when we could.

We were all having a good time. We went to the love-ins. Phil was above all that — the "Acid Test," rock 'n roll. In those days, Phil didn't know his ass about rock 'n roll. One group he said that would never last was the Moody Blues. He didn't know of Gram Parsons, or the Rolling Stones for that matter.

Phil got caught going across the border smuggling some marijuana, so he was all messed up and decided to leave the country.

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22 Harold True appears in Chapter 2 - "Drug Smuggler Deluxe" and "Home Sweet Home," and in Chapter 3 - "Family Ties."

We concocted a scheme whereby we got a driver's license under my name for him, then got him a passport under my name. Then he went to Europe. He got caught in Sweden and the next thing I knew, the FBI was knocking on my door trying to link us together. The FBI thought I was somehow involved with taking draft-dodgers and helping them get out of the country. They took me down to the Federal Building and questioned me.

When Phil came back and went to Terminal Island, I went down to visit him with three marijuana brownies. I thought he could take them back in with him, but he just grabbed them and shoved them down his throat. He couldn't take them inside because of the guard. He told me later it took him about an hour and a half or two hours to go through because he was so loaded.

I got married in 1969. Phil had moved into a house on Chandler Boulevard and there was a little house in the back that no one was in. I got it all cleaned up, painted it and lived there for a short time after I got married, till I got a place of my own. I had just gotten back from Ethiopia where I had been in the Peace Corps. They threw me out. They called me a disease and said I was infecting the program.

Around the time I lived on Waverly Drive, I attended college Monday to Thursday. On the weekend, I'd just go crazy. At the time, I was taking huge amounts of amphetamines. I went to a psychiatrist and told him, "I gotta problem. I'm taking amphetamines for college." He said, "Everyone does that. What do you take, four or five a day? Is your habit that far?" I said, "No. My habit right now is I set my alarm clock for 4:30 a.m., it goes off, I get a glass of water, take 15 Dexedrines, and go back to sleep. An hour later, I wake up bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, shit, shower and shave, and go to school. Then in class, I take 10 or 15 more. When I finish at school, I take another 10 or 15."

Phil introduced me to Charlie Manson. Phil wandered until Charlie got into trouble, then Phil tried to make a buck out of

him with the LIE album. Charlie gave me the copyright to all of his songs. I had a letter saying I was his best friend. I knew Charlie when he was at the Spahn Ranch. The only two places Charlie knew in Los Angeles were Sharon Tate's house, which at the time belonged to Terry Melcher, and my house on Waverly Drive. Charlie wanted to come and live with us on Waverly Drive. He stayed for about a week, ten days, but then we said no.

Charlie's selling point was all his broads, getting laid on his command and all that crap. With me, one woman's too much sometimes. I sure as shit didn't need eight or ten of them running around my house. And they were all crazy. They should have never gone to court because you can't apply sane laws to crazy people. Charlie was just a classic case of a person who was institutionalized and got released at the wrong time in history. But, yeah, I knew Charles Manson. I was talking to the psychologists at UCLA *about him before the murders and they told me I was making things up about Charlie because there was no such personality as that which I was describing. I said, "Oh, yeah? If he starts selling used cars, you'll be driving one." This was Charlie's whole problem. He never told them to go kill those people. Charlie's big mistake was telling them, "You do what you think is right." If you tell a crazy person to do what they think is right, what are you going to get? Who the hell knows! And that's what happened. We'd all moved out of Waverly when they came. Our house was vacant so the murderers went next door.*

Our house on Waverly was like Frankenstein's castle with a strobe light going in the dining room all the time. Such a variety of strange things went on at the house. We all thought that the police knew about us. One time I was going down Sunset Boulevard and picked up a hitchhiker. He told me, "Hey, there's a great party. Here's a map." I said, "I think I can find it. It's to my own house." The guy was telling me about my own party. So you figure somewhere on the streets, somebody's got to get this stuff.

I had lots of lawyers from all over Los Angeles calling me. They wanted me to go in and see Charlie and give him their name for the publicity. At that time, advertising by lawyers was ethically wrong. To make money, I charged $75 every time a guy gave me a card. I just said, "If you're only in it for the money, then I should get something." I was the one having my photograph taken, getting the phone calls and appearing in the newspapers.

Phil wanted no publicity. He was very laid back. I was in the papers because I was testifying at the trial. I had to go testify at those goddamned trials. And every time I testified, guess whose name got in the papers? I lost a job as a school teacher because of it. One time we noticed that an unusual amount of traffic was passing by our house and when they came by, they all had their noses up at the window looking at us like we were freaks. To know Charles Manson, you had to be a freak also.

Phil didn't take much acid. As far as I remember, he was basically a coke person. He smoked a little weed sometimes. Phil was living hand-to-mouth for a long time until he got involved with Gram Parsons and Emmylou Harris and he became something permanent where he was making good money.

This thing with music was new-found news to me since I haven't seen him for many years. He liked cowboy clothes and Nudie shirts. Gram Parsons had a jacket with sequins that had all the different pills and marijuana leaves. Phil saw it and got some shirts and jackets from the guy.

His parents I guess divorced early. His father was Jewish, his mother was gentile and that's why he wound up going to the Catholic school. Jewish guilt and Catholic guilt. Look what it did to Roseanne Barr. She was Jewish and had to become a Mormon. It kind of turns your head on sideways somewhere along the trail. That's just part of Phil's character. I'm not going to make a judgment call and say morally Phil is inferior. There are people

who say that I'm the craziest walking drug machine you've ever met.

Phil's life has been chaotic and sporadic. He jumps from place to place to place. I can't imagine him sitting down and writing this book. I wonder if he realizes he's getting old. He better get some kind of stability in his life. I can't sit down and drink a quart of booze at night and get up at five in the morning, anymore. It takes a while to admit I can't do it because I'm older. When I knew him, he was never heavily into drugs and he didn't drink that much. Sure, he'd take some stuff and get drunk, but he was never heavily into it. It wasn't habitual. He was a fast-talking, New York Irish-Jew. I don't mean that in any type of derogatory, racist, "down" way. It's just a general stereotype personality which is prevalent for people on the streets of New York, the hustlers. I would consider Phil really good in that respect. Instead of "Road Mangler Deluxe," I would call him "Hustler Deluxe." That's Phil's whole thing — walk, talk and make it work.

When my wife retires, I'd like to live in Egypt or in Greece. This country is just too goddamned crazy for me, and I'm not going to go down the toilet with the rest of the turds here. The Constitution doesn't mean a thing anymore. The police stop you and do whatever they want. In the name of drugs, they've taken away so many constitutional rights in this country. They can intimidate confessions out of you. Nowadays, a search warrant is just a fuckin' address, then they'll kick your door down and tear your house apart. They don't give a shit. They can stop you while you're driving, pull your trunk out. They can stop and fuck with you, pull your ass out. The police started fucking with me when I was 14, in the '50s, and they haven't stopped yet.

Frank Zappa

Frank Zappa[23] had just finished recording an album of classical music by Edgard Varese when he recalled his impressions of Phil Kaufman, road manager and human trombone.

Phil Kaufman was brought in to be my road manager because of an emergency. The road manager before him stole money from me in Las Vegas, went to the casino, gambled it away in the middle of the night, came back to his room, slashed his entire body with razor blades and was found bleeding to death the following morning. This was when we were getting ready to travel to the next city.

Right from the start, I thought Phil was great. The thing I liked best about him was you could always tell what room he was in because the first thing he would do when he was in a motel was take the Gideon Bible and leave it outside the door of his room (if he didn't throw it out of the window), which is something I think all people ought to do when they stay in a motel — locate that terrible piece of shit and get rid of it. He was very conscientious about that.

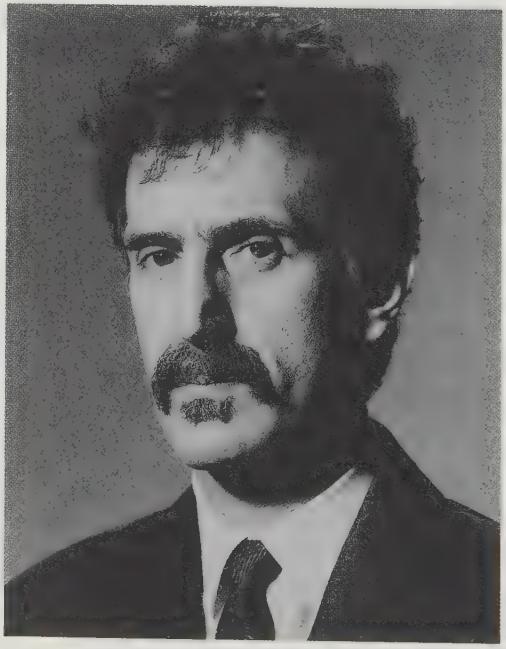
The difficult thing about being a road manager for any of my groups is not so much getting along with me, but getting along with all the other different strange personalities in the band who, although chosen for their musical skill, have personality traits that sometimes tend to be less businesslike than I would prefer. So part of his job was to babysit them, just to get them from place to place in one piece. I'm sure he had some adventures doing that.

---

23 Frank Zappa features in Chapter 5 - "Firm, Fair, Frank."

We put him on stage during one of our Halloween shows at the Palladium in New York City at the time when we were filming "Baby Snakes." We brought him out and introduced him to the audience as "Phil Kaufman, our road manager, the human trombone." We played some background for him and gave him a human trombone solo which appeared in the film. It was a total surprise for him. Judging from the expression on his face in the movie, he didn't expect to be a movie star that night. There is another scene in "Baby Snakes" where he and some of the members of the group are looking into the camera, telling stories about life on the road. It's a very interesting scene.

There are two versions of "Baby Snakes" currently available. The short version, which is a mere 90 minutes and was sold mail order through Barking Pumpkin, doesn't have that scene in it. The original long version, which is available as a video rental, does.



Greg Gorman

Frank Zappa

We never had any problem with Phil in terms of the business end of what he was supposed to do, keeping track of the books and all the rest of the day-to-day stuff. He's really a nice man. I liked him and found him very easy to get along with. He is very funny.

Phil traveled internationally with us. I'm sure there were some places in Europe where people looked at him and said, "What? What the fuck is going on here," because he didn't look like anybody else's road manager. He looked like a Hell's Angel. He was wearing a Harley cap and a big handlebar mustache. He wore T-shirts and dumpy clothes. The tattoos were showing, too. If you're checking into five-star hotels with a guy who looks like that, sometimes the eyebrows go up and down. At least in Europe, you don't have to worry about Gideon Bibles so much.

He is a unique individual who had a hard job to do. To get a glimpse of Phil Kaufman, you should see his performance in "Baby Snakes."

and finally . . .

James E. Thomas, or "Jet" to his friends, is a Professor of Philosophy and Religion at Marlboro College, Marlboro, Vermont. Although "Jet" doesn't feature in this book, he has come to know Phil well through friendships with Gram Parsons and Emmylou Harris. His synopsis of PHIL KAUFMAN: ROAD MANGLER DELUXE provides a fitting conclusion to this series of contributions . . .

In the mid '60s, I was doing graduate studies and working as an academic advisor for students at Harvard University. One of the students I was advisor for was Gram Parsons. Gram came to Harvard right out of high school, but only stayed for one semester. He was very bright and could have passed his courses but he dropped out because he was interested in music. Gram moved to

California. Then I went to California to do some graduate work in theology, and it was there that I met Phil in about 1967.

I became good friends with both Gram and Phil and eventually performed Gram's wedding. In some ways, Gram was never really happy. But he was a very committed and passionate musician. I think that's why he had such an impact on a lot of people — people like Phil. Phil was more than a devoted fan.

I have run into Phil in a lot of places over the years. I see him whenever he's on tour in my area. I usually see him backstage where I get a firsthand look at him as Road Mangler Deluxe. Backstage with Phil consists of jokes and repartee. He's a great person with whom to trade quips and jokes.

I have known Emmylou Harris for many years, too. One time Emmy and Willie Nelson were on tour and came to play in Maine where I was staying. My mother and my Aunt Helen were visiting me. They knew Emmy, too, so I took them to the concert a little early. They were backstage in this big coliseum in Portland, Maine, in their pants suits, clutching their purses and trying to keep out of the way. Phil came racing back there, yelling and cussing like crazy about how "Mom and Aunt Helen can't sit in these seats." Phil uses very foul language a lot of the time and can be a very gruff guy. He didn't like the seats that the house had saved for Emmy's guests so he ran out and got a couple of folding chairs with cushioned seats, placed them on the stage next to the piano and escorted my Mom and my Aunt Helen up there to sit and watch the concert. My Mom and my Aunt Helen think he's just wonderful and always ask me about him.

One thing that is interesting is just how gracefully he's aging. He still seems like a really together person. He does not seem like an anachronism or a left-over from the hippie generation. He is the kind of person who will just keep on going. When I saw him recently, he was doing a great job as road manager.

I saw him recently on tour with Emmy in Waterville Valley, New Hampshire. As usual, Phil took care of everything — made sure Emmylou reached her destination safely and on time, asked me to call him and let him know how things were going, and made sure I met him as soon as I arrived at the hotel. He always offers me his room to hang out in until the concert begins, then shows me around the venue and arranges the tickets for my guests. He's still right on top of everything and very devoted to Emmy.

He has an ability to interact with people. By the time he's been at a concert site for an hour, he knows everybody there. While Emmylou performs, Phil watches everything that's happening. He's very careful about security, keeps his eyes on the dressing room, makes sure that everything in general is going on as it should be. He usually walks out to check the sound and lights. He's like the on-site manager for every aspect that's happening. Even though he's not directly responsible for doing the lights or whatever, he still tries to make sure he's got a clear sense of everything that's going on.

He is equally concerned about the other members of the band and trying to make sure that everybody knows what the schedule is. If you call up his room and he's not around, you'll get an answering machine with a message that says something like, "Hello, happy campers. This is your camp leader," and the message goes on to tell them what they're supposed to do, at what time and where, and in this way, he makes sure that everybody has access to the information they need. All this takes a certain organizational and managerial ability, a certain concentration on detail. Phil is very good at it. It's not necessarily what you think he would be good at when you first meet him or first see him. He doesn't strike you as the kind of person that you'd really want to depend on for this kind of management of details and so on, but he is, in fact, excellent at it.

I haven't followed Phil's life in detail, but I know that he's one of the most interesting characters I have ever met. He is very intelligent, reads a lot, is interested in a wide range of topics and always has an opinion about things. All this makes for lively and interesting conversation whenever we meet. To me, Phil sums up a very mobile level of American culture. He wades through the stream of popular culture, supporting and encouraging many of the most powerful creators of that culture, while maintaining his own unique perspective and voice. It is that perspective and that voice which animate this lively collection of memories, stories and wry comments on the American entertainment landscape.

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